

# THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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- ART. I.—1. *Tutte le Opere di Dante Alighieri*. Nuovamente rivedute nel testo dal Dr. E. Moore. Oxford, 1894.
2. *A Dictionary of Proper Names and Notable Matters in the Works of Dante*. By Paget Toynbee, M.A. Oxford, 1898.
3. *Dante and his Circle, with the Italian Poets preceding him. Parts I. and II. (Collected Works of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Vol. II.)*. London, 1886.
4. *Dante Alighieri. Traité de l'éloquence vulgaire*. Manuscrit de Grenoble, publié par Maignien, conservateur de la Bibliothèque de Grenoble, et le Dr. Prompt. Venise, 1892.
5. *Il Trattato de Vulgari Eloquentia*. Per cura di Pio Rajna. Firenze, 1896. Also, edizione minore, by the same. Firenze, 1897.
6. *Dante's Treatise 'De Vulgari Eloquentia.'* Translated into English with explanatory notes by A. G. Ferrers Howell, L.L.M., of Trinity College, Cambridge. London, 1890.
7. *La Psicologia dell' Arte nella Divina Commedia*. Dr. Luigi Leynardi. Torino, 1894.
8. *Dante e la Statistica delle lingue*. F. Mariotti. Firenze, 1880.

IT may seem superfluous, if not impertinent, at this time of day to remind the world that Dante is a poet—not less than a poet, but also not more than a poet; a poet greater than most if not quite all others, more comprehensive, more universal, yet after all and before all a poet, with the merits, but also—for better and for worse—with the limitations, of a poet. Yet it is precisely at this time of day that the reminder is needed. Dante was certainly never more widely praised, probably never more highly appreciated; but he is in some danger of being most praised and most appreciated, not for that which he most truly desired to be, and that which he most truly is, but for the accessories and accidents rather than the essence of his work.

Dante is a whole so vast that his reader is oftentimes tempted to forget the whole in the parts. Dante as a philosopher, a politician, an historian, a geographer, an astronomer, a geometrician—Dante as an Aristotelian, a Platonist, even by anticipation an Hegelian—Dante as a Guelph, a Ghibelline, an Imperialist, a Catholic, enlists successively the several interests of those who come to him with special interests of their own. Dante is all these or something of all these, but all these would matter little, would not make Dante, if he were not above all a poet. And this is what he himself sought and strove to be. To be a poet, to succeed as a poet, to be even a poet laureate, recognised, decorated—this was the instinct of his childhood, the inspiration of his youth, the task of his manhood. And if it was not only in order to be a poet that he laboured at philosophy and science and rhetoric, still it was to this end that he bent all the powers of his intellect, on this that he concentrated all the mighty resources of his heart.

His own countrymen in simpler ages nearer his own time recognised this fact beyond a doubt. Boccaccio says plainly that it was ambition that made Dante a poet, ambition for fame and glory, and that he chose this calling because it led, like the life of heroic deeds, to a crown—because the poet is the rival of the hero; and there is much in Dante's own language, which indeed Boccaccio is but echoing, to confirm this view.

Of all purely human energies, Dante ranks that of the poet highest. The place occupied by the poets, and the parts assigned them, in the 'Divine Comedy,' are very remarkable. The name of poet, we read, is that which honours most and most endures. The great Pagan poets are stationed within the gate of Hell, it is true, but in a region apart, a region of light amid the darkness; they have such honour\* that it separates them from the manner of the rest, the honourable name which sounds of them on earth gaining them grace and advancement in heaven. As Pagans they must endure the doom of Pagans, but of honour, apart from divine justice, none have more. It is theirs to pass, dryshod as it were, over the rivulet of Eloquence, and to enter through the Seven Gates into the Noble Castle, where, in a serene air neither sad nor glad, they rest for ever among the wise and the bold. Such is the spot where 'Orpheus and

\* In the lines which describe their fate ('Inf.' iv. 71 *et seqq.*), the words 'onrevol, onori, onranza, onrata, onorate,' are curiously repeated, till the whole passage may be said literally to re-echo with 'honour, honour, honour to them, eternal honour evermore.'

This sort of repetition, it may be noted, is a well-known figure in Provençal poetry, and is known as the 'mot tornat.' A play on these same or kindred words occurs in the 'Ensenhamen' of Sordello, vv. 1050 ff.



where Homer are.' But not Orpheus and Homer only. It is enough to wear the name of a true poet to gain admittance to their elysium, and Dante includes in it not only 'Horace the satirist,' Lucan and Ovid, Plautus and Terence, Juvenal and Persius, Euripides and Simonides, but others who are to us, and must have been in a still greater measure to Dante himself, little more than names—Agathon and Antiphon, Cæcilius and Varro. All have equal honour with the kings and conquerors of the world, and of the realms of the mind, with Cæsar and Cicero, with Plato and Aristotle, with Hippocrates and Galen, with Hector and with Saladin the generous. So again, in the great passage which opens the 'Paradiso,' we read that the triumph of the poet is as high and rare as that of the Cæsar. 'Joy should there be in Delphi when any thirsts for the seldom plucked laurel.'

But this is not all. To the poets the poets have ever been kind, and the sweetest and aptest praises of poetry have in all ages been those penned by the brethren of the craft. But no great poet has ever, in all history, honoured another as Dante has honoured Virgil. The position of Virgil in the 'Divine Comedy' is unique in literature. The language which Dante holds towards him at meeting and in parting—the language which he makes Sordello and Statius hold toward him, with its intensity of grateful love and admiration, implies before everything Dante's view of poetry, and of poets such as Virgil. Virgil is Dante's 'Author,' a word perhaps of special meaning on Dante's lips, and his Master. Dante can plead with him by virtue of long study and of mighty love. Again and again he quotes his words or his thoughts. A single epithet of Virgil avails with him to lift one who in the 'Æneid' is a mere name, a Pagan princeling, with Trajan and Constantine to a place more advanced than that of Virgil himself, high and bright in bliss.\* We have only to look under the name Virgilio in Mr. Toynbee's new Dictionary to see collected together the titles by which Dante apostrophises the Roman poet—his sweet, his dear, his wise, his true guide, the sea of all wisdom, the sweet pedagogue, the lofty doctor, the greater Muse. Sordello, that distant and disdainful spirit, motionless and unperturbed in his pride like a couchant lion, leaps to life and love as he greets his brother Mantuan. Statius, just released from Purgatory, would be willing to spend another year amid its dolours only to have lived on earth with Virgil. He forgets his condition in the

\* 'Rhipeus justissimus unus,' 'Æn.,' ii. 426. Cp. 'Par.,' xx. 68.

desire to 'clasp him, every word of whom is a dear token of love.' In the consummate moment when Dante himself at last sees Beatrice, his first impulse is to turn to Virgil with Virgil's own words, those words which doubtless had often risen to his lips in real life, 'I feel the footprints of the olden flame.' And when he finds that his confidant is gone he forgets even his new bliss and gain in passionate weeping for his loss.

All this is much, but more than all, if we consider the profound and calculated significance and proportion of all Dante's important figures, is the mere fact of Virgil's position in the poem. Poetry, in the person of Virgil, is Dante's guide through two-thirds of his journey. Poetry is the highest embodiment of human wisdom, the purest glory of the human race, the best human pilot of humanity.

But Virgil, it may be said, and to a less degree Statius and the other great ancients, are seen by Dante through a haze of conventional reverence; they are heroic figures; they are traditional glories—mythic, symbolical, and as such accepted and partly taken on trust by Dante. Even if it were so, Dante's love of poetry, the importance he attaches to it as such, is not less conspicuous in his mention of the poets of his own time.

'Even like the two sons that Statius tells of, when they beheld again their mother, even such was I when I heard name himself the best father of me and mine who ever used sweet and grateful rhymes of love.

'And I to him: Your sweet ditties, so long as modern use shall last, will make dear their very ink.'

It is thus he introduces Guido Guinicelli. But Guido tells him he can point to a still better master.

There is a warmth of special personal interest in the passage which follows. It is of course Dante's practice to introduce everywhere his personal friends and foes, to embody his loves and hates in concrete examples. His dealing with poetry is no exception, and throws a light on the history of the poet and his art. It has sometimes been said that no good art is produced except in a circle or a school, a brotherhood or a clique. Like all rules, this has its exceptions, but Dante is not one. Despite his tremendous individuality and originality he certainly comes before us at first as a member of a little coterie or clique of poets, a youthful brotherhood, striving, as so many youthful brotherhoods have striven, to strike out a new style. And nowhere does the *camaraderie* of such a brotherhood receive more touching or noble glorification than where Dante introduces

duces his own early poetic friends and compeers into his immortal song. The idea of 'Dante and his Circle' has been made familiar to us by the genius and learning of Mr. D. G. Rossetti. In the words which Dante puts into the mouth of Guido Guinicelli, it is perhaps not fanciful to discover an echo or reminiscence of the opinions, possibly of the very language, held by this little coterie, when they lived and talked together, in the first infallibility of youth:—

'As for ditties of love and prose of romance,' says Guido, 'this one excelled all who wrote them. Let the fools prate who believe that the Limousin\* is before him. So the elder generation cried up Guittone of Arezzo, until at last the truth prevailed.'†

The better master whom Guido introduces is Arnaut Daniel, the Provençal poet, an imitation of whose language Dante proceeds to build, so to speak, into the walls of his own cathedral.

That Dante should thus honour these poets of his own and somewhat preceding times is to us remarkable. But what emphasises his action, and what is still more significant of his place among his poetic friends, is that we have it on record that Cino da Pistoia, a contemporary poet who knew Dante well, makes it a serious complaint that Dante omitted to mention yet another minor poet of the time, one Onesto di Boncima.

Cino finds two faults in the 'Divina Commedia.' Two faults—so many and yet no more in so great, so large a work. Curiosity is roused to hear what they are.

'One is that holding with Sordello high  
Discourse, and with the rest who sang and taught,  
He of Onesto di Boncima nought  
Has said, who was to Arnaut Daniel nigh.'‡

The passage about the two Guidos in the eleventh canto of the 'Purgatory' is so well known as not to need quotation. The second Guido may be Cavalcanti, while it is often maintained that the third poet, who 'perchance may chase both one and the other from the nest,' is Dante himself. All worldly fame, even

\* The Limousin is Giraut de Borneil, of Esisdeuil, a castle near Limoges.

† 'Purg.,' xxvi. 120. See Butler and his note *ad loc.* See also 'Academy,' April 13th, 1889. Fra Guittone of Arezzo died in 1293, and thus belongs to the generation before Dante. He is coupled, in 'Purg.,' xxiv., with the Notary, Jacopo da Lentino, and Buonagiunta Urbiciani of Lucca.

‡ Cino da Pistoia: Sonnet xii.; Rossetti's translation in 'Dante and his Circle.' Onesto di Boncima of Bologna was a Doctor of Laws. He is mentioned and quoted by Dante in the 'V. E.,' l. xv.: 'Honestus et alii poetantes Bononiæ.'

the poet's, is but a breath; but the phrase '*La gloria della lingua*,' betrays Dante's feelings, and so does the curious expression, '*Se non e giunta dall'etati grosse*.'

Sordello, the good Sordello, has been already noticed. His prominence and importance in the '*Commedia*' can hardly be attributed to any cause but that he too was a poet, even if his attitude toward Virgil did not prove this.\* The same would appear to be the reason of the place and part given to Folquet of Marseilles† in Paradise. A troubadour-bishop, he has the rare quality of uniting art and religion; he has passed from earthly to heavenly love; he is there where poetry finds its true end and explanation; there where one gazes into the art 'which makes beautiful with so great affection'; there 'where the good is discerned whereby the world on high turns that below.'

Such passages are enough, and more than enough, to show what was Dante's chief earthly ambition, blended, it is true, with a higher aim which at first fosters and then overpowers it, but in which, though merged, it is not lost. It was to be a poet, a 'regular' poet, a great poet like Virgil or Homer, one of the company of the sovereign bards, the sixth among such great intelligences. To write poetry was his overmastering instinct and interest from youth to age. Every mood, every phase, of his life lends itself to, passes into, this form of expression. He returns to it again and again, with wider views, with greater knowledge, with intenser passion. Foiled in his practical career, in exile and wandering he gives himself to this end. Poetry is to win all back for him. Worn, wasted, whitened with age, he is to conquer his obdurate country. He is to return in triumph to Florence, a poet recognised, admitted, accepted; and over the fount where in infancy he was baptized he is to take the poet's crown of laurel:—

‘Con altra voce omai, con altro vello  
Ritornèrò poeta, ed in sul fonte  
Del mio battesimo prenderò 'l capello.’

Such was Dante's personal and intellectual ambition. But why was it so? To be a true, a great poet—what did this mean for him, and how did he think it could be compassed? What,

\* He is specially mentioned in the '*De Vulg. Eloq.*,' l. xv. 8. '*Sordellus de Mantua, qui tantus vir eloquentiae non solum in poetando sed quomodo loquendo patrium vulgare disseruit.*' Dante's view of him may have been further influenced by his having been in some sense his pioneer and precursor. It seems certain that Dante was indebted to Sordello's lament on the death of Blacatz for the idea of making him the 'showman' of the princes in '*Ante-Purgatory*.'

† '*Par.*,' ix. 37. He, too, is mentioned in the '*V. E.*,' ii. vi., among the famous singers, the *dictatores illustres*, and a line of his is quoted.

in other words, did Dante consider to be the art and function of the poet? What is this great poet's theory of poetry?

Have we the material for answering this question? Not perhaps altogether, but to a large extent we have. We have it partly in Dante's poems, partly in his prose works, which are largely analytical and critical. Poets, says Aristotle,\* are of two kinds. Poetry is ἡ εὐφροῦς ἡ μανικοῦ, the product of either a fine talent or a fine frenzy; or, to put it a little differently, poets are either conscious and self-critical or unconscious and instinctive. 'Poetry,' says one of the most gifted of our living poets—

'may be something more than an art or a science, but not because it is not strictly speaking a science or an art. There is a science of verse as surely as there is a science of mathematics; there is an art of expression by metre as certainly as there is an art of representation by painting. To some poets the understanding of this science, the mastery of this art, would seem to come by a natural instinct which needs nothing but practice for its development, its application, and its perfection. Others, by patient and conscientious study of their own abilities, attain a no less unmistakable and a scarcely less admirable success.' †

The words of Aristotle were probably not known to Dante,‡ but they were doubtless known to one of his first critical biographers, Lionardi Bruni, who distinguishes between the poets who write by virtue of a certain innate force, which may be called 'furore,' and those 'poeti litterati e scientifici,' who compose 'per istudio, per disciplina ed arte e per prudenza,' and adds: 'e di questa seconda spezie fu Dante.' §

And he is certainly right, though so inspired, so great, so forcible is Dante, such the fire, such the sweep and scope alike of his imagination and his passion, that he seems to unite both qualities. *Μανικός, εὐφρής*: fine frenzy, fine talent—the words seem coined to describe, as indeed they were perhaps suggested by, the contrast between Æschylus and Sophocles. That contrast, be it remembered, is not in truth the contrast of the inspired with the uninspired, of the artistic with the inartistic.

\* Aristotle, 'Poetics,' xvii. 2 (1455a), ed. Butcher. See also Professor Butcher's excellent comment on the same, p. 368, with note, and compare Matthew Arnold's preface to his 'Selections from Byron,' p. xvi.

† Swinburne, 'Studies in Prose and Poetry,' pp. 132, 133.

‡ Dante almost certainly was not acquainted with the 'Poetics' of Aristotle. See Moore, 'Studies in Dante,' First Series (1896), pp. 8 and 93. On the other hand, he seems to have known the 'Ars Poetica' of Horace fairly well, and probably at first hand. *Ibid.*, 197.

§ I am indebted in the first instance for this quotation, as for much else, to Dr. Moore's admirable brochure, which contains so much in so little, 'Dante and his Early Biographers,' p. 78.

None could truly say that Æschylus is not a consummate artist or that Sophocles is not divinely inspired. It is rather the contrast hinted above, of the conscious and the trained with the unconscious and natural artist. We may remember how Sophocles himself said to Æschylus: 'You do what is right, Æschylus, but without knowing it.' Dante reminds us at first sight more of the elemental and spontaneous grandeur of Æschylus, but if we look more closely we find in him the calculated poise and finish of Sophocles. Not Sophocles himself was more self-critical. Goethe tells us that he 'had nothing sent him in his sleep': there was no page of his but he well knew how it came there. Dante doubtless could and would have made the same profession. Nay more, alone among the greatest of the great poets, unless indeed we are to admit this very Goethe to that crowning category, he has given us with some fulness an account of his views of poetry and of the theory of his practice.

The art of Homer, be it the art of a man or of a nation, is consummate. But of Homer, the artist, one or many, the maker or makers of the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey,' we know nothing. A few allusions tell us of the guise and manner of the Homeric minstrel, of his conception of inspiration, his mode of exposition, but that is all. Had chance preserved to us Sophocles' prose work on the Chorus, in which he combated the practice of the elder poets and defended his own, we should have known something perhaps of the theory of the most artistic of first-rate Greek poets about his art. Of Virgil's method of composition nothing is recorded save two or three interesting and not improbable traits. Shakespeare, in a few well-known and striking passages, flashes the illumination of his myriad-faceted mind on poetry and the poets. Milton, a more disciplined artist, in noble prose, reminding us of Dante, whom indeed he avowedly had before him, tells us what in aim and training a true poet should be, and discloses the aspiration and the creed with which he himself set about his great work. But Dante gives us far more than any of these. In his 'Vita Nuova' we have Dante's 'Wahrheit und Dichtung,' the 'Wahrheit und Dichtung' of a diviner nature than that of Goethe, the story of the growth of his soul, the passion of his boyhood and youth, with its reflexion in his early songs and sonnets, and finally his resolve on the threshold of middle life to close that book and open a new one only when years and study should have enabled him to write concerning his lady what 'hath not before been written of any woman.' In the 'Convivio,' written later in life, he returns upon this theme and philosophizes it, giving us an elaborate account of his

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second period of study and self-discipline, and much dissertation upon both the subject and the method of poetry. Finally, in the book '*De Vulgari Eloquentia*,' certainly projected after he had begun the '*Convivio*,' and probably written later, he sets out the theory and grammar of his art.

To attempt such a task at all, to view poetry in this way as a science and an art with definite principles and even rules, may seem to some a little strange, especially in a poet; but in reality it is not so, and perhaps only appears so to the English reader. England is the very home of poetry, but it is precisely in England that its genesis is for the most part least understood. England, in art as in science, has been the country of individual genius, not of traditional schools, of intuition rather than of system. To the Italian, as to the Greek and Latin mind, it seems a natural or at any rate a familiar view. It is significant that in the '*Lives*' of Dante, alike that by Boccaccio and that by Bruni, there are found disquisitions on the '*Art of Poetry*.' To Dante himself it was doubtless familiar from the first. He was brought up on the great classical Latin authors, with their exact forms and metres, and on the traditional comment and criticism which had come down along with them from antiquity. Though ancient they were not removed from him as they are from ourselves by the barrier of a dead medium. Latin was still a living language, a living voice of poesy. So Dante doubtless acquired at school that art of the schools which he retained through life—the art of writing Latin verse; the art to which in his old age Joannes de Virgilio challenged him, and with which he replied to the challenge; the art with which he actually began perhaps to write the '*Divine Comedy*,' that art to which, however, he himself more than any other was by his own example and success to deal the death-blow.

But side by side with the older lore and practice of the schools, and the precept, and, to a slight extent, the example of his 'master' Brunetto, he came under another and even more potent influence, that of the still new art of those living friends, slightly older or contemporary, among whom he found himself.

When and how Dante began his practice of the art of spontaneous poetry in the vernacular we do not know; but it is clear that it was very early in his career. He tells us himself that when his first great vision came to him he had already discovered for himself the art of expressing himself in rhyme, and it would appear that he was familiar with the idea of exchanging poems with those who were known poets of that day. The sonnet which stands first in the '*Vita Nuova*,' and which is the outcome of that vision, was certainly not Dante's first essay  
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in poetry. It is too good for a first attempt, and indeed he tells us himself that he has passed by many things which may be imagined by the pattern of those which he is giving.

The 'Vita Nuova,' then, displays to us the figure of one who was from the first a lover and a student of poetry. When the boy of nine met with the girl of a few months younger and conceived the inspiration of his life, he was already potentially, but perhaps also actually, a poet. Possibly already, though probably not till later, he could apply to his feeling words from Homer: 'She seemed the daughter not of mortal man but of a God.' Certainly from that hour his poetic impulse began. Poetry and love with Dante went ever hand in hand.

'Io mi son un che, quando  
Amor mi spira, noto, ed a quel modo  
Che detta dentro, ve significando.'

This is the plain meaning or implication of the 'Vita Nuova' itself, which it seems best to follow, notwithstanding the difficulties, as old as the 'Vita' and 'Compendio' of Boccaccio, to which Dr. Moore has called attention.

As the book proceeds we see the practice of Dante gradually growing in scope and subtlety. Love is the spring and source, but love is not enough. Form and art are from the first apparent. Dante has all the forms of the *trovatori* at his command, the Sonnet, the Ballata, the Canzone. He uses these various forms as the nature of the occasion prompts or requires. This he implies in the introduction to the first Canzone. But he further varies the form, in its divisions, to suit the sense. Thus, Sonnet vii., he tells us, he does not divide, because 'a division is only made to open the meaning of the thing divided,' whereas Sonnet ix. is divided into as many as four parts, four things being therein narrated, while the last sonnet of the 'Vita Nuova' comprises five parts, and might, he says, even be divided *piu sottilmente* than he has divided it.

Dante, then, from the first shows in his attitude towards poetry several marked characteristics which we shall find remain with him all through, and which we must never forget if we wish properly to appreciate his poetry and his own place among poets. From the first he regards poetry as being definitely an art, an art with a tradition and examples, an art which may, nay, which must, be learned from the examples, and from those who have the tradition. Certain it is that directly he appears in his own strength he appears as a professed and we may even say a professional poet. As such apparently he was recognised and won some fame quite early, and when he qualified for full citizenship by joining the College of Physicians and Apothecaries,

caries, he was entered as Dante d' Aldighieri, Poeta Fiorentino. It is a tradition not incredible, perhaps not improbable, at any rate significant, that he became a Professor of Poetry at Ravenna, and lectured on the art to many pupils.

As a poet he lived, as a poet he became famous, as a poet, and perhaps in the garb of a poet, he was buried; and this attitude of the self-conscious avowed poet pervades all his prose works. In the 'Vita Nuova,' as we have seen, he distinctly takes up the position of a man of letters, and a critic of himself and of others. In the 'Convivio,' his second prose work, he goes further. His attitude there is very curious. The piece, especially the fourth treatise, is full of disquisitions on the art of poetry. Dante quotes the poets Virgil, Statius, Lucan, Juvenal; he discourses of the styles suitable to different themes, of the art of embellishing a poem in concluding it, and so on; but, above all, like some professors of fine art with whom we are familiar, he admits us to his studio, or rather converts it into a class-room, writes a poem as it were before our eyes, and then explains, if not how, at least why all is done as it is. The letter to Can Grande adds a few touches on the kinds and parts of poetry, and especially, of course, of comedy, and the 'Divine Comedy' in particular.

It is, however, in the 'De Vulgari Eloquentia' that he sets out his view most systematically, and it is from this treatise that his attitude towards poetry as a formal art is to be gathered. If Dante really lectured on poetry this treatise may be the substance of his lectures; at least we may say that had he lectured on poetry this is what his lectures would have been like. For the treatise on the Vulgar Tongue is in reality a treatise *de Arte Poetica*. As Boccaccio says of it, in the 'Vita,' 'Dante wrote a *brochure* in Latin prose which he entitled "De Vulgari Eloquentia," in which he intended to instruct those who wished to learn the art of modern poetry, "del dire in rima."' As its title runs, it is a treatise on language; but it is really a treatise on language as relative to poetry, on the vulgar or vernacular language as appropriate to the vernacular poetry of Dante's immediate predecessors, of his contemporaries and himself. It is therefore at once an historic document of great value for Dante's time, and an analytical and critical work of still greater value for Dante's own theory of poetry. As we have it, it is imperfect and consists of only two books. There were to have been at least four.

The first is more strictly philological, and is devoted to discussing the genesis of the various languages of the world, with a view to discovering which is the best, or at any rate the best  
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for the Italian poet. It ends by pronouncing that the best language for this purpose is the *Latinum vulgare illustre* or grammatical vernacular of Italy. The second book, which is more strictly *de Arte Poetica*, needs more detailed consideration.

Dante begins by asking whether, this being established as the best language, those who write poetry in Italian should use it. On the surface, he says, the answer would appear to be yes, because—and the saying is notable for Dante's attitude towards poetry—*every one who writes verses ought to adorn or beautify his verse as much as possible*. But it should be with an appropriate beauty. The best horseman should have the best horse, since it is appropriate to him, and the best conception the best language. But the best conceptions can only exist where knowledge and talent are. Those who write poetry without knowledge and talent ought not to use the best language. A *bos ephippiatus*, or 'a pig in a baldric,' is not beautified, but rendered hideous and ridiculous. Again, not only not all poets, but not all themes, deserve the best language. How then are themes to be classified? *Salus, Venus, virtus*—these are the highest things, which ought to be treated in the best manner; and the best themes of verse are correspondingly prowess in arms, the kindling of love, the ruling of the will. So the best poets of the vulgar tongue have sung—Bertran de Born of the sword, Arnaut Daniel of love, Giraut de Borneil of righteousness, Cino da Pistoia of love, and his friend (Dante himself) of righteousness.

So much for language in general. Now of *form*. How, Dante asks, are these themes to be tied together? There are many forms which poets of the vulgar tongue have used, some the canzone, some ballads, some sonnets, some illegitimate and irregular modes. Of these we hold, says Dante, the canzone to be the most excellent. But what is the best form of the canzone? For many, says Dante, take their form by chance rather than as art dictates. And here we must remember, he says, that we have called the versifiers in the vulgar tongue for the most part poets, and poets certainly they are if we shall rightly consider poetry, which is nothing else than *feigning by means of rhetoric thrown into a musical form*—'Quae nihil aliud est quam fictio rhetorica in musicaque posita.'

But though poets, they are different from the great, that is, the regular, poets, who have written poetry in the grand style, and with regular art, 'magno sermone et arte regulari,' whereas these, as we have said, write as chance dictates. The more closely we imitate these great poets the more correctly shall we write. But the first thing is for each to choose a weight

weight suited to his shoulders, even as our master Horace prescribed :—

‘ Sumite materiam vestris qui scribitis æquam  
Viribus.’

Next, when our theme is decided on, we must decide on the style, whether it shall be tragic, comic, or elegiac. If a tragic theme is to be ours, then we must employ the more noble vernacular, and must tie our canzone accordingly. But if a comic theme, then we must take now a middle, now a low, vernacular; if an elegiac theme, then nothing but humble or sad language will suit. Let us pass by the other styles and treat of the tragic style.

‘ And because, if we remember rightly, we proved that the highest is worthy of the highest, and because the tragic is the highest of styles, therefore those themes which need the highest treatment must be sung in this style alone, namely, the themes of valour, love, and virtue, and the thoughts to which they give birth, that no accident may make them base.

‘ Let poets all and sundry, therefore, be warned, and discern well what we say; and when they intend to sing these themes absolutely, or the thoughts which flow absolutely and directly from them, let them first drink of Helicon, then tune their lyre to pitch and so take the plectrum with confidence and begin in due form. But to make the canzone and the distinction as is fitting, there’s the rub, *hoc opus et labor est*, since never without energy of genius and assiduity of art and an intimate acquaintance with the sciences can it be done. They who achieve it, these are they whom the poet in the sixth of the *Æneids* calls beloved of God, by fiery virtue lifted to the skies, and the sons of heaven, though he be speaking in a figure.

‘ Let then their folly confess itself, who, without art or knowledge, trusting only in talent, rush into singing the highest themes in the highest style. Let them desist from such presumption, and if by their natural sluggishness they are geese, let them not attempt to emulate the starward soaring eagle.’

Dante proceeds to discuss in order, first the best metre, which he decides to be the hendecasyllabic; then the best construction; finally the best diction, carefully making good each point with illustrations. The detail into which he enters is most significant. ‘ A sieve must be used to sift out noble words ’; ‘ polysyllables are ornamental ’; and so on.

As Mr. Howell well says, the minuteness of his divisions and sub-divisions and the elaboration of his rules disclose in part the secret of the extremely artificial canzoni which seem to flow so easily from the poet’s pen, and show us within what rigid restrictions his genius was content to work.

Such,

Such, so far as we have it, is Dante's theory of the art of poetry. It is unfortunate that we do not possess that portion of the 'De Vulgari Eloquentia' which would have treated of the comic and elegiac styles, and more particularly of the comic, to which technically the 'Divine Comedy' belongs—topics touched on in the letter to Can Grande. The main points of the theory, however, emerge clearly enough. Poetry, according to Dante's view, is an art, one of the fine arts, an art distinct and definite and difficult, in which success cannot be attained without knowledge, without long study, without laborious practice. There is poetry and poetry, there are poets and poets, but all must conform to the laws of their art. For what is poetry? Technically and in terms, as we saw, poetry is '*fictio rhetorica in musicaque posita.*' Such is Dante's brief and pregnant definition. Unfortunately both the reading and the rendering of this central passage are somewhat in dispute,\* but three elements, or two at any rate, are seen pretty clearly.

First, poetry is *fictio*, *finzione*, fiction, feigning, invention, imaginative description, the statement not of fact, but of fancy. It is at once creation and imitation, or something between the two. It does not appear that Dante was acquainted with Aristotle's formal treatise on poetry, but possibly Aristotle's teaching may have filtered down to him. Certainly if this be what he meant by *fictio*, he is in agreement with Aristotle's teaching as a whole.†

Secondly, it is *rhetorica*. But rhetoric means for Dante all that it meant for his great master, the science and the art of ruling the passions of man by understanding them, of dealing

\* The Grenoble MS. almost certainly, the Trivulzian certainly, give the words as quoted above. And so Trissino read, rendering verbatim: '*quale non è altro che una finzione rettorica e posta in musica.*' Professor Rajna, the most recent editor, in his large edition of 1896, introduced a conjectural addition, reading '*fictio rhetorica versificata in musicaque posita.*' In his smaller edition of 1897, however, he drops '*versificata*' and adopts a smaller alteration, reading '*fictio rhetorica musicæque composita.*' As to the meaning, he thinks it must remain in doubt, unless it be found that the definition is not Dante's own, but borrowed, and the source be discovered. If it be Dante's own, '*fictio*' probably means '*finzione.*' If the definition be borrowed, it may mean no more than '*compositio.*' As to '*musica*' and '*musicæ*,' Rajna adopts the larger view, relying mainly on 'Convivio,' iv. 2, and iv. 6. For Professor Rajna's views the writer is indebted partly to his critical note, partly to a private letter to Mr. Paget Toynbee. Mr. Howell, on the contrary, renders merely: 'Poetry is a rhetorical composition set to music.' That '*fictio*' may mean merely a composition is possible; that '*musica*' means merely music seems hardly possible. The subject, however, is too long for a note, and calls for a separate disquisition. The older translators appear to favour the view adopted above. And the 'D. C.' itself is, of course, a '*fictio*' throughout, though much of it is based on fact and experience. Cp. Leynardi, p. 224.

† See especially Professor Butcher on Aristotelian and Baconian views of poetry, 'Aristotle's Theory of Poetry and Fine Art,' pp. 174, 373.

therefore



therefore with his thoughts and emotions in their various relations, and, again, the science and the art of dealing with language. Rhetoric in this sense touches on the one side moral and mental philosophy, on the other grammar. In the 'Convivio' it appears as the art of pleasing the passions by words, and corresponds as such to the Heaven of Venus.

Thirdly, it is in *musica posita*, or *musice composita*. But, again, music meant for Dante all, or almost all, that it meant for Plato, or perhaps we should rather say that it had not lost altogether its original twofold Greek meaning. It still implies the music of words as well as of notes. Perhaps the best illustration of this is to be found in three passages in the 'Convivio': one where he speaks of the poets who have tied together their words with *mosaic art*, 'coll' arte musaica le loro parole hanno legate'; another, where music, to which the Heaven of Mars is compared, is stated to have two beauties, one of them being the beauty of relation, such as is seen in harmonized words and songs;\* and finally, a third, in which he says expressly that the beauty (*bellezza*) of the song he is discussing, as distinguished from its goodness (*bontà*), depends on three things, the construction, which belongs to the grammarian, the order of the discourse, which belongs to the rhetorician, and the rhythm of its parts, which belongs to the musician.

It is of the essence then of poetry to be harmonised, to be artistic, to be beautiful. It is not sufficient, Dante says over and over again, that it should be excellent, that it should be good in matter, that it should even be coldly beautiful. It should have beauty of form and sound, of order and diction. It should have sweetness and harmony, *dolcezza e armonia*. As Horace says, in words which Dante doubtless knew and approved, though he does not actually quote them:—

'Non satis est pulchra esse poemata; dulcia suntu,  
Et quocunque volent animum auditoris agunt.'

But this is not inconsistent with its being true and natural and simple. Rather it is beautiful because it is true. The beauty arises out of the truth. Poetry is the beautiful voice of truth to feeling and truth to fact; it is beautiful, therefore, with the beauty of propriety. No one ever recognised this more fully than Dante. Few have ever been capable of recognising it so fully. For it is just in his universality, his catholicity,

\* In 'V. E.' II. viii. 50, a *cantio* is defined as 'actio completa dictantis verba modulationi armonizata.' It is 'fabricatio verborum armonizatorum,' as opposed to 'ipsa modulatio.'

and withal the adequacy of his power to his knowledge, of his art to his matter, that he is so transcendently great.

When not long ago Tennyson died, one of the best of our critics said that the most characteristic thing about him was a great veracity. This was true of Tennyson; truer it could not be of any poet. It is true of many—shall we say of all the best poets? It is true on the grandest scale of Dante. The famous passage—

‘E s’io al vero son timido amico  
Temo di perder viver tra coloro  
Che questo tempo chiameranno antico’—

has even a wider and fuller application than Dante intended. The secret of his immortality has been, before all, his truth.

Wordsworth, in his well-known essay, complains of poets whose eye never seems to have been ‘steadily fixed upon their object.’ Such a complaint could never be made of Dante. He says himself, in the remarkable canzone which heads the fourth treatise in the ‘Convivio,’

‘Chi pinga figura,  
Se non può esser lei, non la può porre,’

and he explains more fully in the comment, ‘No painter can portray any figure unless he makes himself first by a mental effort that which the figure ought to be.’ And in the passage quoted above he implies that the secret of his style, the new sweet style which the earlier poets could not compass, was its sincerity and simplicity, its truth to feeling.

But the new style is not only simple and true: it is sweet, it is beautiful, it is poetic. To be sincere and honest, true to oneself, ‘not to manipulate one’s feelings,’ is the secret of all art. But art, in that it is art, also expresses faithfully what the artist truly feels. And poetic art goes further: it expresses it beautifully and with a special kind of beauty. Prose may be true; prose may be, to make use of Milton’s phrase, simple, sensuous, and passionate; prose may contain many of the elements of poetry. Dante’s prose is often highly poetic, both in structure and in quality. Nothing is more striking than the way in which it resembles his poetry in the ideas and even in the turns of expression. Two instances taken from the ‘Vita Nuova’ will suffice to show this. One is very simple: it is the mode of speaking of the anniversary of Beatrice’s death. ‘On that day which fulfilled the year since my lady was made of the citizens of eternal life.’ Nothing is needed but metre to make this a beautiful line for the ‘Divine Comedy.’ With  
such

such passages Dante's prose abounds. The other instance is more striking; it is one of substance; it again resembles not a few passages, and might itself have made one, in the 'Divine Comedy.' It is the passage where Dante says of certain mournful ladies, 'As I have seen rain falling mingled with fair snow, so did I seem to see their speech issue forth mingled with sighs.' Such passages are essentially poetic; they are the matter of poetry. But Dante would not call them poetry, but prose. They are not harmonised; they are not 'tied with the bond of music'; they are beautiful, but not with the beauty of poetry.

For unreal ornament Dante cared nothing. Poetry, he recognised, should be as reasonable as prose. Its ornament and arrangement should bear analysis:—

'Poetic licence is allowed,' he says, 'to poets, but licence with reason. The great poets of old did not speak without consideration, nor should they who rhyme to-day; for it were a shame that one should rhyme under the cloak of figure and rhetorical colouring, and afterwards, if questioned, should not be able to strip his words of their clothing and show their true meaning. Of such foolish rhymes,' he adds, 'I and my first friend know many.'

Poetry, then, should be as reasonable as prose. It should bear being broken up and paraphrased in prose, not indeed without loss, but without absolute destruction.

But that there is no such thing as poetic diction, that 'prose is verse and verse is merely prose'—such a theory could never for a moment even in satire be imputed to Dante. Dante is at times sublimely, perhaps we may say divinely, grotesque; he is at times sublimely simple and plain, almost common. But into the freakish discordances of a Browning, who refused, we are told by his biographer, to recognise even the first of Greek writers as models of literary style, and made his translation of *Æschylus*' *Agamemnon*' partly 'for the pleasure of exposing and rebuking these claims,' or again, into the deliberate commonplace and puerilities of Wordsworth in his uninspired moments, Dante could not fall. Falls and faults are his, it is true: he tells us himself that he often failed to attain to his own ideal. Often both in prose and verse he cannot write as he would. His theme transcends his powers: 'he has the habit of his art, but the hand trembles.' But his faults are the faults of a true, not a false, theory of poetry. Ugly words and sounds befit ugly themes, and childish language childish ideas. What is the true canon?

'To describe the bottom of the universe is not an enterprise to be taken up in sport, nor for a tongue that cries mammy and daddy; Vol. 189.—No. 378. X but

but let those ladies aid my verse who aided Amphion to wall in Thebes, so that my words may not be diverse from the fact'—

'Si che dal fatto il dir non sia diverso.'\*

There is perhaps no passage more characteristic of Dante's method, of his serious painstaking, his invocation of art, his poetic aim, than the one that ends thus.

Truth to fact and feeling, as was said above, is the secret of Dante's matter; and fitness, appropriateness of language to thought, is the secret of his style. In fact and feeling nothing is too high or too low for Dante. Below the bottomless depth of Hell, above the ineffable highest Heaven, he ranges, but the highest rules the lowest; it is the beauty and the love which prevail. It follows that in his art Dante is at once the greatest of realists and the greatest of idealists. But realist or idealist, or both, Dante is always an artist. Poetry cannot be written, he says, by mere afflatus, *de solo ingenio*, without art or knowledge. His practice follows, and depends absolutely upon, his theory—the best proof that his theory, as said above, is good and adequate. Every rule and every principle which he has thought out and set forth in his prose works is put in force and use in the 'Divine Comedy.' He is ever conscious of the limits of his art, of the *fren dell' arte*. It is true that, like the best art, it often conceals itself; the restraint is not always obvious, but the restraint is always there. The geometric symmetry of the 'Divine Comedy' has often been noticed. It could hardly be doubted, even if it were not demonstrable, or if he did not himself say as much, that Dante, so careful of the whole, was equally careful of every line and word.† He fails sometimes in his command of his resources, and sometimes his resources fail him. The writer of the 'Ottimo Commento' tells us, in a passage now well known, that he had heard Dante himself state that he had never for the sake of a rhyme said anything that was not otherwise in his mind,‡ but that many times and oft he had made words signify something different from that which they had been wont to

\* 'Inferno,' xxxii. 12. He does, however, occasionally use low words in the 'D. C.' but this is because the 'Divine Comedy' is a comedy, and is deliberately written in a mixed style.

† Mariotti draws out with great elaboration the extraordinary underlying symmetry and numerical balance of the 'D. C.' He has been at pains to count and classify the lines and words employed by Dante in the different parts of his poem. He concludes by saying that the 'D. C.' reminds us of the Biblical words, 'omnia in mensura et numero et pondere disposuisti.' Cp. also Leynardi, p. 114.

‡ Yet one is tempted to suspect such passages as 'Inferno,' xxxii. 26–30, as partly written for the rhyme. Compare also the rhyme Malacoth, Sabaoth, 'Par,' vii. 1, Toynbee, 'Dict,' *sub voc.*

express in other poets. If Dante, then, is obscure, it is doubtless partly because his thought was in advance of all language, partly because, like that of Thucydides, it was in advance of his own time; for we must remember that, not unlike Thucydides, Dante was himself making his language as he went, and that the vulgar Italian which he employed was still in a rough and unformed state. It was not because he did not desire to be beautiful or finished, nor because he did not take pains, that he was ever otherwise, but because of the inherent difficulty of his subject and the imperfection of his medium, or because he did not think beauty appropriate. Thus, in describing the souls of the 'stingy' and the 'lavish,' cuffing each other in the fourth circle of Hell, he says 'their conflict shall have no beautifying of style from me.' But, speaking more generally in the '*De Vulgari Eloquentia*,' he says that every poet ought to beautify his style as much as possible. And again, in the '*Convivio*':—

'Every good workman at the end of his work ought to ennoble and embellish it to the best of his power, that it may leave his hands more famous and more precious. This I intend to do, not as a good workman myself, but as a follower of such in the past.'

'Famous, precious, beautiful, ennobled, embellished'—that is what Dante, the 'austere Dante,' thought a poem ought to be: ornament, deliberate ornament, appropriate no doubt, but still ornament, should not be wanting. Later in life he became more confident of his own powers and skill, but his desire is the same. To achieve it he spent life and strength. 'He grew pale beneath the shade of Parnassus.' 'The sacred poem to which heaven and earth have set their hand made him lean for many years.' And no wonder. For every line of his poetry, as every page of his prose, bears witness to the intense and all-devouring industry of genius, to that 'long study' which is only possible to 'mighty love.' It is ever so with the greater poets. Critics have written, and men sometimes speak, as though Shakespeare, an unlearned and unlettered miracle, wrote by mere afflatus, wrote, as the phrase is, by the light of nature and of his own genius, and took little or no trouble with his diction or versification:—

'But Otway failed to polish and refine,  
And fluent Shakespeare scarce effaced a line.'

But the fact is that if Shakespeare was not exactly a scholar, still he was not an illiterate. He had been at a good grammar school, he had a fair knowledge of Latin, and a smattering of other languages, but above all he practised himself

himself early and long in the art of writing, and of writing verse. His lines are, to employ Ben Jonson's words about him, well tuned. His rhythm is what is technically called learned. His 'precious phrase' is, to use his own delightful and significant expression, 'by all the Muses filed.' Of Dante, as of Milton, we may say much more. Mr. Robert Bridges, in his original and suggestive examination of Milton's prosody, has shown us something of the marvellous art of Milton's blank verse. A very interesting paper by Mr. Tozer\* on Dante's versification demonstrates that Dante employs just the same artifices of inversion and variation which Mr. Bridges finds in Milton. It is, he well says, in the temperate use of these and similar changes that the melody of Dante's verse consists.

To challenge the authority of Dean Church on any main characteristic of Dante seems audacious, almost sacrilegious. Yet Dean Church, toward the end of his famous essay, appears in one passage hardly to hold the balance quite as true as usual. It is where he says that Dante has 'few of those indirect charms which flow from the subtle structure and refined graces of language, none of that exquisitely-fitted and self-sustained mechanism of choice words of the Greeks'; and again, 'that his sweetness and melody appear unsought for and unlaboured.' Unlaboured and unsought in a sense they indeed appear, but only because the skill to command them had been sought and laboured at during a lifetime. That Dante chose, 'sifted,' his words we know from his own statement. Lines like—

‘La concubina di Titone antico  
Già s’ imbiancava al balco d’ oriente,’

can hardly be called spontaneous. They are beautiful, but beautiful with the artistic, nay, the artificial beauty of poetic diction. Dante's use of alliteration and assonance,† of balance and antithesis, still more his employment of proper names, which give a pomp and blazonry to diction like that which is given by heraldry to architecture or stained glass or painting; all these point to a love of language and of its hues and colours for their own sake, to a love of literary and linguistic art as such.‡

\* 'Textual Criticism of the Divine Comedy.' E. Moore. Cambridge, 1889. Appendix V., p. 713.

† Mr. James Russell Lowell remarks, indeed, that Homer, like Dante and Shakespeare, and like all who really command language, seems fond of playing with assonances. 'My Study Windows,' 'Library of Old Authors,' p. 240.

‡ His own phrase, used of Arnaut Daniel—'Miglior fabbro del parlar materno'—is very significant ('Purg.,' xxvi. 117). Cp. 'fabricatio verborum armonizatorium,' 'V. E.,' II. viii. 5.



'Dopo la dolorosa rotta, quando  
Carlo Magno perdè la santa gesta,  
Non sonò sì terribilmente Orlando.'

Are the echoes of such a passage, the collocation and the separation, the inversions and the sequences, unsought or unstudied?

No, rather must we agree with that eloquent and subtle critic of language, alas! too early silent, Mr. Walter Pater, who, in his introduction to his friend Mr. Shadwell's version of the 'Purgatorio,' says that, despite the severity of his subject, Dante 'did not forget that *his design was after all to treat it as a literary artist, to charm his readers*'; and that he has shown a *command of every sort of minute literary beauty, an expressiveness, a care for style and rhythm at every point, the evidence of which increases upon the reader as his attention becomes microscopic.*'\*

But indeed Dean Church himself was not insensible to this aspect of Dante. In his remarkable, though less known, essay on Browning's 'Sordello,' he takes a juster, because more comprehensive, view:—

'Dante, the singer, the artist, seemed naturally to belong to that vast and often magnificent company, from Orpheus and Homer downward, whose business in life seemed art and the perfection of art.' But Dante, with his artist's eye and artist's strength, was from the beginning and continued to the end in closest contact with the most absorbing interests of human life. 'We almost forget the poet, and such a poet, in the man.'

The fact is that both aspects are true. Dante is more than an artist: but he is always an artist. His own feeling about the form of his work is best expressed in his own words. He leaves us in no doubt. In the song that opens the second book of the 'Convivio,' he says that he wishes it may please even if it is not understood. Few will understand thee, he says; but say to them—

'Ponete mente almen com' io son bella,'

In the twelfth chapter he explains that the beauty consists in *construction*, which is given by grammar, in *order*, which is given by rhetoric, and in *rhythm*, which is given by music. The beauty should however be appropriate. This he explains in the opening lines of the poem prefixed to the next book, in

\* 'The Purgatory of Dante Alighieri,' by Charles Lancelot Shadwell; Introduction by Walter Pater, pp. 15-16. Cp. Leynardi, 'La Psicologia dell' Arte nella "D. C."', last chapter, especially pp. 491 *et seqq.* Leynardi contrasts the repeated use of *a*, *o*, and *u* in 'Inf.' iv. 10, 12, with that of *i* and *e* in 'Inf.' ii. 127-29.

which he says that he must now put away the sweet rhymes he was wont to use in treating of love and must speak of the valour which makes a man truly noble, with rhyme rough and subtle. 'Rhyme rough and subtle' \*—'*Rima aspra e sottile*'—what truer description could there be of much of the 'Divine Comedy'? But that it is so is due neither to accident nor to defect, but to design. Always and ever Dante cared for two things together, the matter and the manner, the thing to be said and the way of saying it: '*e a così parlare, e a così intendere le scritture.*' When he exalts his matter he sustains it with more art.

It was thus that his art rose with him and with his theme. For manner he must ever have cared, or he would not have cared so profoundly for Virgil—for Virgil, the stylist *par excellence*, Virgil in whom Coleridge found nothing but diction and metre. Dante found much beside; but that he loved Virgil as he did, and that his early boast was to have won by long study the Virgilian style, is pre-eminently significant of his attitude and temperament. From Virgil and his Roman brothers he caught moreover the strength of the Roman, or rather of the Latin utterance, imperial, martial, legal, logical, clear-cut, clear-sounding. But Christianity, as Dean Church has so truly and delicately indicated in his 'Gifts of Civilisation,' Christianity, with its breaking-up of the fallow ground of the heart, needed a more subtle music than the Roman, something more than even the melancholy majesty and grace of the 'stateliest measure ever moulded by the lips of man.' That more subtle music was to be found in the fresh and tender poetry of love and chivalry, in the 'new sweet style' for which the way was paved by the troubadours and worked out by the pupils of Brunetto Latini, Guido Cavalcanti, and Dante himself, in concert with poets like Cino da Pistoia, painters like Giotto, musicians like Casella—that style which the Notary and Guittone of Arezzo and Bonagiunta could not reach, the style which followed exactly the dictation of love.

In these two schools, as was said at starting, Dante served his apprenticeship. But of their teaching, too, he came to the end. He saw that he must find and trust himself. Nothing is more instructive for the understanding of Dante's development than to compare the last words of Virgil, at the end of the 'Purgatorio' proper, with the invocation at the beginning of the 'Paradiso.'

\* In the second chapter he explains that *aspra* refers to the style, to the sound of the poetry; *sottile* refers to the meaning of the words. In 'Inferno,' xxxii., he complains that he cannot command rhyme rough enough for the lowest circle of Hell.

At meeting Virgil, Dante did homage to him and hung on his every word. Now he is an apprentice and in pupillage no longer. 'Await no more,' says Virgil, 'my word or my sign; free, right, and sound is thy judgment, and it were a fault not to follow it. Wherefore prince and pontiff over thyself I crown and mitre thee.' Dante is to stand at last, as a great poet must stand, in his own strength: but no one knows better than he the difficulty of his art. 'Well may poets,' he says in the letter to Can Grande, 'need much invocation, for they have to seek something from the powers above, beyond the common scope of mankind, a bounty as it were from Heaven itself.' 'O good Apollo,' he cries—using words which recall the striking expression employed of St. Paul, the *vas electionis*, as it is in Latin—'make me in my last toil a vessel of thy power, so fashioned as thou requirest for the gift of the beloved laurel. Hitherto one peak of Parnassus hath sufficed me, but now with both it is meet that I enter the remaining lists.'

The exact meaning of these last words is obscure, but the gist of the passage with its context is plain. There is a poetry of earth, there is a poetry of heaven. There is the art of the amorist and the troubadour; they too are poets, but not regular poets, not great poets—they sing of love, but of an earthly passion. Dante too sings of love. He too began as the amorist of earthly beauty, which yet contained for him the seed and promise of the heavenly; he was led up from the love of earthly beauty to the love of knowledge, to that divine Eros,\* the love of Him in whom beauty and knowledge are united, the love that 'moves the sun and all the stars.'

Such is poetry for the true poet, no toy, no trifle, an art rather, a fine art, but the best of all the arts, to which all knowledge may be made tributary, and which may itself subserve the highest ends. Dante is an artist, but he is more than an artist. Art for art's sake has no meaning for him. Were he asked whether art ought to be moral, he would reply that man, whether artist or not, ought certainly to do right and live well. Poetry cannot save Brunetto or Arnaut Daniel. It cannot even save Virgil, best of Pagans.

Yet poetry may rise to heaven. It may have the highest mission. It may be in no pedantic sense a Teologia. It may be of power 'to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what he works and what he suffers to be wrought with high providence in his

\* Plato, 'Symposium.' Cp. 'Convivio,' ii. 13, where Dante describes how he came to love the gentle lady Philosophy; and again, 'Convivio,' ii. 16.

church.' Thus the poet's place may truly be with the heroes and the saints; and such is Dante's. Carlyle saw this when he wrote the 'Hero as Poet'; Raphael saw it when he painted the 'Disputa'; but Dante's own Virgil had seen it long before:—

'Hic manus ob patriam pugnando volnera passi,  
Quique sacerdotes casti, dum vita manebat,  
Quique pii vates et Phœbo digna locuti.'

Dante saw the place that he might win, and won it.

'The song that nerves a nation's heart  
Is in itself a deed.'

What shall be said of the song that has nerved the heart and lifted the soul of the race? Only that here the language of Dean Church in his unforgettable peroration is no hyperbole, but the simple and the sober truth. Only that, while, as an artist and for technical reasons, Dante himself called his poem by the name which belonged to the range of the humble and the human, a 'Comedy,' the world soon added, and has for ever attached, first to the poet and then to the poem, the epithet 'Divine.'



- ART. II.—1. *India: Progress and Condition Reports.* Nos. 30 to 33 (1893-4 to 1896-7).  
 2. *Indian Famine Commission Report.* C. 9178 (1898).  
 3. *The Plague in India.* By R. Nathan. 1897.  
 4. *Papers relating to Military Operations on the N.W. Frontier of India, &c.* C. 8713-14 (1898).  
 5. *Papers relating to the Indian Tariff Acts.* C. 7602 (1895) and C. 8078 (1896).  
 6. *Indian Penal Code and Criminal Procedure Amendment Acts. Proceedings in the Legislative Council of the Governor-General.* 1898.  
 And other Papers.

ON the 12th of March, 1862, the Government of India changed hands in circumstances which make the ceremony a very memorable one in the minds of those who witnessed it. There is, to begin with, the sad and pathetic interest which attaches itself to the personality of the two principal actors in that scene. On the one side was the slim, frail figure, and pale, careworn face of the statesman who, in weathering the storm of the Mutiny, had so tempered resolution with generosity as to earn for himself the enviable sobriquet of 'Clemency' Canning. At his side, in striking contrast, were the robust form and genial countenance of the experienced diplomatist, whose tact and tenacity, in the face of Chinese obstinacy and fraud, had won him a reputation which augured well for his Indian career. Canning reached home only in time to die there; and in less than two years afterwards his successor, 'the good old man, with snow upon his head and summer in his face,' was laid to rest in a remote Himalayan valley. Apart from these personal considerations, however, the event is, in a sense, a landmark in the history of British rule in India. The Mutiny was the closing episode in what may be called the era of acquisition. The British Government had recognised that the possession of that vast Dependency was, in the words of the late Lord Derby, a great glory, a great responsibility, and also a great danger, to this country; and it fell to the lot of Lord Canning to inaugurate the system under which India was to enter into the era of peaceful development. More than a generation has now elapsed since that era began, and during the interval changes have taken place unparalleled in Indian history. The advance made in the material attributes of modern civilisation, while not without its drawbacks, has been far beyond that achieved during the same period by any other country of the  
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Old World. When therefore a turn of the wheel of fortune brought the son to the head of affairs more than thirty years after the death of the father, it might almost be said that the India of 1894 would have appeared to the Lord Elgin of 1863 almost as unfamiliar as the England of the present day would seem to a Burghley or a Tudor.

It is not only in bulk that the burden of responsibilities connected with the administration has increased, but in the complexity evolved, first, by the progress of the country itself, and secondly by the expansion of its neighbours. Instead of the isolated, self-contained independence which India enjoyed so late as a quarter of a century ago, there have been forced upon her, by the advance of other European Powers in Asia, the responsibilities of a Continental State, liable to aggression on both flanks. The extent and definition of these responsibilities are matters which, from the conditions of our rule, must be finally decided on considerations in which the predominant partner in the Empire has the principal voice. Nor, again, can India stand altogether independent of this country in the present day in regard to her finance. She owes her guidance and protection to British blood, and her material development to British capital, obligations which bring her within the orbit of imperial interests in questions of trade and currency.

Before entering, therefore, upon the consideration of the internal conditions of the India of the last five years, it may be well to review the situation in this wider aspect—wherein the Dependency is regarded as an important unit in the British Empire rather than as simply a great independent charge. With regard to the policy adopted upon the North-West Frontier, the thorough exposition of that policy in Parliament makes it superfluous at this date to notice more than the general considerations involved. Ever since the advance of Russia into contiguity with Afghanistan rendered obsolete the policy of abstention associated with the name of Lord Lawrence, the predominant factor in the position has been that invention of the new diplomacy known as the sphere of influence. As applied to the circumstances in question, it means the establishment of a Buffer State, the foreign relations of which are subordinated to the control of the dominant Power, in return for the responsibility of defending the State against external aggression. This obligation implies necessarily the means of access in order to fulfil it when the occasion arrives; and herein lies the main difficulty of the situation. Whether the maintenance and strengthening of a state like Afghanistan is a  
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prudent policy or the reverse is no longer a practical question, and may be relegated to the broad pastures of the debating society. The obligations have been undertaken, and the British Government has joined in the delimitation of the line to be maintained inviolate.

The all-important difference, however, between the position of Russia and that of this country in relation to that boundary should not be allowed to drop out of sight; viz., that whilst Russia is in administrative occupation right up to the frontier, the British are separated from it by a large tract of difficult country, which, in turn, can only be reached by passes in the hands of tribes equally independent of India and the Amir. At least two of these passes must be available before British troops can be brought to the aid of Kabul. It is true that the arrangements for keeping them open by subsidised levies from the local tribes have only been interrupted on one occasion; but there is no adequate guarantee that the trouble may not recur, unless the Khaibar, at all events, be placed under closer control. The prevention of raids from the Pathan frontier has been attempted by means of an extension of the sphere-of-influence policy, demarcating the area of British responsibility from that of the Amir. The Durand Agreement, in which this plan is embodied, was approved by successive Secretaries of State, and may fairly be considered therefore more workable than the preceding policy, which a late Viceroy described as one of alternative vengeance and inaction. Nevertheless, its fruit has hitherto been somewhat bitter. The Pathan looks on a road as the forerunner of annexation, and the Amir is said to have never been willing to abandon his hope of bringing the recalcitrant highlanders under his own dominion. Various other causes were operative in carrying the flames all along the Pathan Marches, such as a wave of Muslim exultation aroused by the success of the Amir over the Kafirs and that of the Sultan over the infidel in Europe, with the expectation of help, in case of a general movement, from Kabul.

Of all the frontier incidents of recent years none has excited more interest than the occupation and relief of Chitral. It is so far related to the rising further south that, shortly after the fire was set to the Afridi Hills, the tribes of Swat and Lower Bajaur, on the new route to Chitral, also attacked the British outposts at the entrance to the passes which command the lower portion of the road. Events made it clear, however, that a local spark was independently applied, though the contagion obtained more speedy and wide reception owing to the

the conditions beyond the Khaibar. It is only necessary therefore to indicate the place occupied by Chitral in the general question of frontier policy. Some twenty years ago the northern possessions of Kashmir along the Hindu Kush were held by authorities of repute to have their value as pawns in the great game of frontier defence. Their strategic value then underwent the usual vicissitudes of frontier topography; but the appearance of Russian emissaries, of civilisation south of the range, with the usual accompaniment of secret treaties and gifts of weapons of precision, impressed the Government with the importance of maintaining posts of observation in that direction. The Pamir delimitation was said by some to have rendered even this use of the stations of Gilgit and Chitral superfluous. The Government of India prudently took a different view. The actual risk from the frontier in that quarter is not, of course, invasion, but intrigues with the tribes between the Hindu Kush and the plains of India. From Gilgit the eastern passes only can be watched. Chitral, which is generally spoken of as a complement of Gilgit, is, geographically, an outpost of the western frontier, since communication is comparatively easy with Peshawar, whereas a high pass cuts it off for a great part of the year from the east. Lord Elgin therefore appears to have been quite right in insisting upon a road to it from the south as the necessary condition of its retention. Permanent military occupation in force, which was necessitated by dynastic strife and the danger of Pathan invasion a year or two ago, is open to more doubt. It is true that access from the Oxus valley is easier near Chitral than opposite Gilgit, and that Badakshan affords a far better jumping-ground for a large force than any part of the Upper Oxus. But no force that the British Government could afford to maintain there would be able to stem such an inroad, if it were ever made; and, moreover, the choice of this route is very unlikely in case of serious invasion, when so much better alternatives exist. A sufficient reason for military occupation just now is probably the risk of renewed invasion on the part of Pathan chiefs, who have for a long time had their eye upon the domain of their secular foes, the Dards. Local feuds and ambitions will be almost certain to keep the whole neighbourhood simmering for some time to come, but the road, if maintained, must in the end lead to the growth of trade, and therefore tend towards civilisation. The imaginary 'breach of faith,' with which it was connected, met with its fitting end last year, and would never have been heard of, two years after its alleged commission, had it not supplied a new weapon to the almost exhausted

exhausted arsenal of party polemics. It was generally agreed by all but the protagonists in opposition that the Viceroy came out unblemished and with credit from an episode discreditable only to his assailants.

Next to the frontier policy in Imperial importance come the relations between India and this country in regard to finance. For some time the belief has been current in certain quarters that India was not justly treated in the apportionment of some heavy charges which she shares with the British exchequer. To dispel or justify that belief a Royal Commission was appointed in 1895—owing in some degree, it is said, to the solicitation of Lord Elgin himself—to enquire into the whole question of the expenditure of India. An apparently exhaustive examination was made of the details of this wide and intricate subject, but the Report on the results is still only 'to be shortly expected.' Experience of such enquiries justifies the anticipation that apart from some modifications in system and perhaps a slight shifting of charges, little change will be recommended. All the same, it will be advantageous to those concerned, in consideration of the criticism to which all such complicated systems are fairly liable, to have the facts well tested, and the air cleared of the flight of half-truths and fallacies which have so long hovered round the matter.

That the Government of India spends a great deal, both in absolute amount and in relation to the realized revenue, is only to be expected from the conditions of the country itself and the nature of the rule we have established there. These conditions, as Mill has shown in a well-known passage of his '*Political Economy*,' compel the State to undertake many tasks which in England would be left to private enterprise. Further, high rates of pay are required to attract Englishmen, civilian and military, to the tropics, and there are large non-effective charges on account of those on leave or retirement. The capital required for public works and large private enterprises is almost entirely raised in London. The interest on all these loans and investments, together with the civil and military charges due in England, has to pass from a silver-using country to one with a gold standard only. So long as the currency and exchange values of the two metals were identical or diverged but little, the payment could be adjusted against the surplus of exports from India to this country, the balance of trade being always largely in favour of the East. For several years past, however, the number of rupees required to liquidate the gold debt in London has been growing relatively larger and larger, and it may be remarked, in passing, that not the least  
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interesting subject for investigation by those curious in such matters is the question into whose pocket go the millions annually debited by the State to 'loss by exchange.' Whatever their destination, they have outgrown the trade balance and the normal expansion of the Indian revenue. There is practically little or no reserve to be tapped by direct taxation. The income tax, levied upon non-agricultural sources only, is paid by no more than about 437,000 persons, or one in about 540 of the population. Nearly a fourth of it is derived from the great British trading centres, and only seven per cent. comes from incomes exceeding 10,000 rupees a year. In Bengal, the most fertile province in India, a misconception of local conditions on the part of our early administrators led to the permanent alienation of an 'unearned increment' estimated by Sir H. Fowler at some 150 millions of rupees annually. In the rest of the country the rent-charge is only revisable at long intervals, and on considerations inseparably connected with the general development of the surrounding tract—practically, that is, with the price of agricultural produce. The only tax which reaches the masses is that on salt, which has already been drawn upon once within comparatively recent times, and which it is, obviously, the aim of every Finance Minister to keep down.

On the other hand, the great expansion of revenue which has taken place during the last forty years has been accompanied by a lower incidence of taxation, and, under present conditions, it may be reasonably expected to continue. It allows, however, but small margin to meet sudden additional demands, such as those which culminated five or six years ago. To cope with these, public opinion in India, as well as financial convenience, pointed to the reimposition of import duties, on the lines existing when they were abolished in 1882. This mode of raising the wind, whatever may be thought of it in comparison with direct taxation here, is in strict accordance with all Indian tradition and practice. Until some strong persuasion was exerted upon them within the last ten or fifteen years, every chief in the country levied as much of his revenue as he could by transit, or at least import, duties, on all merchandise that passed through his territory; and, under the suggestive title of 'handful,' the same form of impost commends itself to the native members of every municipality in India. The proposal, accordingly, was greeted with acclamation, only to be changed into wailing and gnashing of teeth when it was found that cotton yarn and goods, constituting nearly a third of the whole imports, were to be exempted. The assertion  
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that the duties were protective was at once repudiated by the comparatively modern mill industry of Western India, and equally strongly pressed by Lancashire, which had in its favour the deliberate resolutions of the House of Commons in 1877 and 1879. The continued financial pressure turned the scale, and duties were imposed, with the counterpoise of excise where the competition was most likely to exist. Neither party was satisfied with the compromise, and real difficulties arose in carrying it out. Finally, a lower rate, the exemption of yarn, and a corresponding adjustment of the excise were adopted, and peace reigned in Lancashire, if not in Bombay. The course of trade, however, since 1895 has not justified the doleful predictions on either side; Bombay has maintained and improved its position. The hand-loom weavers of India are reviving, and the latest returns of the cotton trade in this country show an addition of about 370,000 spindles in 1898, with a record of exports only exceeded in 1896, the year before the great famine. As to the merits of the case, the details of trade indicate just that shadow of protective influence on Bombay manufacture which might serve as a text for denunciation, especially when backed by strong Parliamentary interest.

As regards the only other financial measure which need be mentioned here, there is no doubt as to its having an imperial bearing. Since it was impracticable to fill up the apparently bottomless pit which was yawning between gold and silver values, the Government decided to use the currency itself as a bridge, with the revenue from the import duties as a temporary measure during the interval which would have to elapse before the more permanent course could take effect. In closing the Mint to the free coinage of silver, with the accompanying action in regard to the purchase of gold, the main objects in view were to prevent the further fall in the rupee, and, still more, to steady exchange, the instability of which was disorganising foreign trade and keeping out of the country the supply of British capital. It was thought that these results would be best achieved by making the value of the rupee vary according to the amount of coin in circulation instead of the intrinsic value of the metal in the coin. It was just about this time that Lord Elgin took the reins, only to find himself face to face with an experimental system, an uncertain future, and an exchange nearly at its nadir. Even then, however, the result of the measures of 1893 had been to keep the rupee at between 13*d.* and 13½*d.*, against a metallic value of about 10*d.* The tide then turned, and, for the last year and more, the standard of 16*d.* has been continuously exceeded. On the whole, the decision

decision that, so far as the measures of 1893 extend, India should throw in its lot with gold rather than with silver, has justified the expectations of those who proposed it, and of the committee under the late Lord Herschell which approved it.

The trade of India with gold-using countries is three-fourths of the whole, and that with the silver-using parts of the world, though for a while dislocated by the change, has not only recovered, but has improved, both relatively and in amount. At the same time, the exceptional rate and its steadiness during the last two years must to a great extent be attributed to exceptionally good harvests and to a keen demand abroad for Indian produce. The famine, again, kept up prices for a long period over nearly the whole country. If the currency policy now in force were to contribute to a general and lasting fall in the silver price of agricultural produce, it would go hard with the peasantry, whose assessment is fixed on the basis of a series of years of different conditions; and the most vital interest of the country would suffer, without appreciating the indirect advantages it derives from the policy in other ways. If, on the other hand, the present state of things were to continue, or become permanent, the currency problem would have got far on the way towards solving itself. Such confidence, however, is not felt by those experienced in the financial affairs of India; and fresh proposals were devised last year, tending still more definitely in the direction of a gold standard without a gold currency. It is hardly necessary to mention the fact except from its analogy with the present condition of the question of old age pensions in this country; but the plan put forward by the Government of Lord Elgin was at once greeted with a shower of alternatives, each of which was subjected, with equal promptitude and completeness, to the destructive criticism of the respective sponsors of its rivals. The composition of the Committee now engaged in considering these schemes, and the character of the witnesses they have examined, are guarantees of full and adequate discussion; and the official reference to them, as Sir H. Fowler was careful to point out last session, gives them a freer hand than was allowed to their compeers on the pension question. Thus the fate of Lord Elgin's proposals is still on the knees of the gods. The outgoing Viceroy, however, had at all events the satisfaction of hearing at his last Budget Council in India a review of twenty years of Indian finance, which puts the condition of that country in a light very different from that in which it is the custom in some quarters to represent it. Sir James Westland pointed out, with justifiable exultation, that with the exception of the United Kingdom,



Kingdom, no other country in the Old World can show an equally favourable result. In the present financial year a generally abundant harvest has not only quickened the life of the country at large, but has wiped off, to an extent almost incredible, the results of the preceding year of disaster and distress.

We have considered the questions which affect India mainly in its relations to the Empire as a whole: there remain those arising out of internal conditions. The most striking feature in the India of the present day as compared with that of the past is the growth in the material resources of the country. Although this has been diffused throughout the community, it has proceeded, like everything else in Indian society, unevenly and on parallel lines of unequal length, without combination or interconnexion. The fact cannot be too often reiterated that India is not one country except in regard to the political unity bestowed by British rule. This unity, asserted by the omnipresence of the British race and its influence in the Native States no less than in the Provinces under direct British rule, is one side of the picture; wide distinctions of religion, language, race, and class form the other. Something has been done towards levelling the barriers, but the causes of difference remain, though their manifestation in action is repressed. This is a defect in the social system which can only be remedied by time. Britain owes her success in dealing with alien races in great measure to her tolerance, so far as civilized morality will allow, of their creeds and customs. In India we seek not to impose our language, our religion, or our social system. Consequently, the development of the country has not been accompanied by the obliteration of those remarkable inequalities with which India teems. In some respects our system has even resulted in emphasizing the differences that already existed. Book-learning is not yet looked on by the masses as anything but a means to a living, and is left, accordingly, to the professional classes, by whom the State-provision is cordially welcomed. The latter grow more and more detached from the rest of the community, and tend to become a hierarchy of that unhealthy description which culminates in the Tchin of Russia. Nor can we claim that the advance of material resources has as yet done much to break down the barriers that intersect society. New wants have certainly been created in India by the opportunities placed within reach of the masses during the present generation, and an incentive has thus been supplied to social advance. On the other hand, the benevolent neutrality of the British Government

has confirmed, if anything, the hold on the popular sentiment of that great engine for the repression of social ambition in India—the caste system—both among the Hindus and the Muslim.

The Administration has therefore to reckon with a vast and varied population, permeated to the core with ignorance, apathy, and prejudice against all that has not received the sanction of time and religion; a population with the hampering traditions of countless generations to slough off, and with the feuds and animosities of centuries of intolerant rivalry ready to burst forth on the least relaxation of control. Under these conditions brilliant schemes and epoch-making measures, imposed, as they must be, from the outside, upon an immature public opinion, cannot compare, in their ultimate benefit, with the steady and continuous pressure of just and judicious government. In the present generation, on two occasions only has a breach been made in the continuity of our policy, and, on both, the warning against repeating the experiment has been conveyed through a costly object-lesson.

Even the normal conditions of British rule in India are sufficiently complicated and onerous to render the task of administration one of the most arduous and responsible that the world presents. In India, moreover, oftener than in any other country, it is the unexpected that happens. Along the frontier the contagious fanaticism of an obscure zealot may fan into a fierce and wide-spread flame the passionate hatred of the highlander for the infidel dweller in the plain, after months or years of quiescence. A peaceful town, where sectarian animosities have been dormant for a generation, may all at once become a seething arena, resonant with the rattle of cudgels on nonconformist skulls, and the roar of burning mosques and temples. A disease, unknown for ages, drops, no one knows whence, into the midst of a busy and populous seaport. A panic results, and trade and industry are paralysed. A whole country side may be one year elated by the prosperity resulting from the misfortunes of their rivals in a distant part of the world, the very name of which they have never heard. Next season a short rainfall may reduce millions of them to temporary distress and penury.

It is perfectly natural that the attention of the public should be directed rather to the striking and sensational incidents of the five years of a Viceroy's rule than to the less easily discernible character and results of the term as a whole; but it would not be right to treat the method in which the head of the Government has dealt with these casual alarms and excursions

excursions as the criterion of his administration. Most measures calculated to have a far-reaching and durable influence take effect indirectly, and do not, of course, bear fruit until long after their sponsor has retired from the scene of his labours. The work done in preparation for future measures, again, ought to be taken into account. For example, in the generous valedictory tribute to Lord Elgin's administration which was paid by Lord George Hamilton at the end of last session, special reference was made to the value of the material collected and considered by the outgoing Viceroy before he left India in connexion with the grave problem of agricultural indebtedness in that country—one of the most difficult and complicated questions of the time. Then, again, there has to be considered the negative side of a Viceroy's career, often of almost as much merit as his positive achievements. A great compatriot of the late Viceroy has warned us that 'What's done we partly may compute, We know not what's resisted.' The little ray of light on this subject which the Viceroy shed in the course of the frank and comprehensive account of his stewardship with which he took leave of his Calcutta friends the other day, indicates that a well-stiffened back is by no means the most insignificant attribute which a Viceroy should possess; and there seems no reason to doubt that during the greater part of his term of office Lord Elgin showed himself well provided with this qualification.

But while recognising that only a partial, and, to some extent, a superficial view of a Viceroy's administration is to be obtained by considering the isolated facts which have stood out prominently from the rest in his career, there is certainly much to be said in favour of this popular course in the case of Lord Elgin. His rule has been, above all others of the generation, interrupted by shocks and misfortunes of all sorts. A review of the more prominent of these occurrences will help to throw light upon the internal administration, especially in connexion with the general features and tendencies of the social and economic situation touched on above.

Both from its extent and from its immediate effects, the famine should take the first place in this review. It needs but two or three leading facts to show the peculiarly grave significance of a short rainfall in any part of India. Nearly four-fifths of the population depend entirely upon agriculture for their living, while a still greater majority subsist exclusively upon agricultural produce, and that, too, of a description which is not obtainable in appreciably large quantities outside the country. Then, again, the digestive arrangements of vegetarians seem

peculiarly conservative in their function, and any sudden change to a different diet, whether better or worse in its intrinsic qualities, is sure to lead to internal trouble; and, with this guiding experience in mind, the masses decline to co-operate in radical interchange of produce in times of distress. Assuming facility of communication, however, an abundant harvest in one tract may supply, within the limits just mentioned, the needs of a less favoured region; and there is no record of a general failure of crops throughout India. The periodical liability to scarcity forced itself upon the attention of the Government early in our connexion with India; but, somewhat perhaps to the discredit of the authorities, that liability was not for many years recognised to the extent of organising beforehand the methods of dealing with the calamity. After the great South Indian famine of 1876-77, the Government of India took up the question in earnest; and with an exhaustive investigation of the conditions of the problem as a basis for organised action, a 'plan of campaign' against famine was drawn up for each province on a definite system, reaching to the most minute details of administration.

For some sixteen years this monumental work remained much in the position of Don Quixote's second helmet, undoubtedly by repute stronger than the first, though a similar test had not been applied. Then, however, the test came. Two bad years in Central India and the Upper Ganges valley, followed by a third, which extended over a wider area, culminated in 1896-97 in a famine, the extent and, in a small tract, the intensity of which were unprecedented. It slightly surpassed, indeed, the limit which, in the anticipations of the Commission of 1880, was considered the utmost for which the Government was likely to be called upon to provide. The area affected in various degrees was over three hundred thousand square miles, with a population of fifty-eight millions under British administration, and seven millions under native chiefs. During the worst part of the stress, between June and September 1897, nearly four and a quarter millions of human beings were in receipt of State relief. The ultimate cost to the public Treasury is roughly estimated at between one hundred and forty and one hundred and fifty millions of rupees (say 10,000,000*l.*), and nearly twenty millions of rupees were contributed towards relief by private charity, chiefly from the United Kingdom and our Colonies. The loss to the country in other respects must remain, of course, a matter of conjecture, but it is not likely to be far below the admittedly rough official figure of one thousand one hundred and ten millions of

of rupees (say 74,000,000*l.*). The death tribute, again, can only be estimated by comparison with the normal rate in the affected tracts. In this way the excess of deaths, not necessarily due to starvation so much as to the indirect results of privation, is reckoned at about one hundred and five thousand. These figures indicate in outline the great calamity and the mere mass of the task set before the administration.

It is impossible to review the campaign in detail, but the general results in saving life without pauperising those on relief, and in providing work for all in need of it, establish conclusively the soundness of the principles laid down in 1880, and form an impressive tribute to the energy and devotion of those who carried those principles into effect. There has been no affectation of infallibility on the part of the Government, nor do they claim complete success in attaining the object aimed at: where the operations are necessarily entrusted to a number of Provincial administrations, there must be a varying degree of efficiency, according to local circumstances. Lord Elgin was so sensible of this that, so soon as the stress of relief was over, and whilst the memory of detail was still green, he instituted a special inquiry by a small Commission of experts, administrative, medical, and engineering, with a view to ascertain the points in which the system of 1880 was found adequate and those in which it needed modification, and also to formulate in other respects the lessons which were to be learned from the recent famine experience. It need hardly be said that so careful and thorough a scrutiny was sure to find a good deal to alter and correct; but on the whole, the suggestions and criticisms bear reference either to special circumstances, such as the method of dealing with the semi-wild hill tribes, or to the necessity of more discretion as to local methods, and more elasticity in applying broad principles to the infinite variety of rural India.

Two examples may perhaps be interesting in this connexion. The conduct of the famine operations in the North-west Provinces was a sort of official *tour de force*. The Lieutenant-Governor took warning by the preceding bad seasons in the south-west of his charge; he constituted himself commander-in-chief and general staff for the campaign; he set to work with a complete scheme of operations; and he personally satisfied himself that this scheme was properly carried out. He was fortunate in having to deal with a compact area and in being furnished with a full complement of district officers, into whom he managed to infuse his own spirit and enthusiasm. Personal action of this sort is, obviously, not without its dangers. In the

the opinion of the Commission, an economy so rigid and an administration so strict as those of the North-west Provinces might, in less able and energetic hands than those of Sir A. P. MacDonnell, have been fatal, and, even as it was, suffered from special drawbacks. There seems also to have been some undue though natural anxiety to cry Hold! and to stop relief before the affected population had regained its normal condition; so that after the famine was officially closed, the weaklings of the peasantry succumbed in abnormal numbers to the ordinary vicissitudes of an Indian autumn.

On the other hand, close by the Provinces ruled by Sir A. P. MacDonnell come the scattered and highly varied tracts known as the Central Provinces, which, since the initial 'boom' they received from Sir Richard Temple's historic administration more than thirty years ago, have been the Cinderella of the Imperial establishment, still awaiting a fairy godmother. Much of the affected area is poor, thinly peopled, and backward. The agencies available for famine work were at best inadequate, and to some extent had been drawn upon in the preceding year by the necessities of its larger neighbour. The circles of administration had to be formed on a scale which prohibited the minute personal supervision of British officers, without which operations such as those contemplated under the Famine Code cannot be efficient. Other difficulties arose in the Central Provinces in connexion with the wilder tribes of the forest tracts, who refused to move from their haunts until almost too far gone in destitution to be relieved. All this made the problem of relief in these Provinces the most difficult in India. At the same time, the Commission makes it clear that, whether through error, or through a consciousness of the inadequacy of his staff, the head of this district did not in 1895 attack the enemy with the same promptitude as his compeers, so that the famine got an unduly long start throughout the northern portion of his territory, where the death rate showed that relief was urgently required.

The same tendency was observable in higher quarters, and though, probably, in a case of this sort the responsibility rests only nominally with the Viceroy, and primarily with his Revenue Minister, the record of the famine leaves room for the belief, which was undoubtedly widely spread at the time, that Lord Elgin at first underrated the magnitude of the trouble which was overshadowing so large a portion of the country. Afterwards, however, all cause for complaint on that score was removed. The reasons given for the delay in asking for charitable subscriptions abroad were dignified and sufficient.

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The administration of the funds thus received was most carefully organised, and the relief seems to have been efficiently conveyed into the right hands at the right time. Lord Elgin dealt liberally with the local treasuries, depleted by the expenditure on saving the lives of the masses thrown upon public resources. Finally, his energetic railway policy resulted in adding to the communications of India more than five thousand miles of line, an extension which enters largely into the question of provision against famine, by its tendency to equalise both the supply and the price of food throughout the country. In compensation for all the toil and anxiety that a Viceroy must go through when a calamity like the famine befalls his charge, Lord Elgin had the satisfaction of witnessing before he left India one of the most remarkable economic and social phenomena that the world can offer, namely, the recuperation of a famine-stricken population in the tropics. A single good harvest seems to give the peasantry a new life. A bumper crop or two, and the year's rent-charge, along with much of the dues not demanded during the famine, comes literally pouring into the local treasuries. The demand for imported goods is in excess of that of previous years, while the exports of the agricultural surplus gladden the heart of the financier.

It is among the deep things of the philosophy of the Indian masses that, while a single misfortune is regarded as due to an offence on their part in the eyes of the Lords of Life and Death, a repetition or continuance of untoward occurrences is distinctly attributed to a temporary diminution of the *burkat*, or the divine favour which the Government enjoys at the same heavenly hands. Famine, a sharp outbreak of cholera, and the Mutiny, were classed, some time ago, along with sanitation and agricultural exhibitions, as tokens of a chastening dispensation; but lately, when it was rumoured that the regions not devastated by famine had been visited by a destructive cyclone or earthquake; that Musalmans were rising on the frontier between India and 'Turkey'; and, above all, that a terrible new disease had appeared in the British capitals, it was not thought probable that the people injured could have so universally incurred divine displeasure on account of a simultaneous epidemic of unworthiness: it seemed, rather, that the White Man's rule itself was under a cloud. The good harvest has probably, as usual, changed the sky of popular apprehensions; but it is equally clear that the plague has impressed the people of the tracts where it was prevalent to a far greater extent than is to be accounted for by its high rate of mortality. The mere fact of its being strange disturbs the

the popular mind. Cholera and small-pox have their assigned place in the order of fate, recognised by each being under the tutelage of a special goddess. The orthodox cannot propitiate the presiding deity of a disease until she is duly affiliated to one of the old stock. Vaccination, especially from the sacred calf, has no terrors for the ordinary Hindu, who has grown accustomed to 'extraction of the goddess,' as he calls it, or, as Kipling renders it, to being 'scratched with ghost-knives.' Nor is the average Musalman more backward. But the plague involved the application of new methods. That against which the conscientious objector has been entering his most fervent protest is segregation, with its necessary accompaniment of domiciliary visitation. In most respects the temper of the masses in time of trial is admirable. Their docility and fortitude deserve the highest praise, and though they do not at present see eye to eye with British science in the sanitation of domestic premises, their incredulity is passively expressed. But the sentiment of privacy as regards women is one of the strongest throughout the whole of India. With the Musalmans it is to a great extent a racial feature, and is therefore carried lower in the social scale than among the earlier inhabitants of the country, except in the tracts where the latter have been in long and intimate political contact with the Moghal Court. Everywhere, however, the seclusion of women is a sign of social distinction; and, like other social customs and traditions, it is invested with the sanction of divine origin. The State, under British direction, makes it a principle to abstain from all interference in such matters, except where the protection of religion is invoked in favour of customs repugnant to the moral code, or where the common weal is concerned.

Herein lay the main difficulty of the Indian Government in adequately protecting the community at large against the spread of plague. The general attitude was that expressed by the Amir of Kabul in his acceptance of the suggestion of the Viceroy that he should order the medical inspection of travellers crossing his frontier. 'If this life-destroying calamity be predestined to appear hereafter, the best thing, O my friend, will be to seek the grace and kindness of the Supreme Physician.' The panic that ensued in Bombay, when the outbreak in the autumn of 1896 had become serious, originated no doubt in mere physical terror, but there is reason to believe that the desire to escape from the repressive measures instituted by the Government was at least one of the motives for flight.

If we regard the plague, which is unhappily still prevalent, not in its medical aspects, but merely as one of the leading incidents

incidents illustrating the administrative history of the last few years, public interest may be said to have centred in the conflicts which arose out of it between the Government, endeavouring to localise and repress the epidemic, and the sentiments of a large body of the public, to which the State action appeared odious and unnecessary. Setting aside the one or two outbreaks of violence in the Panjab and Mysore and among the lower classes in Calcutta, the more serious riots took place in Bombay, while the most serious resistance other than violent was in Poona. In the large commercial town the opposition arose chiefly among the lower class of industrial Musalmans, a notoriously fanatical and ignorant community, whom the local leaders of Islam were unable to persuade or control. The Hindu labourers in the cotton mills, an equally disturbing element recently prominent in the Bombay troubles, were implicated on several occasions. Better counsels ultimately prevailed in Bombay, and the inquisitorial measures, being conducted with tact and firmness, met with acquiescence, if not approval. In Poona the agitation was altogether on a different plane. The opposition emanated from the Brahman community, which is there all-powerful. The character of the Deccan architecture facilitates concealment in the inmost recesses of the vast warrens of stone which commended themselves to the Peshwa's adherents. The employment of British agency was necessitated by the inefficiency of a subordinate staff entirely under the influence of their social leaders. Every care was taken, however, to ensure due consideration for domestic sentiments so far as was compatible with carrying out the invidious duty imposed on the medical and sanitary officers; and gratifying testimony to the success of their efforts was borne after the outbreak by cordial addresses of thanks from those among whom they had worked. The false reports and groundless charges scattered broadcast against them by their opponents have long been consigned by the rest of the public to merited oblivion; and the incident will be chiefly remembered on account of the assassination of two British officers engaged in the plague operations, while on their way back from celebrating the Queen's Jubilee at the Governor's house. Subsequent events have shown that this crime was the act of a fanatic, in pursuance of an organised conspiracy among a certain set of Mahratta Brahmans.

The grave import of such an occurrence, like that of the Fashoda incident, lies not in the concrete fact, but, in its representative character, as a light upon what preceded it and an indication of what may follow. This introduces the question of the existence

ence and objects of definite and serious disloyalty to British rule in India. Recent manifestations of some such sentiment have been the subject of State action, of a kind which justifiably excites the keenest public interest. In none of the exceptional incidents of Lord Elgin's administration did he exhibit more firmness and a more statesmanlike comprehension of the situation than in his treatment of this complicated subject. The classes among which disaffection, such as it is, prevails are as limited in number as the object aimed at is narrow; and so long as the means by which it was sought to compass that object were open and direct, the feeling was not such as to call for any intervention on the part of the Government. Broadly stated, the movement is confined to the secular Brahmans and the professional castes immediately below them. The object in view, reduced to its simplest terms, is the wider employment of these classes under the Government. While allowing that the foreigner must be retained in sufficient military force to protect the general interests, the leaders of the movement demand a monopoly of all administrative posts, by the exclusion of British agency, except at the head of each Province. Amongst the masses of the Hindu community there is no feeling of this sort. The mercantile section has profited more than any other by British rule and its results in improved trade, communications, and courts of civil justice, and is content with the broad path thus opened to it. The whole interest of the masses is concentrated upon their land and the customs of their caste, which represent nine-tenths of their religion. There are no doubt certain knots of Muslim who resent the domination of any but one of their own faith, and have behind them the tradition of sovereignty in Upper India; but they have no definite plan of action for the restoration of their rule; their religion receives the same protection as under Islam itself, and their animosity is directed rather against their former subjects, with whom they decline co-operation of any sort, than against the alien in power. Such discontent as is found among them arises rather from the advantage in the public service given under the British educational system to the adaptable and quick-witted Hindu over the bigoted adherent of Islam, whose devotion to a denominational scheme of instruction of the strictest type is quite equal to that attributed by the noble Chairman of the London School Board to 'the younger members of the House of Cecil.'

The case of the Brahmans and their allies is peculiar, and by no means without an excuse. The former have been accustomed, since Hindu civilisation began, to look to others, whether

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Court or commonalty, for support, by virtue of their rank and its sacred character, and have never been called upon to perform any service in return except clerical and professional. Both these services received a marvellous impetus from British rule, which opened the door wide to teachers and lawyers, besides creating an Indian press. The Writers, again, formerly a suppressed and inferior caste, have come to the front by their talents, and compete on almost equal terms with the Brahman. The result has been the overstocking of all professions which commend themselves to caste dignity, with clerical employment under the State as the only alternative. There are limits even to the latter, so that there is at the top of society, excluding of course the landed nobility, what Bismarck termed a literary proletariat of 'Hunger-candidaten,' with a narrow training and equally narrow aspirations. India is not at all singular in this respect, for the same difficulty is very prominent in South America. It has been the cause of the political collapse of Greece, and even in France the more thoughtful writers deplore the almost universal craving for a State berth. The field of work in India open to these youths is more restricted than elsewhere, and the system of public instruction, thus diverted to purely class interests, is, like Frankenstein's monster, getting beyond control.

Already the whole of the subordinate, and 98 per cent. of the superior, branches of the public service are manned by natives of India. The controlling staff, too, contains a fair number, leaving what Lord Kimberley called an irreducible minimum of British to maintain the standard of efficiency which the people have learned to expect. It is evident to all that the administrative faculty connotes something beyond mere intellectual capacity, with which no doubt the young Indians of these classes are amply endowed. That something more (and how much it is!) may be safely presumed to exist in the case of the youth of this country, so that for them a test of brain is all that is necessary. With the literates of India, however, the reverse must be assumed. If it were otherwise, we should not have won, nor should we be able to keep, our Empire. A few bright exceptions may be found, but it is to the average that the Government must look, and experience proves the average to be efficient up to British standard only when they are conscious of British support. To take the most recent instance, the disgraceful condition into which the Calcutta Municipality allowed the metropolis to fall when, by the withdrawal of the mercantile and British element upon it, the administration was left entirely to Brahmans and writers, has forced the local Government to alter the constitution of the Corporation

Corporation in order to encourage a more energetic and efficient conduct of affairs ; and this experience does not by any means stand alone. The often quoted passage in the Queen's Proclamation of 1858 makes a limited or conditional promise. It declares the Sovereign's will to be 'that, *so far as may be*, our subjects, of whatever race and creed, be freely and impartially admitted to offices in our service, *the duties of which they may be qualified, by their education, ability, and integrity, duly to discharge.*' These important qualifications are invariably omitted by those who appeal to the Proclamation in support of their ambitious views ; but the question how far the conditions are from time to time fulfilled is one of which the Imperial Government is, and must be, the sole arbiter.

The refusal of Parliament and successive Secretaries of State to admit the exaggerated claims of the Brahmans and their allies has led to the adoption of a new line of attack, by way of proving the Government of India, as conducted without them, to be immoral and inefficient. The evidence given by carefully selected specimens of these 'Flowers of Progress' before the Welby Commission, showed pretty well the value of their opinion and their capacity to deal with public affairs. The same flimsy arguments, baseless insinuations, and vamped-up statistics were repeated by all, with parrot-like iteration, to illustrate the same text, which, as stated by their leader—one of the handful of Parsis who have joined the Congress movement—reads somewhat as follows:—First, India is so crushed by taxation and impoverished by the withdrawal of her wealth to England that the people are ground down and reduced to starvation ; secondly, that the British Services and the inordinate and arbitrary employment of Europeans are India's greatest evil, and the cause of all its economic misery and losses ; and thirdly, that the Government of India is an unrighteous system of selfishness and despotism. It is easy to see the thread running all through this fustian. In other words, replace the British in the Civil Service of India by Brahmans, and money will not go out of the country, nor will foreign capital be wanted in it. Here and there a champion of the Congress may have a genuine desire to see his country advance in the direction of self-government, but as a rule he has little sympathy with the principles he proclaims. With the catch-words of *fin-de-siècle* Liberalism in his mouth, he is at heart a hide-bound Conservative. Like the chameleon, he holds on by his tail, but trusts for his living to the inordinate length of his tongue. It may be the fact, as some of this class profess, that they desire above all things the continuance of British rule ; but



but sentiments far worse than those quoted above, scattered broad-cast every day by the press, which is entirely under their control, must be judged by the expressions used and the ordinary interpretation they bear. Regarded in this light they are altogether incompatible with loyalty or with the desire to uphold the Government they vilify.

Still less defensible is the comparatively recent development of the campaign in the field of religion. The masses care nothing for the vapourings of the press, for they cannot read. They find the grass under the British oak fairly succulent, so they silently chew the cud, and let the grasshoppers of Burke's simile chink away as they please. But for some years past there has been a movement set on foot by the literates on the very definite issue of the welfare of the cow, the sacred animal, dear to all Hindus. That *casus belli* has this further attraction in the eyes of the promoters, that it not only unites with them the sympathies of Sikhs and Parsis, but it casts the odium of cow-slaughter on the Christian as well as the Muslim, and thus, by implication, upon the British troops and the Government which employs them. The direct and inevitable consequence of this propaganda was the occurrence of riots in several parts of India where the two principal religions had for years lived peaceably side by side. Preaching and pamphleteering preceded each incident, the organisers being all of the literate castes. Religion was imported into the questions raised by the administration of the rules regarding plague and even famine, and the language used against the Government became so violent that it was brought before the highest courts of law in India. By these it was found distinctly seditious; and notwithstanding the powerful advocacy of an ex-Home Secretary, the same view was taken by the highest court of appeal in the Empire. The Congress, however, repudiated the judgment, and greeted the convicts as martyrs to liberty. It became desirable, therefore, while avoiding radical alteration, to place the law on the subject beyond reach of cavil and on a basis more definite than that of judicial ruling. The amending Act did no more than bring the Indian law into exact accordance with the law of England, while providing equivalent safeguards for the liberty of the subject. Lord Elgin's attitude on this invidious and unpopular question was consistently in favour of 'sympathetic and impartial, but prompt and firm, administration of the law.'

'It must not be forgotten,' he said, 'that in interposing to prevent sedition, we act not for the protection of our personal interests, but on behalf of the public, whose interests suffer if the passions of the ignorant

ignorant are excited and the peace of the country is imperilled; a danger none the less present, though the action to be guarded against be the action of a comparatively small number of individuals out of touch with the sentiments which animate their fellows.'

Parliament, by more than two to one, confirmed the Viceroy's decision when it was challenged before it. It is to the credit of the imperial instinct, as it may be called, of the British public, that in this matter, as in the cognate question of the special power of arrest and deportation, brought into notice at the same time, it was thoroughly recognised that under the conditions on which India is governed it is absolutely necessary that the State should have a reserve of authority for use on grave emergencies. One more quotation will serve to show the nature of the opposition. In replying to a suggestion made by one of the British members that smoking in the open field was not quite on the same plane with smoking in a powder magazine, the mouthpiece of the Congress said :—

'What right has he to deny to any one the right to smoke in a powder magazine? Any one who does so takes the risk of doing so. It is his look-out. So long as he takes care not to throw away the stump carelessly in the powder magazine, and controls the sparks from escaping, what does it matter? Why should he lose his right?'

These be thy gods, O Israel!

The sting of the law, as it now stands, lies in the assumption that a journalist or an orator means what he says, and is responsible for proving that he does not. The tone of the press since last year shows that the freedom of legitimate criticism of the Government has been in no way impaired. There will no doubt be victims in due course, though it will not fall to the lot of all of them to achieve, like the notorious Tilak, the double crown of martyrdom. This person seems to have endured imprisonment for defamation of a caste-fellow before he proceeded to the higher degree of sedition, after an interval spent between the instruction of youth and participation in framing his country's laws. The ideal is not high :—

'Ut pueris placeas; ut declamatio fias'

is a form of vanity that extends from the east to the west. It appears that India is not altogether responsible for the state of feeling of which this parboiled patriotism is the outcome, but that, recently, at all events, the *mot d'ordre* on measures and persons has gone forth from this country. The Congress itself, according to appeals which have reached the press, cannot pay its way by the pecuniary support of its Indian members, but is subsidised

subsidised from Westminster, and no longer, therefore, calls its own tune. Its aspirations, moreover, have been grievously handicapped, apart from their intrinsic demerits, by the clumsy way in which they have been paraded before Parliament and the public in this country. They have naturally not been championed or supported by men whose career in India was an unqualified success; and a large body of public servants like that engaged in the Government of India cannot escape an occasional Beaurepaire, whose failure to be accepted by his colleagues at his own price predisposes him to occupy himself after his kind with his old nest, and to pose as the one just man among his naughty peers. Questions thus presented have long ceased to secure the attention of English or Scottish members, so the 'Indian Party' has to look for its allies to the Welsh mountains or to the more distant Celtic fringe across St. George's Channel. It is with such support as this that a thin House is secured for what the present Viceroy has called 'the platitudes, and worn-out, threadbare, and preposterous fallacies annually brought out, only to be shattered, pulverised, and destroyed.'

But the National Congress views Parliament only through its own medium, and rejoices in its presumed support. It is hardly necessary to say that the organs of this little coterie in India were not backward in expressing their sense of Lord Elgin's peculiarly firm grasp of the nettle, and gave him a 'send off' of unusual fervour. One 'traced in all his acts the evil hand of Lord George.' The paper which brought Tilak to martyrdom was, pardonably enough, 'not so glad at Lord Curzon's arrival, as to be rid of the disgusting state of things under Elgin.' The latter 'has never done a single good act.' He 'betrayed a fickle and wavering disposition, and made himself the laughing-stock of the world.' He 'only came out to live in a luxury he could not command at home, and lulled himself to sleep on the soft and luxurious couch of his palace in Simla, and dreamed sweet dreams, whilst millions were dying of famine,' and so on, *ad nauseam*. This is the flapping of wings after centuries of compulsory quiescence. Personal rule alone is conceivable by the half-educated Oriental; hence this delight in the unwonted tolerance which subjects a Viceroy to unlimited mendacity and defamation.

Summing up Lord Elgin's administration, it may fairly be said that, though for the first year or so he showed considerable nervousness in taking his own line in matters on which he knew that a strong party feeling existed in this country, he subsequently found his feet, and held his own with the same conscientious

conscientious integrity which from the beginning he manifested in questions of internal administration. Here, unobtrusively but firmly, he impressed his personal influence upon many branches which directly concern the material needs of the masses, without attempting to mark his rule by original or sensational departures from existing lines. When war was forced upon him, he did all he could to bring it to such a conclusion as was most likely to ensure peace and safety for the future. When regard for the public welfare compelled him to take action which brought him into violent collision with the interests and prejudices of a considerable section of the community, he never swerved from the line he first laid down. When the question was one in which the immediate interests of India had to be put in the scales against those of the Mother Country, he tried to hold the balance even; and though the fates were against him on one or two occasions, the two Secretaries of State with whom he crossed swords vied with each other in commending the strength and consistency with which he put forward his case. By a curious irony of fate, the shrewdest blows he had to bear were dealt him by his own political colleagues, whilst, as a rule, his policy received the unvarying support of those who might have been expected, under the ordinary conditions of party government, to have criticised it with some degree of suspicion. The key-note of his success in this respect, as in purely Indian affairs, was his possession of 'grit' and a level head, attributes invaluable to one in his position, and implying sound judgment, a well-balanced mind and a stout heart. A Viceroy has now to regulate his watch, to use the phrase of Sir Henry Maine, to keep true time in two longitudes. He cannot rest content with doing what he thinks best for India, but he must satisfy a majority of Parliament that it is best—a majority, moreover, which, while imbued with a high average of common sense, is for the most part ignorant of the underlying conditions of the question, and often contains an element of material interests affected by the decision. Here again, Lord Elgin kept up the standard set by his foregoers. He went out to India a private individual and, so far as the public knew, untried. He returns in the prime of life, a statesman of repute, whose abilities, once recognised, the country is not likely to allow to rust.

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- ART. III.—1. *A History of the Art of War: the Middle Ages, from the Fourth to the Fourteenth Century.* By Charles Oman. London, 1898.
2. *Die Entwicklung des Kriegswesens und der Kriegsführung in der Ritterzeit.* Von G. Köhler. Breslau, 1886.
3. *La Tactique au treizième siècle.* Par Henri Delpech. Paris, 1886.
4. *Chronicon Galfridi le Baker de Wynebroke.* Edited with Notes by E. Maunde Thompson. Oxford, 1889.

THE history of mediæval warfare is a subject of great intrinsic interest, and ought to be specially attractive to Englishmen, seeing that one of the most important and instructive chapters is a record of English victories due to superior military insight. The overthrow of the ancient predominance of mailed horsemen on the battlefield, a predominance essential to the political influence of a feudal aristocracy, was achieved mainly by the English long-bow: and the long-bow was the weapon of plebeian yeomen fighting for the only country in Europe which in the Middle Ages can be said to have attained to an organic national existence, led by princes who, with all the instincts of chivalry, yet fully appreciated the value of a coherent nation. Nevertheless, it is only within the last year that any English writer has attempted a complete history of the art of war in the Middle Ages.

Mr. Oman began his literary career by writing a prize essay at Oxford on this very subject, far superior to the ordinary run of such compositions, but not professing to be more than a sketch. He has now fulfilled his early promise by publishing a long and elaborate volume, which is intended to be an instalment of a complete history of the art of war from the earliest times to the fall of Napoleon. Naturally enough he has begun with the period already best known to him, but the result is somewhat unfortunate. He has chosen as his starting-point the great defeat of the Roman legions at Adrianople A.D. 378, which broke up the legionary system, and was the first step towards the preponderance of mailed cavalry: in so doing he has to assume that his readers are familiar with the tactics of the legion, and with its developments, rather political than strictly military, during the period of the unbroken Roman Empire. From this starting-point he has found himself unable, even in a long volume, to reach the close of the Middle Ages; accordingly he leaves off most awkwardly at Navarrete, with the long-bow hardly at its zenith, and without mentioning the Swiss pikemen, who on their own field achieved successes roughly corresponding.

responding. If Mr. Oman had been content to begin this volume say with Charlemagne, when heavy cavalry was fully established as the main strength of European armies, he might have included in it the whole history of the long-bow, without exceeding reasonable limits, and might have really begun his next volume with gunpowder. Had he done so, however, he would have found some difficulty in dealing with the Byzantine army, which inherited much from ancient Rome, including the only theoretic study of the art of war to be found before the Renaissance. The moral is obvious, that the subject is one which does not lend itself to treatment by instalments.

Taking Mr. Oman's book, however, as it is, it is impossible not to compare it, on the whole very advantageously, with the works of two predecessors in the same field, M. Delpech and General Köhler, both of whom published about a dozen years ago. The former, who died soon after the appearance of his book, began simply as an antiquary to investigate the details of a few mediæval battles. Gradually, according to his own account, he convinced himself that he had before his eyes 'un système de guerre parfaitement rationnel.' Under the influence of this theory, he ascribes to the thirteenth century a highly elaborate system of warfare, with lines of battle *en ordre parallèle* and *en ordre perpendiculaire*, with *une tactique réfléchie* both for cavalry and infantry, which attained its highest development in France. He even goes so far as to speak of different schools of tactics, and of the arrangements made by the *état major français*. Practically all this is a mere cloud-castle: some of the principles thus enunciated exist in the nature of things, while some are the imaginings of M. Delpech. Every army will form for battle on as wide a front as the nature of the ground and other conditions will allow, for its first object must be to bring into play the fighting powers of every available man—everyone, that is, who is not needed for other purposes, such as a reserve. Again, cavalry cannot stand still to be attacked without losing most of their effective power; and infantry armed only with hand-weapons are helpless till they can come to close quarters. Surprises and ruses of various kinds may suggest themselves and be practised successfully once and again, but obviously they cannot be reduced to systems without ceasing to be ruses. No warfare that the world has ever seen, since men first emerged from mere savagery, has failed to exhibit some of these characteristics. It needed the simplicity of an antiquary, ignorant of the art of war beyond the limits of a very unlearned age, to suppose that these things suffice to constitute an elaborate system. And



it needed the blindest of patriotism to ascribe the most thorough and intelligent use of them to the French, who on the whole, despite the undoubted valour of the nobles, were the least successful of all mediæval peoples on the battlefield. M. Delpech's industry was great, and the mass of details which he accumulated may serve as useful material in more competent hands; but in order to bolster up his general view he has to make assumptions which are unreasonable in themselves, and which break down on application to cases of which the facts are known. His work serves chiefly as an example, unhappily always useful, of the disastrous effects of riding a theory to death.

General Köhler sets before himself the task of reproducing the art of war as understood and developed during the *Ritterzeit*, as he very appropriately names it. He lays down the principle that it is useless to study a military event unless the details can be adequately ascertained, that is to say, the theatre of war, the strength and armament of both sides, the movements leading up to a conflict, as well as the topography of the battlefield and the order of battle. Of course these requirements can be satisfied in respect to comparatively few mediæval battles, owing to the scantiness and lack of precision of the authorities. Accordingly General Köhler starts, not at the date when mailed horsemen were beginning to attain, or even had already attained, their preponderance, but virtually with the end of the twelfth century. The only exception he makes is in favour of Hastings, undoubtedly the most important battle during many centuries, and that which is described by the largest number of chroniclers; but his treatment of it is singularly unfortunate, and forms a blot upon a valuable work. He falls into the error which partially vitiates Professor Freeman's elaborate narrative in his 'History of the Norman Conquest,' that of assuming in every expression of the chroniclers on whom he relies a precision of meaning which could not possibly have existed; and his choice of authorities to rely on is not always judicious. Hence his account of the battle, especially of the numbers and organization of the English, and of their preparations for defence, is grotesquely incorrect; in fact, Hastings had better be ignored, and the book treated as beginning with the battle of Legnano. It is natural enough that a German should lay stress on battles and campaigns which concern his own country; and as he professes to work out the development of a particular phase in the art of war, rather than to write a complete military history of the period he deals with, he might naturally choose what suited his purpose best. But it is illustrative of

the immense range of the subject that Mr. Oman barely mentions the wars of the Emperor Frederic II., and entirely ignores those of the Teutonic knights in Prussia, which occupy between them nearly half of General Köhler's work. That General Köhler should have dealt with these wars less fully would perhaps have been a pity, but assuredly it is a worse defect that he should have entirely omitted English wars, with the unlucky exception of Hastings, before the epoch of Crecy. The historian of the *Ritterzeit* was surely bound to treat of Falkirk and Bannockburn, which show the beginning of tactics that were destined to overthrow the knights, while the campaign of Evesham will compare favourably for strategic skill with most mediæval campaigns.

Mr. Oman similarly gives more than is necessary to his own country, and is thus perhaps precluded from noticing matters which deserve at least some mention at his hands. Most of his account of English warfare between Hastings and Lewes might be spared to make room, not merely for the wars of Frederic II. in Italy, in which General Köhler declares himself able to find all the great permanent principles of strategy exemplified, but for other things which General Köhler equally ignores. Neither author mentions the Moors in Spain, and their wars with the Christian kingdoms; neither mentions the Mongols, whose hordes were checked by Frederic II. For width of research and thorough investigation of original authorities Mr. Oman excels even General Köhler, and his judgment is generally as sound as his powers of making a battle lifelike are remarkable. He has seen many battle-fields, and observed them with a discriminating eye; and, though here and there he has missed a point or slightly misdescribed through lack of personal knowledge of the topography, he has seldom or never completely misunderstood anything. His wide historical training and natural insight have made him an excellent interpreter of the mediæval chroniclers, often imperfectly informed, still more often vague. It is a pity that his text was not more carefully revised.

As has been remarked, Mr. Oman's volume covers no well-defined periods but concludes with the absurd misreading of the lesson of Crecy, which induced the French to throw away most of the battle-power of their knights by fighting on foot. General Köhler brings his work at any rate to a more satisfactory end. He stops short of the Hussite war, as the beginning of new methods; but he describes Sempach, the first great victory of the Swiss, and Nicopolis, perhaps the most blatant specimen of the reckless folly which marred the  
courage

courage of the knights, as well as Agincourt, the climax of the long-bow, thus telling something at least of all the elements which closed the *Ritterzeit*. He leaves out much which might well have been included, but, after all, any other termination would have been liable to similar criticism. The invention of gunpowder is the chief event which divides the mediæval from the modern period; but its introduction as an effective element into war was so gradual that no chronological point can be fixed, before which all can be deemed mediæval and all after it modern, with even reasonable propriety. Flodden may be called the last great victory of the English bow; Marignano was the last battle in which the Swiss pike played a leading part; but a century before these conflicts the siege of Harfleur was essentially of the modern type.

The English author brings out more clearly than the German the great lack of intelligence exhibited in mediæval warfare. The art of war was in fact suffering under the same eclipse as all other forms of learning. Strategy has been described, with more correctness than is usual in epigrammatic definitions, as common sense applied to war; but, without some knowledge of the subject-matter, common sense, even genius, has no materials to work on. Geographical information was so scanty and incorrect that a definite plan of campaign was scarcely possible. Adequate machinery for providing an army with supplies was beyond the powers of the mediæval world; if a few men here and there possessed the requisite forethought, they lacked the means to give more than very temporary effect to their ideas. Many enterprises failed or were abandoned through starvation or the fear of it; many more were never attempted which might have been feasible with better organisation. The steady discipline which had enabled Rome to conquer the world had vanished from Europe in the general destruction of material civilisation; brilliant personal courage and a strong personal tie between the chiefs and their followers were hardly adequate substitutes. As feudalism developed, still more as the ideas of chivalry gained a hold upon the noble and quasi-noble classes, the nominal head of an army grew less and less able to obtain obedience to his commands: the ignominious rout of Mansourah is only a specimen, though a striking one, of the gross insubordination possible to feudal armies.

Nevertheless Western Europe gradually developed a system of warfare, deficient in many essential respects, but having a character of its own. As Mr. Oman carefully points out, the Empire of Charlemagne, short-lived though it proved to be, impressed

impressed a certain uniformity of system upon the regions included within it. It had restless and warlike enemies on all its frontiers, and its very extent rendered it absolutely necessary to depend mainly upon cavalry, who could move with reasonable speed to the point of danger. Charlemagne, in the conquering period of his reign, began building castles as a means of holding down his new subjects, and in the evil days which followed the break-up of the Carolingian Empire the practice received great extension. When Saracens in the Mediterranean, Magyars in Central Europe, Wends on the Baltic, and Northmen everywhere, were perpetually raiding and destroying, means of defence were forced upon the settled peoples which were substantially identical all over the Continent—castles and walled towns as a protection when the destroyers appeared, mailed horsemen as the only fighting force at once mobile and formidable. Both fitted in admirably with the growing feudalism, which, though not altogether military in its origin, was rendered acceptable, almost indispensable, by military necessities. Thus the Northmen in their piratical days contributed greatly, as enemies, to the elevation of that feudal aristocracy, of which, in their Franco-Norman stage, they were perhaps the noblest specimens.

Charlemagne's military legislation required, for all distant expeditions, the service of horsemen only, who were to carry with them provisions, tools, and in general a more complete equipment than European armies usually had for many centuries after the great Emperor's time. Foot soldiers appear only in the levies, practically *en masse*, for local defence. As time went on, and circumstances changed, the number of foot soldiers grew; but they were ill-armed, were of little value in action, and were treated by the knights—if one may use that word to include all who wore mail and rode horses—as of no account whatever. The invention of the crossbow, which came gradually into use in the latter half of the eleventh century,\* gave the opportunity for combining a fairly effective form of missile with the mailed horsemen, but there was little intelligent use of the opportunity. Wars and battles continued to be fought in a haphazard fashion, in which nothing like systematic method can be traced.

For some two hundred and fifty years after the death of Charles the Great, insular England, and Scandinavia, for

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\* One authority says that William of Normandy had crossbowmen at Hastings, but apparently only a few mixed with the ordinary archers. Early in the twelfth century the cross-bow was still so far a novelty that a Council of the Church formally condemned its use.

military purposes almost equally insular, remained outside the European pale in military matters. From the latter issued the Northmen in their predatory days, and England had resisted them mainly with foot soldiers armed, like the pirates, with mail shirt and cap. When Scandinavia settled down into comparative peace, and England had enlisted in her population large masses of the Norse invaders, both countries retained the old Teutonic fighting organisation. Neither country was feudalised after the Frankish model; both relied not on horsemen, but on heavy infantry, armed largely with the axe, and supported, like the Continental cavalry, by lighter-armed foot soldiers of much less value. At Stamford Bridge Harold destroyed the Norwegian force after a desperate conflict between two hosts armed alike. Not many days later Harold's tactics were defeated by William of Normandy's skilful combination of archers with mailed horsemen.

Most readers who care about Hastings at all are probably weary of the subject; the vehement attack made on Professor Freeman's treatment of it, and the very acrimonious controversy which followed, are too fresh in their recollection. Otherwise one might be tempted to dwell at some length on a battle which had such momentous political consequences, which brought England, for military as well as for other purposes, into something like uniformity with the rest of Europe, and which furnished a military lesson that was entirely misread. Our three authors fail to throw any new light on the subject: General Köhler, as has been said, sadly misunderstood it; M. Delpech read into the authorities the inferences which his own theories required should be found there; and Mr. Oman, though judicious enough, is hardly at his best, from apparent lack of personal knowledge of the ground. As Mr. Oman says with perfect truth, 'the stationary tactics of the phalanx of axemen had failed decisively before William's combination'; the moral deduced by the contemporary world was not, however, the sound view that two arms, skilfully combined, can almost always beat one, but the entirely erroneous view that mailed horsemen were irresistible. It was more than two centuries before infantry alone faced mail-clad cavalry, and then the day was dawning which was to see the knights finally discomfited by a new combination.

The one marked exception to the prevailing ignorance and lack of intelligence in the dark ages was the Eastern Empire. Mr. Oman's account of the Byzantine military system is the best part of his book, clear, well arranged, including nothing unimportant. It will surprise the many readers whose notions  
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about the Eastern Empire are based, directly or indirectly, on Gibbon's caricature. It is not enough to say that for six centuries that Empire stood first in all departments of civilisation: during the greater part of the time it stood alone. Like the Empire of Augustus, of the Antonines, of Constantine, it was in principle despotic, and suffered from the evils inherent in that form of government; but it was a despotism tempered by an elaborate civil administration, and by a legal code excellent in itself and on the whole well worked. It was essentially unprogressive, and ultimately went to pieces because it could not adapt itself to new conditions; but, as the heir of ancient Rome, it possessed such advantages that it was long before its rigid conservatism was out of date. In military matters it had inherited, besides all the engines of war and methods of fortification known to antiquity, the habit of organisation and the traditions of discipline. The Roman legion had been crushed at Adrianople, and the Eastern Empire had reconstructed its army, with heavy cavalry as its mainstay. But it never dreamed of relying on these alone; it had also light cavalry and infantry, organised afresh on a territorial basis somewhat analogous to that of the undivided Empire in its later days. Nor did it disdain to learn from its enemies, and to imitate the troops which it had found formidable. Most important of all, it had inherited a system of tactics, carefully worked out on paper, and it adapted these deliberately to the various conditions of warfare. The 'Strategicon' of the Emperor Maurice, written at the end of the sixth century, and the 'Tactica' of Leo the Wise, composed about the year 900, are the most thorough treatises on the art of war written before modern days.

Thus organised, the Eastern Empire was usually content to stand on the defensive, for which its system was planned; that it was able to do so effectually against very diverse enemies, in spite of the occasional incompetence of generals and the negligence of Emperors, is good evidence of the intrinsic strength of the machine. In the middle of the tenth century began its period of advance, ultimately checked by the rise of the Seljuk Turks, and ending in serious disaster through the rashness of the Emperor Romanus IV. Mr. Oman rightly makes the great defeat of Manzikert the grave of the military power of the Eastern Empire; but it is worth remarking that this was not a case where new methods of war proved superior to the old. It was a battle like Blenheim or Jena, where the combatants were equipped much in the same manner, and where superior skill won a decisive victory: it was not a new departure



departure like Crecy, nor a conflict between dissimilar armaments like Adrianople or Hastings.

The separation between East and West in the dark ages was so complete as to prevent the nations of Western Europe from learning anything from Constantinople. Such intellectual life as was developed in the West, in military as in all other matters, was indigenous, except in so far as it was a survival from ancient Rome. It was not till the crusading movement began that the West came into contact with the new Rome. The Franks, as all Crusaders were styled in the East, were very unlikely to act harmoniously with the Byzantines, now somewhat recovered from the defeat of Manzikert. They were superior, man for man, in bodily strength and in the use of their weapons, and were therefore somewhat feared by the Greeks; while to their ruder apprehension the humanity of the Greeks seemed effeminacy, their forethought cowardice, their astuteness base treachery. The Crusaders were dangerous allies, and the Emperor Alexius was glad enough to recover Nicæa by their aid and then to see their backs. They went blundering on through Asia Minor, ignorant of geography, ill supplied with food by Alexius, and incapable of making proper arrangements for themselves. Thanks to splendid courage and endurance, inspired largely by religious zeal, thanks in a still greater degree to the faults and divisions of their enemies, they at length made their way to Jerusalem, and set up the exotic kingdom which lasted so long, and only so long, as the Saracens remained divided.

Mr. Oman deals with the Crusades almost as successfully as with the Eastern Empire. He indicates the peculiar difficulties with which the Crusaders had to contend, the novelty of their enemies' tactics, and the methods, more or less successful, by which they attempted to cope with them. His moral is that in the East, even more than in Europe, combination of arms was essential. The mailed knight could overthrow any Saracen opponent, but he was powerless to bring an enemy to close quarters against his will. The heavy horsemen could not overtake the lighter-armed Saracens mounted on horses of better breed; they could be surrounded and harassed to death by foes whom they could not touch. From the nature of the case they were likely to be outnumbered; unless they renounced their feudal prejudices, and accepted the assistance of infantry, who could stand firm while they rallied after a charge or a forced retreat, they were doomed to failure. It would be too much to say that the Crusaders never won a success without infantry, and never failed with a reasonable combination of the  
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the two arms ; but all their great victories were due to such combination, and all their great defeats either to neglect of it or to tactical mismanagement which rendered it unavailing.

The Crusades ought to have been a valuable school of war, but it does not appear that the experience gained in the East was turned to much profit on European battlefields. Castle-building, it is true, made progress, apparently owing to the knowledge acquired in the East of Byzantine methods of fortification, which were in their turn improved on in the West. But there is little sign of advance in tactical knowledge. Infantry often proved useful, as they had done before ; mailed horsemen often fought alone, and once in a way won a victory, as at Muret, through their enemy's blundering or their own skill and dash. But there is hardly a trace, not only of M. Delpech's *tactique réfléchie*, but of any thought on the subject. Natural acuteness had its advantages then as ever, but it owed nothing to training, beyond that of the individual's previous experience in the field, for the means of profiting by the recorded experience of others did not exist. In these circumstances the performances of the few who showed capacity in war, of William the Conqueror or Richard Cœur de Lion, of Simon de Montfort or Edward the First, were more creditable to them than greater achievements by men who have in later ages studied the art of war. Still the general result was poor : the one soldierly quality universal in Western Europe was courage—the cheapest and commonest, though the most necessary of all ; forethought in forming and judgment in executing a plan were usually conspicuous by their absence.

It is not uncommon for those whose knowledge of the Middle Ages is inexact to suppose, or at least to express themselves as if they supposed, that all the mail-clad horsemen were noble knights. As a matter of fact the noble class, even if that phrase be used widely, could not have supplied more than a fraction of the number. Politically speaking, the error is not serious ; for though many of the wearers of mail were not noble, the humbly born among them considered themselves to have taken the first step towards nobility, and shared on the whole the prejudices of the high-born, including their contempt for the classes who furnished the ill-armed foot-soldiers, whom they could scatter like sheep on the battlefield. From the military point of view the matter is not quite so simple, and is rendered more complicated by the fact that the same thing was called by different names, and different things by the same name, in various countries and times. It would be hard to make  
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any statement about mediæval cavalry which would be universally true except that already made—that they were not all of noble birth. Originally the nobles, great and small, with their vassals armed and mounted, formed the cavalry force which the king could call out. Then the practice grew up of giving lighter horses and less complete armour to the personal retainers and others of lower rank. These served sometimes in separate bodies, sometimes intermixed with the heavy-armed nobles. Next, mercenary soldiers began to be hired, who ranked with the more lightly armed, and bore the same name of *servientes* or sergeants. Finally, the introduction of the formal order of knighthood led the way to further complications; for though the noble had a sort of claim to be dubbed knight some day, yet he could seldom obtain this without having seen war, and until he was knighted he remained, from the point of view of chivalry, inferior in rank perhaps to some of his own vassals. On the other hand, knighthood conferred on a man of humble birth—as might easily happen if he distinguished himself in the field—enrolled him at once among the noble. Thus in various ways the early distinctions tended to disappear, until practically all horsemen who wore mail were, for fighting purposes, ranked together.

It may be thought that these mailed horsemen were ill-fitted for the duties which in the modern world we associate with cavalry, especially for reconnoitring. Very little, however, was done in this way in the Middle Ages,\* and for such reconnoitring as was required the attendants of the nobles, who were usually mounted but not heavily armed, apparently sufficed. Sometimes an army consisted entirely of horsemen, but there was more commonly a proportion of foot soldiers, crossbowmen being the most important class. These were frequently numerous, and might be of great value in the field; but their services were systematically disparaged, partly through habit, partly through class pride, partly because they really were inferior in fighting strength. They might be useful as a support for the horsemen, but it was not deemed possible that they should stand alone, or even do much hurt to men clad from head to foot in iron; and the gradual introduction of plate armour, which began in the thirteenth century, tended to make this disparity greater than ever.

\* A notable illustration of this is afforded by the campaign of Poitiers. The French army moved to Poitiers across the Black Prince's line of march, apparently without a thought that he must be near at hand; and the Black Prince was equally ignorant of what the French were doing, till on the morning of the day on which he took up his position for battle he sent forward a few horsemen to feel the way.

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The mailed horsemen were still the chief force in every army when the thirteenth century was near its end. Similarly in the political sphere the nobles were almost everywhere dominant. Though in England the centrifugal forces of feudalism had been checked by the crown and by the growing sense of nationality, even there the nobles were the only imaginable leaders for all military purposes; the civil war caused by Henry III.'s misgovernment is quite rightly termed the Barons' war. In France the feudal nobility may not unreasonably be said to have been the State, except so far as the astuteness of Philip Augustus and the virtues of St. Louis had begun to give real authority to the technical suzerainty of the crown; in the second and third decades of the fourteenth century they again and again disposed of the crown itself. In Germany royal power had virtually perished with the Hohenstaufen, and the higher nobility was, to all intents and purposes, sovereign. In Italy the cities had in many cases attempted to absorb the adjacent nobility into their corporate life, with the result that not a few had fallen under tyrants, while in others rival noble houses led the city factions. The Swiss league had not begun its political existence; the Flemish cities were hardly as yet emerging from subjection to their feudal lords. Scotland seemed politically to consist of two classes of nobles, the Anglo-Norman lords of the lowlands, and the chiefs of the wild Celtic clans. Never has the dictum that the class which possesses military strength will also have political power been better illustrated. It would, no doubt, be exaggeration to assert that the destruction of their supremacy in war was the sole cause of their gradual loss of political predominance. But it was the first cause in order of time, and perhaps the most effective; they were defeated on the battle-field by virtually new weapons in plebeian hands, and thenceforward the process of superseding them politically, for the benefit first of the kings, and ultimately of the peoples, went on apace.

The bow and the spear are weapons almost as old as the human race. The long spear had been the chief weapon of the heavy-armed infantry who formed the strength of Greek armies; but many centuries had passed since the Macedonian phalanx went down before the Roman legionaries with their *pila* and broadswords, and it cannot be imagined that Scot or Swiss, or even Fleming, had ever heard of it. Infantry had no doubt in the interval been armed more or less with spears, but infantry had ceased to be of much account. The lance was the recognised first weapon of mailed horsemen; it was a rediscovery of a lost device when the pike, the same long spear, but wielded by foot soldiers,

soldiers, in a different fashion, was once more made effective. The long-bow may not unfairly be called a new weapon; it surpassed the short bows of the ancient world much as the modern rifle surpasses the musket. In range, in accuracy of aim, in penetrative power, it was by far the most formidable missile weapon the world had ever seen; and practice enabled the English archer to excel, in rapidity of shooting, not only the contemporary crossbow, but all firearms before the introduction of breech-loading. The essential difference between the long-bow and the weapons which had been used before lay in the attitude of the archer. He held his bow perpendicular, and drew the string to his right ear; this gave him many advantages over his predecessors, who held the bow more or less horizontal and drew the string to their bodies. He could draw the string further, and could therefore use a longer bow and a longer arrow; he had more purchase, and could therefore use a stronger bow and obtain a longer range. Standing, as he did, half turned to the right with his left foot advanced,\* he was firm on his feet, and therefore could make a heavier pull and take a steadier aim. The English archer thus attained a power and skill which seem almost fabulous now-a-days, when archery has long been merely a pastime, and of late rather a declining one. The legends of Robin Hood do not exaggerate the range and accuracy of the long-bow, though that worthy himself lived too early to achieve the feats ascribed to him. When the ballads were composed, the authors very pardonably assumed that the conditions of archery with which they were familiar had prevailed a century or two before. And if ballad poetry be regarded as poor authority, more prosaic evidence is not wanting. A bow-shot was often used as a rough measure of distance, just as a stone's-throw is used now, and seems to have meant about four hundred yards.† A statute of Henry VIII., passed when archery was declining before fire-arms, forbids practising at any less distance than a furlong, which would certainly imply a maximum range, with

\* Froissart, in his well-known description of the archers at Crecy, says that they took one pace forward before beginning to shoot. They could have no motive for this; it is obvious that an observer who did not understand might easily so describe their movement into the proper position for shooting, on the signal being given.

† For instance, one of the authorities, describing the field of Agincourt, says that the woods to right and left of the English line were about three bow-shots apart. Unless the map in Sir James Ramsay's 'York and Lancaster,' which is based on careful investigations made on the spot, be entirely wrong, the distance was about 1150 yards.

sufficient

sufficient elevation, of about double that distance.\* What the maximum range of the crossbow was it is difficult to determine, but it was certainly very far short of four hundred yards; and in rapidity it fell still further behind the long-bow. Without laying too much stress on the saying which has been often quoted, that an English archer was held of little account if he could not manage twelve shots a minute, one may safely calculate that he could shoot at least five times as fast as the crossbow man. Thus a new and potent factor in war was being silently evolved, which was destined to play the chief part in a great revolution, all the more unexpectedly because it was not, like gunpowder, a brand-new discovery, but a mere development of a method as old as mankind.

The name, even the nationality, of the genius who devised the true use of the bow is as little known as the inventor of the potter's wheel or the lever, but he assuredly influenced history very deeply. Mr. Oman gives reasons for thinking that the long-bow first came into use in South Wales; the reasons are slight enough, but in the absence of any evidence to the contrary they establish a fair presumption. At any rate it was somewhere within the dominions of Edward I., to whom is certainly due the first systematic and intelligent use of the long-bow in battle. Mr. Oman quotes the Assize of Arms of 1252 as 'a great landmark in the history of archery': it ordered that practically all citizens below the level of lance and mail should come to the host with bows and other arms. It does not appear, however, that these were anything but the short bows hitherto familiar, nor is there any evidence as to the circumstances which led to the issue of this Assize. Certainly the crossbow, which had been greatly favoured by Cœur de Lion, was the missile weapon of most account in the Barons' War; and it held its ground nearly to the end of the century, though *sagittarii* and *balistarii* are occasionally found intermingled.

By a singular coincidence the same battle exhibited for the first time the ability of pikemen properly organised to withstand mailed cavalry, and the power of the long-bow in combination with another arm to break up and destroy any defensive formation. At Falkirk, in 1298, Wallace, utterly outmatched in men-at-arms, drew up his infantry in circular masses, with spears projecting on all sides, and these *schiltrons*, to use the Scottish term, were able to withstand all the attacks

\* General Köhler (ii. 360) attributes to the long-bow a maximum range of six hundred yards, but he does not cite any authority; nor is any evidence known to the present writer on which so high an estimate can be based.



of the English horsemen, till King Edward brought up his archers. Then the arrows made gaps in the serried array of the spearmen, the knights charged in, and all was over. Four years later the Flemings in a corresponding formation decisively repulsed the French mailed horsemen, injudiciously led and without archers to assist them. Later still the Swiss began their series of victories over the Hapsburgs, followed a century later by those over Charles of Burgundy. But though Wallace was defeated, while Courtrai and Sempach were victories for the pike, it is to Wallace that the credit belongs of having rediscovered its proper use, just as to Edward I. belongs the credit of first discerning the value of the long-bow.

Sixteen years after Falkirk Bannockburn emphasised afresh the value of the pike properly used. Robert Bruce's spearmen, in a well-chosen and carefully prepared position, repulsed the English mailed horsemen attacking on a front far too narrow for their numbers. Edward II., perhaps even more incompetent as a general than as a king, had placed his archers in the second line, where they were obviously useless; indeed, they were worse than useless, for in attempting to shoot over the heads of the charging horsemen they did more harm to their own side than to the enemy. A senseless panic converted into a disgraceful rout what need only have been a bloody repulse, and so perhaps caused the battle to be more vividly remembered. Politically it gave the Scots their independence; from the military point of view it was almost a disaster to them, for it left them with the abiding belief that the spear was all-powerful. They never cultivated the long-bow, or devised any tactics to meet it: a long series of defeats at English hands, mainly inflicted by the archers, began at Dupplin and culminated at Flodden.

In England, on the contrary, the lessons alike of Falkirk and of Bannockburn were thoroughly taken to heart; the archers, properly supported, won for England the astonishing series of victories which laid France prostrate at the feet of her insular neighbour, and broke for ever the supremacy of mailed horsemen on the field of battle, and with it the political system which the mailed horsemen represented. The first essay of the new tactics was made against the Scots. In 1332 Edward Balliol and the dispossessed Scottish nobles of the English party, trying to recover by arms their lost inheritance, totally defeated the Regent of Scotland by the skilful use of a very inferior force mainly English. In 1333 Edward III. won a similar battle at Halidon Hill against a Scottish army that attempted to raise the siege of Berwick. In 1346 the king, employing precisely similar

similar tactics, astonished all Europe by the great victory of Crecy. In all these cases the bulk of the English men-at-arms dismounted, and planted themselves solidly as pikemen to withstand attack, while the archers thrown forward on each flank poured a hail of arrows on the advancing enemy. At Dupplin the force was so small that the men-at-arms formed but one body; at Halidon Hill, as afterwards at Crecy, the English retained the normal three divisions (technically called 'battles') of a mediæval army, each of which had its archers on the wings. At Dupplin a small handful of men-at-arms remained on horseback, as a last reserve in case of need; at Crecy the whole of King Edward's division was in second line, though all the archers seem to have been in front. In these fights the victors were so seriously outnumbered that their sole chance of success lay in standing on the defensive and inducing the enemy to attack in face of the arrows. There is, however, one important difference between the Scottish and the French battles. In the former the assailants were on foot, employing for attack the essentially defensive pike tactics of Wallace and Bruce. In the latter the assailants were all the chivalry of France, horses and men alike mail-clad, accustomed to ride down foot soldiers almost with impunity. It is therefore Crecy which makes a new epoch in the art of war, and it is to Edward III. that the credit is mainly due.

The tactics of Crecy have never been understood till of late years. Historians in general have described the flight of arrows, so thick that it seemed to be snowing, and the Prince of Wales fighting in the front line; but they have not shown how the two things were connected. Indeed, it requires some knowledge of tactics, which the historian in general is not likely to possess, to perceive that there was any problem requiring solution. General Köhler fully realised that the essence of the matter lay in the combination of two arms, and that the dismounted horsemen supplied the solid rock against which the enemy were to dash themselves, while the archers made havoc in their ranks. He was, however, misled by Froissart's famous phrase—that the archers were formed *à manière d'une herce*\*—into representing them as forming the front line. If the General had ever seen Baker of Swinbrook's Chronicle, he would doubtless have perceived that it gave the true solution; but Sir E. Maunde Thompson's elaborate edition, which called attention to it

\* There are two words—*herse*, from *hirpe*, a harrow; and *herce*, from *ericus*, any kind of *chevaux de frise*. It is not certain which Froissart meant to use, nor is his authority infallible. Half-a-dozen explanations of Froissart's phrase may be given, but at any rate none is tenable which is at variance with the main facts of the battle.

afresh, had not appeared when General Köhler wrote. A soldier, however, might be expected to have seen that his theory of the battle, according to which the archer line, with Welsh pikemen supporting it, was ridden through by the French chivalry, is totally inconsistent with the known facts.\* Baker of Swinbrook, who was strictly contemporary, and whose chronicle contains more intelligent statements about tactics, especially those of the long-bow, than any half-dozen others, states expressly that the archers were placed not in front, but on the flanks, so that they might not be charged, but might shoot down the charging enemy from either side. There can no longer be any reasonable doubt that this is the true formation; the men-at-arms of the two foremost 'battles' were drawn up in a continuous line, with the archers thrown forward at an angle on each flank, their outer extremities resting, the right on the forest of Crecy, the left on Wadicourt, which seems to have been then imbedded in wood. The depth of the men-at-arms is given by General Köhler at ten, which he considers slight; Mr. Oman says six or eight; but the space to be covered was so great that these estimates, which have no authority but conjecture, are probably too high. With the ordinary lances of the period, the points of the fourth line would have barely projected beyond the front, and any greater depth would have been waste, at any rate for a stationary body; although the weight of the ranks behind might conceivably be useful to back up those in front. The formation of the archers is not stated; but they could not have used their bows effectually unless in somewhat open order. At a later date archers were organised in bodies of about three hundred, known by Froissart's name of *herse*: they stood in about eight ranks, with intervals between the men, while the whole length of front was not very different from what it would have been if the men had stood close together in a single rank. There is no evidence, except in Froissart's phrase, that they were so divided at Crecy, but the assumption may be hazarded that, whether formed into separate companies or not, they covered a considerable space of ground. There was a weak point in this formation—the possibility that the enemy should charge directly on the archers; but the blinding shower of arrows rendered this very difficult, as besides confusing the riders it

\* The English losses were accurately ascertained, and were extremely small, which could not possibly have been the case if the French had broken the archers. Moreover, the most conspicuous fact of the battle is that the hail of arrows was kept up continuously on the charging enemy, who came on fifteen or sixteen times successively; this could not have happened if the archers had been under the hoofs of the horses, or running away from them.

made the horses unmanageable from terror. Moreover, the class pride of the French nobles made them regard no enemies save their equals in rank and armament as worthy of their steel.

The victory at Crecy was overwhelming because of the disorderly nature of the attack and the reckless bravery with which the French chivalry repeated their hopeless charges; but the combination had proved itself effective against what were probably with justice regarded as the finest mailed horsemen in Europe. Subsequent victories were facilitated by the strange folly of the French in dismounting their men-at-arms for attack. At Poitiers the Black Prince, like his father at Crecy, was outnumbered several times over, but was able to take up a strong position,\* employing defensive tactics identical with those of his father in principle, though slightly modified by the peculiarities of the ground. Baker of Swinbrook tells us that the King of France was advised by a Douglas to dismount his men-at-arms, on the ground that the English had always done so since Bannockburn. As we have seen, this was true, but it was one of those unhappy half-truths which are more misleading than complete falsehoods. The English dismounted in every case because they were greatly outnumbered, and were therefore forced into a defensive attitude. The one thing impossible for cavalry is to stand still and repel an attack; therefore, and therefore only, it was necessary for the English to dismount. Had they been approximately equal in numbers to the enemy, they would have charged on horseback as they did at Falkirk, though with the enormous advantage of having the hostile ranks disordered by the arrows, just as a modern infantry attack is prepared for by artillery fire. King John, however, probably sharing the foolish class pride which would not realise that mere low-born archers could be dangerous, adopted the ill-omened advice, and thereby deprived his men-at-arms of about nine-tenths of their impetus for attack. His defeat was crushing, all the more so because the Black Prince, properly appreciating this fundamental principle, kept a small body of mailed horsemen in reserve for the moment when he could make a counter-attack. At Navarette the Black Prince formed his army substantially in the same way, though he was going to

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\* Both General Köhler and Mr. Oman follow the account of the Chandos Herald, who alone among the authorities says that the Black Prince was moving off, intending not to fight, but turned back to support his rear-guard, which was attacked before it could get away. Whether this view be correct or not, the Black Prince had originally taken up a position in which to fight, and changed his mind, if at all, at the last moment.

encounter his enemy in the open, both sides advancing till they met. The Spaniards were routed by the archers, to which they could make no reply, but there does not seem to have been any reason for the English fighting on foot. They succeeded this time not because they dismounted, but simply and solely because the archers overwhelmed the enemy.

Nearly sixty years elapsed after Poitiers before the French fought another pitched battle against the English. They had learned to dread the long-bow, but not to use it, and they never attempted to devise new tactics to encounter it. When the next trial came, they repeated the disastrous experiment of Poitiers with even more fatal results. There was some excuse for the French dismounting at Agincourt; they were between Henry V. and his goal, so that he must cut his way past or surrender. The Constable knew his advantage, and did not mean to attack Henry, though he had fivefold numbers; so he dismounted all his men-at-arms, formed them in three lines of great depth, and waited. But the resources of the long-bow were not exhausted: when Henry found that the French did not move, he advanced to within bowshot in line of battle as arranged to receive an attack, halted, and began to shoot. The arrows fell so thick among the French, whose crossbowmen were powerless at that range, that they had to choose between attacking and ignominiously giving way. Of course, the chivalry of France preferred the former alternative; and the accident of the ground being plough-land sodden with heavy rain deprived them of their last chance of success.

Naturally, if an English force was surprised before it could form, as at Patay, or tried to stand when its proper business was to push on, and thus allowed itself to be surrounded, as at Formigny, disaster was bound to follow. But never, where the long-bow was given a fair chance, did it fail of victory, usually facilitated by the tactics of the enemy. In the Wars of the Roses, where both sides were armed alike, the leaders knew so well the deadly effect of the arrow that they sought to close as quickly as possible. The long-bow during this epoch played a less important part, and mailed spearmen, on foot and on horseback, fought it out as in the thirteenth century. Mr. Oman seems to imply, though he does not positively affirm, that the French were right in dismounting to attack the archers. Enough has probably been said to show that this was to diminish, not to increase, their chances. There was but one effective answer to the clothyard arrow—to use the same missiles, or some other of superior power. The long-bow ceased to be master of the battle-field only when cannon were brought into action.

Space fails us to discuss another aspect of mediæval warfare, less interesting perhaps than the tactics of the battlefield, but of at least equal importance. Castle-building, as Mr. Oman justly observes, made steady progress during the eleventh and following centuries, just when tactics were at a standstill and strategy was scarcely dreamed of. Though stone buildings of adequate solidity were erected some time before the Crusades began, it was from the East that Europe learned the great improvements in design which enabled fortresses to defy all but the most persevering and skilful efforts. General Köhler apparently deems the art of fortification outside his subject; though he gives some account of a few sieges, they are treated rather as incidents of a campaign than from the engineer's point of view. Mr. Oman devotes separate chapters to this topic, very brief in proportion to the rest of his work, but satisfactory so far as they go. He might with advantage have said a little more about walled towns, as distinguished from castles, seeing how important some sieges of cities were and how marked was the contrast between the two classes of fortified places in respect of their political influence. In many respects, however, their effect was identical. As Mr. Oman points out, the number and strength of fortified places tended greatly to diminish the number of pitched battles, because the weaker party could generally take refuge behind walls. He might have gone further and imputed very largely to the same cause the lack of any progress in tactics. No stimulus towards the invention of new tactical devices is more potent, for obvious reasons, than the necessity imposed on the weaker side of compensating for its numerical inferiority by superior skill. But while fortifications were a secure defence, there was less call for such ingenuity in the field.

During the later Middle Ages, from the date at which stone castles began to be built until the improvement of cannon made it fairly easy to destroy them, the defence was stronger than the attack. Improvements in the plan and construction of fortifications succeeded one another, while the methods of attack advanced little on the devices of Roman antiquity. Unless the assailant had the means of continuing a siege until the resources of the defenders were exhausted and famine compelled surrender—a very uncommon thing with feudally organised armies—it was scarcely possible to take a castle or walled city well built and adequately manned. The art of war was still very far from the point at which it was perceived that fortresses might be neutralised by a detachment, while the army prosecuted a campaign in the open. Indeed, Turenne was the first general  
who



who showed that it was better to mask fortresses than to besiege them, in spite of the fact that in his age the capture of a fortress was a mere matter of time unless the siege were interrupted. In the Middle Ages, if the stronger side found its enemy sheltered behind walls, it could do little beyond plundering; all its time might be spent in fruitlessly besieging one or two places. This again tended to make campaigning less and less skilful; while on the other hand the building of castles was pressed on with all the more vigour, because of their immense value both in war, as a means of holding dangerous neighbours in check, and as enhancing the importance of their owners. The strongholds on the coast of Palestine enabled a semblance of Christian dominion to be maintained long after the territorial kingdom of Jerusalem had disappeared. The Norman castles in England helped to rivet the Norman yoke on the country; extended round the borders of Wales they cooped up the wild Welsh in their mountains. It was their strong walls which enabled the Italian, and to a less extent the Flemish, cities to maintain themselves against their feudal superiors. This was perhaps the chief military reason, though by no means the only cause, of the failure of the Emperors to establish effective dominion over Italy. But on the whole, everywhere except in Italy, the strength of castles worked in favour of feudalism. It was the defensive side, as the weight of mailed horsemen was the offensive side, of the predominance of the feudal nobles. The baron could defend his dependents behind his castle walls from the aggression of his neighbours, or oppress them, if he were of a tyrannical mould, in full security against attempts at vengeance; and if he was disinclined to discharge his duty towards the king, he could from the same shelter defy his feudal suzerain to coerce him. Of this advantage gunpowder alone could deprive him, and this was in fact the first result of its introduction into warfare. From the nature of the case, cannon for siege purposes were rendered effective long before gunpowder was of any real account on the battlefield. Mobility was of no consequence in a siege, rapidity of fire not essential. Thus the mediæval castle was at the mercy of the besieger who could bring cannon against it, almost as soon as the mediæval man-at-arms had found his match in the field. The work of destroying the preponderance of the nobility could go on simultaneously in both spheres.

On the political aspect of the art of war Mr. Oman has very little to say. His subject, even when strictly limited, is so extensive that, if he had allowed himself to expatiate on the mutual

mutual influence of the political institutions and the military developments of the Middle Ages, his volume would have become two. It is the charm of history as a study, but also the standing difficulty of the historian, that every branch of human activity, whether in progress or decline, has its influence on every other. It is the main business of the specialist to ascertain, describe, collate the facts in his own department, and he may well be excused if he abstains from interweaving them with the results attained in other departments. He may also fairly argue that to correlate the ascertained facts, be they military, economic, ecclesiastical, social, or literary, to weave a sound web out of all the diverse threads, is the business of the philosophical historian, not of the specialist. The two functions are rarely united in one man: it is probably best that they should be kept apart. A writer of either class is likely to waste his time and fall into error if he encroaches on the domain of the other. But the results attained by the specialist form an indispensable basis for the philosopher: if the specialist is inaccurate, or over-technical, the general historian suffers. Probably there is no department of history hitherto so unsatisfactorily treated as the military, because writers on it have not only neglected the historian's point of view, but have been too technical for civilians. It is at any rate satisfactory that when a new and better-instructed Gibbon arises, to give another comprehensive survey of the Middle Ages, he will have books like Mr. Oman's and General Köhler's to help him in grasping their military aspect.

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ART. IV.—1. *Sir Robert Peel: from his Private Papers.*

Edited for his Trustees by Charles Stuart Parker. With a chapter on his Life and Character by his grandson, the Hon. George Peel. Vols. II. and III. London, 1899.

2. *Pitt: some Chapters of his Life and Times.* By the Right Hon. Edward Gibson, Lord Ashbourne. London, 1898.

THE great names of English politics have been much less fruitful than those of English literature in intimate biography. No Boswells have arisen to commemorate the Johnsons of Westminster; and though the historian, at least of recent times, has certainly no reason to complain of the paucity of his materials, so far as these can be derived from the dead pages of correspondence and State papers, he is but seldom assisted in his attempt to recall the past by those vivid and obviously life-like portraits which, in the case of some few great Englishmen of letters, have stamped upon the public mind an indelible impression of their personalities. It cannot be said of either of the works whose titles appear at the head of this article that they do much to remove from English political biography the reproach of a lack of vivacity; but, nevertheless, each contributes substantially, though in very different degrees, to our knowledge of two of the most conspicuous among British statesmen.

It is, perhaps, scarcely fair to a work which has been, as its distinguished author avows, written and put together in the midst of other pursuits, to place Lord Ashbourne's purposely fragmentary book on Pitt beside the monumental collection of Sir Robert Peel's correspondence which has been edited with so much care and judgment by Mr. Parker, under the direction of Peel's trustees. We have done so deliberately, however, and for two reasons: first, because the careers of Pitt and Peel present, at many points, striking coincidences or contrasts; and secondly, because, different as they are in manner and matter, the two books have a similar purpose. Lord Ashbourne's volume has been written 'to show what manner of man Pitt was.' The Peel Papers are intended to do for the most eminent statesman of the first half of the nineteenth century what Lord Ashbourne would do for the most powerful Minister of the latter half of the eighteenth. There is this further similarity between the two books, that, starting with similar objects, they reach, in one respect, identical results. Each leaves the general estimate already formed of its subject unaltered and untarnished. Lord Ashbourne observes of Pitt that 'he has been dead nearly a century, and probably all parts of his life are now well known ;

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but it is worthy of note that none of his letters and no incident in his life disclose anything to his discredit or tend to lower the high estimate of his objects; and no ground has been discovered to justify doubt as to the rectitude of his motives or the elevation of his character.' Now that the Peel Papers have been published, it is possible to apply this language almost word for word to the younger statesman. The voluminous records published by Mr. Parker contain nothing that does not redound to the honour of Sir Robert Peel or testify to the purity of his life and conduct. We can well believe in the sincerity of the impression made upon the editor of the Peel Papers by the perusal of the many thousands of Sir Robert Peel's letters which it has been his duty to read. That impression is, as Mr. Parker tells us, 'that Sir Robert Peel was more than a consummate man of business, more than a "greatest Member of Parliament," more than a great statesman; he was a great and good man.' Such a tribute will surprise no one who remembers the eulogy which the Great Captain paid to his eminent colleague and comrade in civil affairs. Fiercely as the motives and conduct of Peel were called in question in his lifetime, the personal honour and integrity of the statesman have never needed a champion since the touching tribute paid to Peel's character on the morrow of his death by the Duke of Wellington.

Although Lord Ashbourne's purpose has been limited to the illustration of some chapters in the 'Life' of Pitt, readers who have begun, as all readers of all books should do, with the preface, will hardly feel otherwise than disappointed at his comparatively scanty gleanings from the rich store of hitherto unpublished papers to which he has had access. His book is interesting; but it is not so interesting as the sources of his information lead the reader to expect. As he himself states, Lord Ashbourne has had the advantage of abundant new materials. The Bolton Papers, the Papers at Orwell Park, which were formerly in the possession of Bishop Tomline, now known as the Pretyman MSS., and the Pitt Family Papers, gathered together by the late Mr. Edward Stanhope, have been drawn upon for the first time, except in so far as the second of these collections was utilised by Bishop Tomline. Yet the results are meagre; and, though in certain respects Lord Ashbourne has amplified our knowledge of some important incidents in Pitt's public career, he does not add materially to our knowledge of his private life. Nor does his book do justice to those brighter and more lovable elements in Pitt's personal character which, according to the testimony of such intimate friends

friends as Wilberforce and Wellesley, were as conspicuous in the freedom of social intercourse as was the austere gravity of his demeanour upon all public occasions.

Of the chapters which illustrate Pitt's personal history, that to which most readers will turn first is the one headed 'Pitt's One Love Story,' in which what has long been deemed the mystery of the statesman's attachment to Miss Eleanor Eden is explained, so far as explanation is now possible, in Pitt's own letters. These letters, which have been preserved among the Pretymann MSS., were addressed by Pitt to Lord Auckland, the young lady's father, when, in January 1797, he arrived at the final resolve not to think further of marriage. We have said that the letters explain the mystery, but the phrase is scarcely a correct description of a correspondence which while partially solving one enigma presents another. The two letters to Lord Auckland prove, indeed, that neither Bishop Tomline nor Lord Stanhope, nor even so well informed an authority as Pitt's most recent biographer, Lord Rosebery, had very accurate knowledge of the circumstances under which this love affair was terminated. Lord Rosebery's account of the matter is that Pitt's debts made it impossible for him to contemplate marriage. But it is evident from these extraordinary letters that this was at any rate not the sole impediment; and it is manifest that the obstacle was one which, whatever its true nature, Lord Auckland was quite ready to waive. But even in these letters Pitt does not define the obstacles. He merely pronounces them—

'decisive and insurmountable.' 'It is impossible for me, and would be useless, to state them at large. The circumstances of every man's private and personal situation can often on various accounts be fully known and fairly judged by no one but himself, even where, as in the present case, others may be equally interested in the result. On the present occasion I have had too many temptations in the opposite scales to distrust my own decision.'

Plainly this language cannot refer to debts alone; for Pitt's debts were known to everybody in 1797, and he could have had no scruple in referring to them when writing intimately on so delicate a subject to so intimate a friend. Lord Ashbourne prudently abstains from speculation as to the real causes, thus obscurely hinted at, which led Pitt to surrender, in the very moment of avowing it, an attachment which was manifestly deep and sincere, and which would appear to have been reciprocated by the object of his affection. The most probable explanation of conduct so unusual is that Pitt believed his health to be failing. The decline of his physical vigour, never really

really robust, in 1797, has been noticed by most of Pitt's biographers; and Lord Rosebery, in speaking of a crisis in his health in 1798, which he considers accounts for much in the statesman's subsequent career, observes that 'it will be curious to watch if the archives of Pitt's contemporaries, as they yield their treasures, will gradually clear up a certain air of mystery that surrounds his health in this year.' If the surmise be well-grounded that apprehensions as to his health largely account for the voluntary surrender of the prospect of domestic happiness which seemed to lie before him, it seems at least equally probable that the decline to which Lord Rosebery refers was aggravated by the sacrifice he had made. But, whatever the secret truth may have been, it is little likely that it will ever now be known. Only in these letters did Pitt ever depart from the proud reticence that ordinarily marked him. In the second of them we can hear for the first and last time the beatings of his lonely heart. 'I can only say, but it is saying everything, that that consideration' (the fact, of which Lord Auckland had assured him, that his affection was returned by Miss Eden) 'now adds to my unavailing regret as much as under different circumstances it might have contributed to the glory and happiness of life.' But this was the only approach to emotion which the writer's self-restraint permitted. Thenceforward he put all thoughts of marriage resolutely aside. The language in which two years later he acknowledged Lord Auckland's announcement of Miss Eden's approaching marriage to Lord Buckinghamshire is of the most formal kind, and gives no clue to Pitt's feelings on the occasion. 'There could be no event interesting to any part of your family which would not be so to me, and certainly this is not the instance where I feel that sentiment the least.'

These letters, as we have said, and indeed the whole of the correspondence printed by Lord Ashbourne, are serious in tone. They suggest little of that playfulness described in the charming sketch of William Pitt which has been lately published in the 'Private Papers of William Wilberforce,' and strongly emphasised in a note on Pitt's character written by Lord Wellesley so long ago as 1836 for the purpose of an article in this 'Review,' and published as an addendum to our notice in that year of Wraxall's posthumous 'Memoirs.' To that estimate of Pitt's personal qualities, by one of his closest friends, we venture to recall the attention of students of Pitt's character and career.

Turning from the personal to the political aspect of Pitt's career, the episode which Lord Ashbourne's book does most to illuminate



illuminate is the viceroyalty of Lord Fitzwilliam. Perhaps no incident in Irish history has been the subject of more abundant or more vehement criticism; and after the lapse of a century the passions it engendered have lent warmth to the pen of so cool a commentator as Mr. Lecky. We feel bound to express our decided opinion that Lord Ashbourne's account of the Fitzwilliam controversy is not only the most complete with which we are acquainted, but that it is the most decisive condemnation of the Viceroy that has yet appeared. In his view of these transactions Lord Ashbourne coincides rather with Lord Rosebery—who censures Fitzwilliam's extraordinary disregard of arrangements definitely sanctioned and prescribed by the Cabinet with all the warmth natural to a Prime Minister jealous for the strict observance of Cabinet compacts—than with Mr. Lecky, who is inclined to hold Pitt responsible for most of the mischief. But the value of the chapter on Fitzwilliam is not confined to the clear statement it contains of the facts of the controversy, or to the writer's temperate but clearly expressed condemnation of Pitt's colleague. We are indebted to Lord Ashbourne for the publication, almost in full, of a document which, to our mind, leaves no room for further discussion on the subject. The Cabinet Memorandum drawn up in March 1795, and preserved among the Pelham Papers, has often been referred to by writers on this controversy, and several passages have been quoted from it by Mr. Lecky in his 'History.' But none of these passages is so powerful or so conclusive as the purport of the whole document, which, as printed by Lord Ashbourne, entirely destroys the case for Lord Fitzwilliam, and convicts the Viceroy not merely of weakness and indiscretion, but of actual bad faith. For it is certain, from its terms, that every one of those acts of his viceroyalty which led to Fitzwilliam's removal, and in regard to which he claimed to have been given complete liberty of action by his colleagues, had been expressly repudiated in advance by the Cabinet in conclave. We do not see how any attentive reader of this remarkable document can fail to be convinced by its perusal of the gross imprudence, not to say misconduct, of Lord Fitzwilliam in going behind and beyond his instructions; and Lord Ashbourne's publication of it has dealt a decisive and final blow at the myths which have gathered round this much vexed episode.

The lack of any sufficient contemporary account of Pitt is not, indeed, to be attributed to want of forethought on the part of his friends. It is due rather to the incompetence of those who, with the best intentions, undertook to raise his

his monument; and perhaps there is no better evidence of the innate grandeur of the statesman than the splendour with which Pitt's character shines even through the misty veil with which the ineptitude of the worthy Bishop Tomline unconsciously obscured it. On the other hand, the delay in publishing the record of the career of Sir Robert Peel, which has at length been placed before the world, is primarily the result of the statesman's own wishes and directions as expressed in his will. No English statesman, so far as we can recollect, has ever exhibited a more anxious solicitude in regard to the verdict of posterity than Sir Robert Peel. But it was his disinterested resolve that, so long as the vindication of his own reputation could only be effected at the expense of others, it should not be vindicated at all. He enjoined upon his representatives 'so to exercise the discretion given to them that no honourable confidence shall be betrayed, no private feelings unnecessarily wounded, and no public interests injuriously affected'; and they have scrupulously obeyed the injunction. The delay which has occurred in the publication of these papers may have been longer than was necessary in order to give effect to the wishes of Sir Robert Peel. His contemporaries on the political stage have, with few exceptions, passed some time ago beyond the reach of praise or blame. But other causes, unforeseen and for the most part inevitable, have militated against a speedier satisfaction of natural curiosity; and, after all, delay has its advantages. As Lord Stanhope and Lord Cardwell, the original trustees under Sir Robert's will, observed in their preface to the 'Memoir on Catholic Emancipation,' the fame of a truly great statesman 'has everything to gain and nothing to lose by well-considered delay in the publication of his papers.' And if it be true that such delay may deprive some topics of their interest, it is on the other hand evident that it 'both induces and enables the reader to contemplate every question from a calm historic point of view.'

The critic would be churlish indeed who could refuse to acknowledge the tact, discretion, and skill with which Mr. Parker has discharged the duties of an editor. But we must confess we are not altogether satisfied that Mr. Parker has taken the best means to escape from the dilemma with which he was presented in editing those parts of the correspondence which relate to the subjects of Catholic Emancipation and the Repeal of the Corn Laws, upon his part in which Peel has himself furnished such an ample *apologia* in his own 'Memoirs' on those questions. The course which Mr. Parker has preferred has been to reprint, along

along with the illustrations and evidences of Peel's policy which are now published for the first time, extracts from the 'Memoirs,' which are cited, he says, 'so far only as may suffice to keep the biographical interest unbroken.' We do not know how this method of Mr. Parker's will strike readers of his volumes who have not read the 'Memoirs'; but for ourselves, having carefully compared the two, we think not only that the statesman's own account of these memorable transactions is the more interesting narrative, but also that it throws more light upon the essential points than the somewhat disjointed story of Mr. Parker, notwithstanding that the latter is largely supplemented by the additional information which has now become available.

Admirable as is the light in which Peel is seen in these letters, pure as his motives appear, stainless as is his character, they afford no satisfactory answer to the questions formulated by every reader who attempts their perusal. Do they justify Peel's conduct with respect to Catholic Emancipation and the Repeal of the Corn Laws? Do they establish his capacity as a creative statesman, as distinguished from a capable executive Minister? For this is the great and inevitable crux of Peel's career; and he was himself aware of it. No statesman has ever displayed so great an anxiety in regard to the judgment of posterity, or taken such deliberate precautions to ensure a favourable verdict. *Qui s'excuse s'accuse*. The very fact that he thought it necessary to draw up the elaborate memoranda in which he sought to vindicate his action in relation to these two questions is the best possible proof of the statesman's own misgiving that his conduct required explanation. Yet neither his own formal *apologia* nor the indirect testimony of these letters can be held to demonstrate that Peel's conduct in regard to either question was conduct which can be completely excused, still less justified. It is indeed impossible to set up any defence of Peel in this matter which does not strike at the root of all political consistency, and lower still further the not too lofty standards of party fidelity.

For what had been Peel's position with respect to Emancipation? To the removal of Roman Catholic disabilities he had offered, from his entrance into Parliament, to use his own words, 'an unvarying and decided opposition.' And he had not merely concurred in opposition to Emancipation; he had taken the lead in opposing it. He was responsible for persistence in that opposition when, but for him, the party of resistance must have given up the struggle. In 1812, after the death of Mr. Perceval seemed to open the way to a more liberal

liberal policy on the Catholic question, Peel voted against Canning's resolution in favour of concession. In 1817 he went out of his way to develop the grounds on which he based his opposition, in a speech which made him the darling of the Tory party and elicited what Mr. Parker calls the 'benedictions' of the Protestants in Ireland. His speech on this occasion was said to have induced no less than thirteen members of the House of Commons to change their sentiments on the Catholic question, and is one of the few instances in which votes have been changed in Parliament as the direct result of a speech. In 1819 he professed his belief that even the limited form of Emancipation advocated by Grattan and Plunket would establish Roman Catholic ascendancy in Ireland. He offered the most decided opposition to Canning's proposal, in 1822, to admit Roman Catholic peers to sit and vote in the House of Lords. The notion of what was called concurrent endowment he had deemed 'a fearful experiment,' and he had strenuously resisted it as a qualified establishment of the Roman Catholic religion. So active and so prominent was he in the Protestant cause that, in 1825, in a letter addressed to him by George IV., he was styled by his Sovereign 'the King's Protestant Minister.' When in the same year the Catholic Relief Bill, drawn by O'Connell and supported by Canning, passed the House of Commons, Peel threatened resignation, even at the imminent risk of breaking up the Ministry. And it is to be remembered that he did all this with his eyes open. Peel's hostility to Catholic Emancipation was not the hostility of invincible ignorance or narrow prejudice. He knew Ireland as few of his colleagues knew it. For six years he had administered its government as Chief Secretary; for five more he had been responsible for the Irish policy of the Liverpool Cabinet as Home Secretary. Yet he was persistently blind to all the signs of the times. When the Louth election of 1826, in which Mr. Leslie Foster, the Protestant candidate, was left at the bottom of the poll, showed how the tide was rising which was so soon to bear O'Connell to victory, Peel refused to admit its significance, and continued to anticipate a great Protestant reaction. To crown all, he had expressly assigned his views on the Catholic question, and the misconception to which he would be subjected by serving in a 'Catholic' Cabinet, as his chief reason for declining to take office under Canning in 1827.

In his 'Memoir on Catholic Emancipation,' Peel makes 'the full admission' that from the part he had uniformly taken on the Catholic question, from the confidence reposed in him on that account, from his position in the Government, and from his

his position in Parliament as Member for Oxford University, the Protestant interest had an especial claim upon his devotion. He goes on to observe that—

‘if the duty which that acknowledged claim imposed upon me were this—that in a crisis of extreme difficulty I should calmly contemplate and compare the dangers with which the Protestant interest was threatened from different quarters; that I should advise the course which I believed to be the least unsafe; that having advised and adopted I should resolutely adhere to it; that I should disregard every selfish consideration; that I should prefer obloquy and reproach to the aggravation of existing evils by concealing my real opinion and by maintaining the false show of personal consistency—if this were the duty imposed upon me, I fearlessly assert that it was most faithfully and scrupulously discharged.’

This is Peel’s way of stating the case. It is a skilful statement, and no doubt it is an honest statement, but it is not a statement of the question really involved. For the question is not so much one of Peel’s duty to his party as whether it is expedient or justifiable that a statesman should adopt, upon the compulsion, not of conviction but of adverse circumstances, a policy which he has spent his whole public life in opposing, and should himself become the instrument for giving effect to that policy.

To this question we can conceive no better answer than that which Peel himself supplied with indisputable cogency and in admirable terms when, in 1831, he was pressed by his friends to join the Duke of Wellington in forming a Government which should be based upon a policy of moderate reform. Peel’s position on that occasion is absolutely unexceptionable, and it so aptly expresses the incongruity of a situation like that which he himself occupied in 1829 and 1846, that it is almost incomprehensible how the expounder of such principles should have set them so completely at naught on two momentous occasions.

‘For me individually,’ he wrote to Croker in 1831, ‘to assume the responsibility of the consequences I have predicted as the inevitable result of such a Bill would be, in my opinion, personal degradation to myself. . . . I look beyond the exigency and the peril of the present moment, and I do believe that one of the greatest calamities that could befall the country would be the utter want of confidence in the declarations of public men which must follow the adoption of the Bill of Reform by me as a Minister of the Crown.’

Is it possible to imagine a more conclusive condemnation of the course adopted by Peel on the two most conspicuous occasions in his public career?

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That Peel was animated in his action after the Clare election by an absolute conviction that Emancipation was inevitable and essential; that in adopting that conviction he was swayed by none but honourable motives and considerations; that the charges of pusillanimity, of want of moral courage, of having acted under the stimulus of an ignoble ambition, against which he protests in his exculpatory 'Memoirs,' had no sort of foundation—we entertain not the slightest doubt. His honour and integrity are beyond the reach of calumny, and his scrupulous conscientiousness is apparent in every page of his correspondence. But it seems to us impossible to admit the sufficiency of his plea of expediency, as against the weighty considerations the force of which he understood so well and stated so admirably in reference to Reform. The same remarks and the same principles are equally applicable to his Free Trade policy. There is indeed this difference in Peel's favour between the two cases, that on the Corn Law question he had honestly changed his opinions, while on Emancipation he retained them; but, on the other hand, his responsibilities to the Conservative party were heavier in 1846 than they had been in 1829. As the late Lord Derby remarked, 'you cannot do that kind of thing twice.' It is true that for many years Peel had held enlightened views on Free Trade. So far back as 1828 he had converted the Duke of Wellington to his sliding-scale. His advent to power in 1841 led to a second modification of the corn-duties in the same direction. Almost every subsequent year of his ministry saw concessions made to the growing force of opinion in favour of the removal of commercial restrictions—concessions which involved, as a logical consequence, the removal of the greatest restriction of all. But Peel had uniformly denied the logic of this consequence. While recognising the advantages of Free Trade in other respects, he had consistently maintained that peculiar considerations precluded the application of Free Trade principles to corn. He had argued in 1842 that—

'it is of the highest importance to the welfare of all classes in this country that the main sources of your supply of corn should be derived from domestic agriculture. You are entitled to place such a price on foreign corn as is equivalent to the special burdens borne by the agriculturist . . . I certainly do consider that it is for the interest of all classes that we should pay a small additional sum upon our own domestic produce, in order that we may thereby establish a security against those calamities that would ensue if we became altogether, or in a great part, dependent on foreign countries for our supply.'

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In accordance with these views he had, during every session from 1841 to 1845, strenuously opposed Mr. Villiers' annual resolution in favour of the repeal of the Corn Laws, and down to the last moment had shown no sign of yielding on this all-important point. That he at length perceived not only the necessity but the desirability of the change, and that he had the courage to act up to his new convictions, indicates high qualities of intellect and character, but hardly the highest. Consistency may no doubt degenerate into dangerous obstinacy; inconsistency may mean intellectual development; but prolonged resistance to a great reform, terminating, without any change of conditions, in a complete somersault, while it may be capable of justification, cannot claim the highest meed of praise.

We have already hinted that the correspondence published in these volumes, copious as it is, does little either to alter the estimate in which Peel's statesmanship has been held for more than a generation, or to add in any really vital respects to the knowledge already available of the true history of the most memorable passages in his career. The correspondence and diaries of John Wilson Croker—for upwards of thirty years, and indeed through all but the last five years of Peel's life, his most intimate friend—had already thrown a flood of light upon the chief transactions of the statesman's career. Taken in connexion with Peel's own political memoirs, that correspondence has informed the world fully upon almost every particular connected with the great transactions of 1829 and 1846. The information necessary to a judgment upon Peel's 'transmigrations of spirit'—to use the expression of a statesman whose own career and whose political mutations present not a few points of resemblance to the conversions and disasters of his earliest chief—has been long before the public; and if anything had been lacking in those publications to complete the chain of knowledge therein contained, it had been already supplied in the still earlier work of Disraeli, which not only does full justice to Peel's extraordinary political capacity, but presents the politics of 1845 and 1846 with a wealth of intimate information which only an actor in the struggle could have supplied.

There was one lacuna in the knowledge heretofore available, which Mr. Parker has fortunately been in a condition to supply. The trustees, in publishing Peel's first 'Memoir on the Repeal of the Corn Laws,' omitted one remarkable series of documents which the author had included in it. When the 'Memoirs' first appeared, within seven years of Sir Robert's death, the events they referred to were too recent to permit the publication of the letters which, in the course of the Corn

Law struggle, had passed between the Queen and her Prime Minister. To have included them at that time, even had the royal permission for their publication been given, would have been a breach of Peel's own testamentary instruction to respect the susceptibilities of other actors in the controversy. These letters have now, by Her Majesty's express permission, been placed at the disposal of Peel's trustees; they are published in these volumes, and Mr. Parker is fully warranted in describing them as 'enhancing the dramatic and personal interest of the political contests described.' The purport of this portion of his correspondence is set forth fully enough in the Corn Law memoir; but the text of the Queen's letters is very honourable to the Minister, and proves that, whatever prejudices, if any, had arisen from the 'Bedchamber Plot' misunderstanding of 1839, or from those defects in Peel which were so tersely summarised by the Duke of Wellington in the laconic remark, 'I have no small-talk and Peel has no manners,' had long been lived down by 1846. The style and language of the Queen's letters are the echo of that absolute confidence which Peel's integrity, capacity for affairs, and unaffected devotion to the person of his Sovereign, had inspired in Her Majesty. A letter written after Peel's defeat on the Irish Bill expresses the Queen's 'deep concern at losing his [Peel's] services, which she regrets as much for the country as for herself and the Prince.' And on the occasion of his death the royal sorrow is thus expressed in a letter to King Leopold of Belgium:—

'The sorrow and grief at his death are most touching, and the country mourns over him as over a father. Everyone seems to have lost a personal friend. . . . Albert . . . has felt Sir Robert's loss dreadfully. He feels he has lost a second father.'

Mr. Parker in his preface justly lays stress upon the interest of a portion of the correspondence, which is, as he says—

'unique, as having been carried on for twenty years between the two Conservative chiefs, a great civilian and a great soldier, leading their party, the one in the popular, the other in the hereditary House of Parliament.'

The more important of the letters of the Duke of Wellington in relation to Catholic Emancipation and the Corn Laws have already appeared in Peel's own 'Memoirs'; but to these large additions have now been made, and their effect is, we think, not only to raise the credit of the great soldier as a practical politician, but to exhibit a character, to outward view somewhat stern and forbidding, in a very attractive light.

No two statesmen have ever at any period in the history of English politics been more essential to each other than were Peel and Wellington during the period from the death of Canning to the consolidation of Peel's power in 1841. Neither could stand without the other. The Duke had immense prestige, and, at the outset of their alliance, incomparably the higher position in political life. Peel, as Disraeli has noted in his 'Sybil,' though competent to be the rival, would have been content to be the successor of a statesman who, when he assumed the government in 1828, was the foremost man in Europe. But though supreme in the House of Lords, and fully equal to the administrative duties of the premiership, Wellington was a statesman of no very great sagacity. He took a strictly administrative view of his functions. The great question with him was, 'How is the King's government to be carried on?' If the King's government, that is to say the business of the State, was being carried on effectively, especially by Conservative Ministers, he desired no more. In his opinion, as he bluntly observed at the meeting of the Cabinet in December 1845, at which Peel announced his intention to carry the Repeal of the Corn Laws, the Corn Laws were 'a subordinate consideration' to the necessity of providing the Queen with an efficient Government.

But though, after the failure of his Ministry of 1828-30, the Duke of Wellington's native good sense told him that his dream—if we may conceive of the Duke as ever dreaming—of a civil authority equal to his military renown was one that could never be realised; though he recognised the leadership of Peel, and in 1834 insisted, in Peel's absence, on making him leader in spite of himself, the authority and countenance of the acknowledged chief of the high Tory party was throughout Peel's career as Premier essential to the stability of his administration. Nothing but the authority of the Duke could have coerced the King and converted the House of Lords to concede Catholic Emancipation in 1829. Nothing less than the support of the victor of Waterloo could have maintained the practical solidarity of the Cabinet in December 1845, in the face of Stanley's open defection and the avowed hesitation of such magnates as the Duke of Buccleuch. And it must ever be remembered that in the midst of that dramatic scene of defeat and defection, so picturesquely described by Disraeli, when 'the flower of that great party, which had been so proud to follow one who had been so proud to lead them,' passed in defile before the Minister to the hostile lobby, when 'all the men of metal and the large-acred squires' revolted from

their allegiance under the pressure of a resentment which was natural and inevitable, Sir Robert Peel was sustained under all the obloquy that proceeded from his disappointed and angry followers by the zealous co-operation of the greatest subject in Europe.

What we have already written has probably conveyed the impression, though it has not been stated in express words, that the interest of the Peel Papers is derived more from their matter than their manner, more from the importance of the events with which they are conversant than from any charm of style or grace of language; and no doubt this is the case. There is scarcely a letter in these volumes which does not bear an official character. Even the most intimate letters are formal in style and tone. It is always the Minister, seldom the man that speaks. The industry of the writer is amazing; the knowledge of detail that he displays is extraordinary; the good sense and prudence, lightened by adroitness, which are never wanting in the judgments expressed or the advice tendered, incessantly command our respect. But the letters, it must be owned, are a trifle tedious at times; the sustained level of mental and moral excellence is too much for ordinary mortals. We get tired of this Aristides. To this comment, which is indeed ungrateful enough, there are, however, some exceptions; of which the correspondence with Lord Hardinge must be classed as among the most interesting—exhibiting, as it does, in the language of Mr. Parker, ‘two devoted friends, soldier and civilian, separated by many thousand miles, each playing the chief part in a desperate but victorious contest, . . . yet each finding time to watch with warmest sympathy the other’s action, and to exchange assurances of mutual confidence and unalterable affection.’ It is but fair, however, to the reputation of another great soldier and servant of the Crown in India, to point out that some of Lord Hardinge’s letters on the Sikh war do less than justice to the great qualities of Lord Gough, of whom the Viceroy wrote, within six weeks of the victory of Sobraon, that ‘he is not the officer who ought to be entrusted with the conduct of the war in the Punjab.’ Happily this estimate was shown to be mistaken within six weeks of its being penned, by the victory of Sobraon; and instead of being superseded, as nearly happened, Gough received from Wellington congratulations which more than atoned for the temporary distrust of the Governor-General.

One of the pleasantest chapters in the two volumes is that which the editor has devoted to Peel’s exercise of the patronage of the Treasury in relation to Civil List pensions, and to the recommendations

recommendations to the favour of the Crown of persons distinguished in art or literature. In all his communications on such subjects Peel showed a becoming sense both of what was due to individuals and of the importance to the State of an adequate and properly controlled recognition of art and letters. It is evident that, engrossed as he was with public affairs, Peel spared no pains to inform himself as to the claims of struggling men of letters on the scanty bounty available for their assistance; and he was both considerate and just in distributing other marks of favour to the more prosperous members of the literary fraternity. The correspondence with Hallam on the offer of a baronetcy to the historian, and with Wordsworth in relation to the poet's pension, are honourable to all concerned, and not least so to the Minister. The letters from Tom Hood are pathetic. In the last of them, written within a few days of his death, the dying humorist concludes a mournful account of his physical state with the characteristic apology for his inability to render further service to letters: 'It is death that stops my pen, you see, and not a pension.'

The correspondence with Mr. Disraeli, published in the second volume of these papers, has attracted, as was to be expected, a large share of the inattentive attention of that class of critics whose instinct on seeing a new book is to look up the index for the most eminent men referred to in it and to reproduce those anecdotes connected with them which are either discreditable or ridiculous. The comment bestowed upon the letters seems to us very much out of proportion to their intrinsic importance; but they naturally and inevitably suggest some interesting questions respecting the mutual relations of two of the most eminent among the Prime Ministers of the Queen. That Mr. Disraeli, on the formation of Peel's last Ministry in 1841, made advances, at the instance of one of Peel's colleagues, which were tantamount, at the least, to a profession of readiness to join the new administration, is as plain from the correspondence as it was natural in the circumstances. It is equally plain that the younger statesman, when taunted with the fact by his senior in the hot conflicts of 1846, had forgotten the terms and circumstances of his negotiations with the Minister, which, indeed, were of a somewhat obscure and indefinite nature. Peel himself was proved, in the course of the same famous debates, to have forgotten some of the circumstances attending his own negotiations with Canning in 1827, and occupied two hours and a half in supplying a cumbersome explanation of a somewhat complex transaction.

What is very much more interesting than this episode is the evidence

evidence which Disraeli's writings afford at every point of the immense respect in which he held the Parliamentary abilities of Sir Robert Peel. The pages of 'Coningsby' and 'Sybil,' both published before the Corn Law controversies, and of the 'Life of Lord George Bentinck,' written after Peel's death, abound in references of which not one is unkindly, many are couched in the language of absolute panegyric, and all are conceived in the spirit of sympathetic and yet clear-sighted criticism. Everyone knows the dictum in the last-named work which pronounced Peel to be 'the greatest Member of Parliament that ever lived.' But not everyone is equally familiar with the whole of the seventeenth chapter in the 'Life of Lord George Bentinck,' which concludes with that celebrated eulogium. Yet we venture to think that it contains a summary of the qualities of Peel's character and statesmanship which the lapse of close on half a century has done little to alter, and which in many respects the most ardent votaries of Disraeli's great antagonist need not hesitate to adopt. It is a remarkable evidence at once of Peel's greatness and of Disraeli's power of gauging the qualities of men, that the most discriminating homage that has been paid to the talents of the author of the Repeal of the Corn Laws has been offered by Peel's most unsparing opponent in the controversy over that measure.

Peel's relations with Mr. Gladstone were far more intimate, and naturally more friendly, than those with Disraeli. But though the Prime Minister fully recognises the ability of his young colleague, his letters show distinct traces of that distrust, or at least absence of perfect confidence, which the over-subtle refinement of Gladstone's reasoning appears to have inspired in almost all his seniors in the early period of his political career. Peel and Gladstone parted company, for a time, over the Maynooth question in 1845; and the letters written by the younger to the elder statesman, which are printed in full by Mr. Parker, are very characteristic of their author's mental idiosyncrasies. Whatever Peel thought of them he manifestly did not understand them, though he continued to write conciliatory letters with the object of minimising the differences between himself and his brilliant young subordinate. In sending on one of Gladstone's letters to his principal adviser in the Ministry, Sir James Graham, Peel frankly confesses himself puzzled, as he might well be. 'I have this day received,' he wrote, 'the enclosed from Gladstone. I really have great difficulty in exactly comprehending what he means. The last part of the last sentence is to me an enigma.' No wonder: for here is the sentence which baffled Peel:—

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'To this slight modification of my sentiments in the last spring and summer I will add nothing, because I believe you to be in pretty full possession of all I can tell; except to express the greatest readiness to explain myself further, in conversation or otherwise, if upon any point I have been defective, and a sincere desire, of which I trust you think I have given evidence, to shape my conduct in such a manner as may least interfere with your general arrangements; irrespectively, so far as may be, of objections on the score of any impediment, except such as I feel *ought* to be detrimental to my character.'

Perhaps no two intellects which have ever been applied to the pursuit of politics were more fundamentally dissimilar than Peel's and Gladstone's; so that the difficulty which the older man found in comprehending the younger is scarcely surprising. How far apart the two men were in their habits of thought and in their views and interests may be gathered from an anecdote related by Mr. George Peel. We are told that one morning at Drayton Sir Robert received a copy of Gladstone's famous book on 'Church and State.' He opened and glanced at the pages, and as he put it aside was heard to say: 'That young man will miss a fine career if he writes such books as these.'

But, whatever Peel's opinion of Gladstone, there is plenty of evidence in these volumes of the sincere admiration with which the masculine good sense and paramount capacity of his chief inspired the younger statesman. Peel was eulogised by Gladstone in his old age as the greatest man he had ever known. If this were the proper place, it would be interesting to indulge in some reflections on the extent to which the example of Peel's changes of opinion and policy may have influenced his successor in his equally striking departures from the principles and declarations of his early career.

A feature of these memoirs which should not pass unnoticed—for it is one which redounds to the credit not only of Peel himself, but of those whose natural desire to vindicate the statesman's actions might well have been held to justify a tone of acerbity in reference to Peel's adversaries—is the studied absence of personalities of every sort. Mr. Parker rightly says that Peel's magnanimous silence in regard to his opponents is a trait of greatness. There are only two or three allusions to Disraeli, and of Canning, Russell, Cobden, or Stanley there is not an unkind word. It was the same, says Mr. Parker, in conversation. 'I never,' writes Viscount Cardwell, 'heard him speak unkindly of his persecutors; and when I mentioned this to Lady Peel her reply was: "Yes, but you cannot know that he would never allow me to do so."' There is not, so far as we know, a  
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single letter, speech, or action of Peel's which interrupts this stately reticence in regard to the attacks of living adversaries, while he was uniformly generous in his remembrance and acknowledgment of the greatness of his opponents. Everyone recollects his ready and cordial admission of Canning's prior claim to the chief honours of Catholic Emancipation. There is a letter printed in the Croker Papers, addressed by Peel to Lady Canning in 1835, in which, in a cordial and unsolicited offer to introduce young Lord Canning to public life by appointing him to a lordship of the Treasury, he says:—

'I should be proud to give him (Lord Canning) the means of acquiring the knowledge that might enable him to maintain the lustre of his name, and to have the opportunity of marking that attachment and admiration for his father which separation from him in public life has never abated.'

Attempts have been made, as the editor of the Peel Memoirs remarks, to point out in what Peel's chief strength lay; and both Mr. Parker and Mr. George Peel endeavour to define the qualities which gave Sir Robert his conspicuous position in the roll of British statesmen. Unquestionably the editor is right in saying that '*his forte* was action.' It is upon his qualities as a man of affairs that, in almost every judgment passed upon Peel as a statesman, the chief stress is laid. 'What posterity will acknowledge him to have been,' says Disraeli, 'is the greatest Member of Parliament that ever lived.' And although Mr. Gladstone described this eulogy as a left-handed compliment, his own eulogium is not essentially different: 'Peel was the best man of business who was ever Prime Minister of this country.' The same authority is elsewhere quoted as entertaining the opinion that Peel's Ministry of 1841–1846 was the most perfectly organised administrative machine through which Great Britain has ever been governed. The pages of these memoirs make it easy to understand that this was the case. In every letter there is evidence of that keen business intelligence which Peel derived from his mercantile ancestors and which, transferred from the warehouses of Lancashire to the offices of Whitehall and Downing Street, he applied incessantly to every detail of the business of the State. In this respect Peel was the most conspicuous example of a class of Prime Ministers which has latterly gone a good deal out of fashion. Nowadays the responsibilities of office, like everything else, tend to become specialised. The work of the great departments of the State has grown to such a degree as to make it no longer possible for a Premier to exercise over his

his colleagues the same degree of effective control which in earlier times, and before public business had grown to its present unmanageable dimensions, it was deemed the especial function of the Prime Minister to maintain. In Peel's time the old theory of the premiership was still unaltered, and Peel was himself its most efficient exponent. The extremely valuable and interesting letters which passed between Peel and his most active and capable colleague in his last Ministry, Sir James Graham, show the extent and thoroughness with which Peel applied himself to the control and supervision of the business of the State. It appears, however, that already in 1845 the growth of official business of every kind had reached a volume which even the matchless constitution, the unwearied diligence, and the conscientious determination of Peel found too heavy a task for a single brain. In an interesting letter to Arbuthnot, Wellington's confidential friend, elicited apparently by some complaint on the part of the Duke of the infrequency of Ministerial consultation upon matters of general policy, Peel observes upon the first symptoms of that over-curiosity and over-busy-ness of Parliament under the burthen of which his successors in the leadership of the House of Commons have of late been so much more sorely oppressed. 'The fact is,' he writes, 'that the state of public business while Parliament sits is becoming in many ways a matter of most serious concern,' and he goes on to give the following remarkable summary of the business of a Prime Minister as he understood and practised it:—

'I defy the Minister of this country to perform properly the duties of his office,—to read all that he ought to read, including the whole foreign correspondence; to keep up the constant communication with the Queen and the Prince; to see all whom he ought to see; to superintend the grant of honours and the disposal of civil and ecclesiastical patronage; to write with his own hand to every person of note who chooses to write to him; to be prepared for every debate, including the most trumpery concerns; to do all these indispensable things, and also sit in the House of Commons eight hours a day for one hundred and eighteen days.

'It is impossible for me not to feel that the duties are incompatible, and above all human strength,—at least, above mine. The worst of it is that the really important duties to the country—those out of the House of Commons—are apt to be neglected. I never mean to solve the difficulty in one way—namely, by going to the House of Lords. But it must be solved one way or another. The failure of the mind is the usual way, as we know from sad experience.'

Yet, impossible as this task sounds, and as he states it to be, Peel not only contrived to discharge it, but to discharge it with  
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a degree of all-round efficiency which no other statesman has ever rivalled. What the qualities were which enabled him to do so have never been better stated than in the language employed after his death by his eminent adversary Disraeli:—

‘Nature had combined in Sir Robert Peel many admirable parts. In him a physical frame incapable of fatigue was united with an understanding equally vigorous and flexible. He was gifted with the faculty of method in the highest degree, and with great powers of application, which were sustained by a prodigious memory, while he could convey his acquisitions with clear and fluent elocution.’ He thus became ‘a transcendent administrator of public business, and a matchless master of debate in a popular assembly.’

The question which has been asked and answered in different ways over and over again since his death, is inevitably raised afresh by these volumes. Was Sir Robert Peel a statesman of the first class? Was he a great man? We do not know that there is anything in these volumes to alter the character of the answer to be given to this question, which must depend in any case on the definition of greatness. As was said at the commencement of this article, these volumes leave the reputation of Sir Robert Peel almost precisely where it was before they were published. They contain nothing detrimental to his fame, while they abound in what goes to sustain his credit. On the other hand, they contain nothing which raises the previously formed estimate of the nature of his intellect and its limitations. Peel was not a man of genius, though Mr. Parker would have us call him one, and in proof of the assertion cites the two notes of it which Peel possessed, ‘an infinite capacity for taking pains, and in his work habitual success.’ These may be notes of genius, but they are not conclusive proofs of its existence: there are too many instances of laborious industry far removed from genius, and of unquestionable genius not crowned by success. If we were asked to characterise in a word the dominant quality of Sir Robert Peel, we should designate a quality seldom associated with genius—efficiency. He did everything well that he tried to do. In the realm of action he made no mistakes, and could always be relied on to do whatever needed to be done. If the definition of a constitutional statesman as a man of common opinions and uncommon abilities is a sound one, then Peel was a statesman of the first rank. For he was supremely able, and his opinions were the opinions of the average man of his class and time. But the definition is applicable more to an executive Minister than to a statesman; for the latter term surely implies some gift of imagination, some endowment

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of creative power. On this side Peel was conspicuously deficient: he not only had no imagination, but he did not sympathise with it in others. He disliked Canning; he distrusted Palmerston; he never appreciated Disraeli; he misunderstood Gladstone. The minds with which he preferred to co-operate were the practical matter-of-fact minds of Wellington or Sir James Graham. In these three volumes of letters there is an abundance of the soundest sense, and not a single foolish observation; but there is scarcely a single original idea or pregnant saying. Peel's was probably the most serviceable intellect ever applied to English politics; but it was essentially a mechanical intellect. He understood the business rather than the art of statesmanship. No political correspondence with which we are acquainted is so closely conversant as Peel's with those immediate administrative duties which preoccupied his thoughts; none is so deficient in what may be called statesmanlike speculation. There is perhaps no better available evidence of the justice of these criticisms than that which the Tamworth Manifesto affords. The Tamworth Manifesto is perhaps the most formal, deliberate, and considered statement of his political principles which Peel ever penned or uttered. It professed to be, and was, a frank exposition of general principles and views made at a moment of signal interest, on the morrow of a great constitutional change to which its author had been persistently opposed. It is an extremely adroit statement and it is a thoroughly practical statement. It expresses with great accuracy the practical character of Peel's mind, which was ever ready to accept a *fait accompli*. But read in the cold atmosphere of to-day the Tamworth Manifesto is nothing more than an affirmation that the fact of having resisted the Reform Bill was no necessary bar to the acceptance of office after it had passed, and a statement that he and his followers were ready to accept the new constitutional order and to abstain from every attempt to upset it. But though the Tamworth Manifesto is thus a proof of the strong practical sagacity of Sir Robert Peel, it is a proof of nothing more than this. It contains not a single vivid or luminous phrase; it offers no evidence that its writer divined the problems of the future, or understood the new forces which reform had brought into play. It is the programme of an adroit party manager rather than the manifesto of a far-seeing statesman. The only phrase of Peel's which is still remembered—'Register, register, register'—has for sixty years, since it was first coined, been the watchword of all political parties; but it is the motto of an election agent rather than of a Minister.

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Yet, while it is true that the Tamworth Manifesto was 'an attempt to construct a party without principles,' and that the Conservatism of which Peel was the founder strove 'to carry on affairs by substituting the fulfilment of the duties of office for the performance of the functions of government,' it would be both stupid and ungrateful to ignore the value of the eminent service rendered to the constitution by a statesman who, in the hour of despair and apprehended revolution, was able to rally the forces of order and, arresting with a vigorous hand the paralysis which threatened to destroy party government, to demonstrate not merely the political capacity, but the indispensability of the classes which had appeared to be for ever ostracised by the passing of the Reform Act. These letters, like almost every memoir which relates to the period of the Reform Act, testify to the exaggerated apprehensions which were seriously entertained by critics of every sort, and of which the pessimism of John Wilson Croker, who refused to enter the reformed House of Commons, was the most signal example. The depression was not confined to the Tadpoles and Tapers, who could conjecture no means whereby to repair the ravages wrought in the Tory ranks by Schedule A and Schedule B. Serious politicians seriously anticipated, during the first weeks of the first session of the reformed House of Commons, an English version of the French National Convention. In Peel's own view, as expressed in 1833, 'the question was not, Can you turn out any Government? but, Can you keep in any Government and stave off confusion?' But he resolutely set himself to work to make the Reform Bill a success, and to falsify the predictions of himself and his friends by showing that the reformed House of Commons could be made to work very much after the model of the old House of Commons. He succeeded by dint of his practical gifts, by his knowledge of the forms of business, by his happy instinct for compromise, which made it easier for him than for other men to take advantage of the elements of agreement between himself and his opponents. It is the highest praise and the greatest service rendered by Sir Robert Peel, a service higher than either the gift of Catholic Emancipation or the Repeal of the Corn Laws—for both those measures must have passed without him had he not embraced them, as they would have passed in spite of him had he continued to oppose them—that by his good sense, moderation, and knowledge of affairs he was able to preserve the continuity of English political life and of constitutional practice amid the shock of a cataclysm which threatened to subvert both. Alone among the members of his party, alone, it may



may even be said, among the leaders on either side at that time, Peel saw that the strength of the House of Commons as an institution, and the force of its traditions, were stronger than the violence of the crude revolutionaries who were expected in 1833 to overturn the Constitution. It is to Peel that we owe the first and most signal illustration of that special characteristic of the British House of Commons which has done so much to give stability to our politics in the nineteenth century: its power of absorbing into its system the most anarchical and seemingly destructive elements, and of deriving fresh authority and vigour from the infusion of opinions and forces which, superficially considered, might seem irreconcilably inconsistent with the spirit of the English constitution. Far as we have travelled since the commencement of the century, widely as political opinions and even axioms of government have altered, the House of Commons of Pitt and Fox, of Peel and Russell, of Disraeli and Gladstone, is in its essentials unchanged. That this is so is due more to the influence and example of Sir Robert Peel than to any other single cause.

As we have already observed, the careers of the two great Ministers whose names we have linked together in this article inevitably suggest comparison and contrast; though it must always be difficult, having regard to the wide dissimilarity of the conditions under which they worked, to fix their relative positions in the roll of British statesmen. There is a certain unsatisfactoriness about the careers of both, which makes it impossible for any sympathetic student of the policy of either statesman not to wish that each had been favoured with a more lengthened span of life. How different had been the estimate of Pitt had he lived to wear the laurels with which Waterloo would have crowned him! How much of the interminable controversy which has raged round the morality of Peel's conduct in relation to the Corn Laws would have been silenced in his favour had he been spared to lead the Peelites in 1853, and to save the country, as his authority would have assuredly enabled him to do, from the blunders of the Crimean War! But to each came all too soon 'the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears'; and posterity must appraise their fame as they were, not as they might have been.

The career of Peel was in one respect, at least, more fortunate than that of Pitt. It followed the line of natural development in political progress. In antecedents, in training, and in habits of thought more conservative than the earlier statesman, and opposed from principle to that parliamentary reform which Pitt in his youth had on principle befriended, Peel followed a

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course which ran parallel, for the most part, with the river of progress. The Reform Act once passed, the most inveterate enemy of Reform became the chief of practical reformers. In Pitt, upon the other hand, the natural growth of principles more liberal, in the first instance, than those of Peel, was arrested by the iron necessities of the struggle for the national existence of Great Britain which he was obliged to wage for two-thirds of his career as a Minister. In a word, the bloody Revolution of France, provoking an inevitable reaction in every English mind, made a Tory of the Liberal in Pitt, while the bloodless revolution of 1832 in England made a Liberal of a Conservative Peel; and Peel became, almost without wishing it, what Pitt had wished to be. Peace, retrenchment, and reform, the practical objects of Pitt's early administration, became the unattainable ideals of his later life. In the wild night of revolution the Pole-star by which he would have steered was lost to view, and he had to guide the ship by the lurid beacons of war, which drew him ever further and further from his early course.

Peel's happier fortune led him from the din of battles, which had overwhelmed his predecessor, to those paths of peace for which the whole bent of his mind so eminently fitted him. Though the great Continental struggle was not yet over when he entered on political life, three-fourths of his parliamentary career and the whole period of his power as Premier were spent in a profound European peace, in which the problems which had occupied Pitt's early thoughts called aloud for settlement under conditions peculiarly favourable to the exercise of Peel's special qualities. By a bitter irony Pitt was obliged to offer in his maturity a steadfast and uncompromising resistance to the measures to which he had been attached, and to which, in other circumstances, he would willingly have continued to devote his splendid genius; while Peel was led to bring all the resources of his unequalled parliamentary talents to the task of persuading a hostile aristocracy and a reluctant party to the adoption of measures or to acquiescence in legislation which he had all his life opposed. Could there be a more convincing illustration of the iron coercion which environment exercises over the wills and wishes of the most powerful of statesmen?

If, with equal capacities for the business of administration and for the management of the House of Commons, Pitt and Peel may be held to have rivalled each other in the possession of those qualities which make a great domestic statesman, the attempt to press comparison further fails by reason of the inequality of their opportunities. To Pitt was denied what was granted

granted to Peel, the career for which each was best suited, the career of a great Peace Minister. The history of Pitt's administration until 1793 suggests that, had he been free to devote himself to domestic politics, he would have been the greatest Peace Minister England has ever known. But there is nothing to guide our guess as to what would have become of Peel had he been called upon to face the vast complications of a European war. Pitt is best known as a War Minister, but it is easy to picture him as a Peace Minister. It is impossible to think of Peel divorced from the commercial statesmanship in which he excelled. We may feel fairly confident that under his superintendence such blunders as were committed in Quiberon Bay and in Holland would never have been permitted. But would Peel have foreseen the Peninsular War and its results? Would he have displayed in the midst of a world-wide conflagration that spirit, indomitable under every buffet of adverse fortune, that perennial serenity and hopefulness of temperament, which enabled Pitt through a long succession of years to meet the enemies of England in the gate, and to become the animating brain of Europe in the Homeric struggle against Napoleon? We cannot answer; for happily Peel was never tried as Pitt was tried. To foreign affairs he devoted almost less of his mind than did Pitt to domestic legislation after 1793; and his views of foreign policy are almost a blank. Thus, though we may contrast the fortunes, we can scarcely compare the capacity of the two statesmen. But it is perhaps no unjust conclusion to affirm that, if Peel was the abler Minister, Pitt was the greater man.

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- ART. V.—1. *Examples of Carved Oak Woodwork in the Houses and Furniture of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries.* By W. B. Sanders. London, 1883.
2. *Specimens of Antique Carved Furniture and Woodwork (English).* By A. Marshall. London, 1885.
3. *Examples of Old Furniture (English and Foreign).* By A. E. Chancellor. London, 1898.

THIS is a self-conscious and imitative age. We look to the past for inspiration, with too little regard for the special necessities and conditions of our own day. Let him who would find full and cogent proof of the truth of this proposition view the Law Courts in Fleet Street within and without. The accomplished architect, with infinite labour and zeal, brought together a congeries of beautiful ornament and detail wholly unfitted for London smoke and fog, and, having become as it were hypnotised by the spirit of mediævalism, persuaded himself and others that a building apparently intended for a monastery in a remote part of Spain satisfied the requirements of courts of justice in the middle of London. But whatever architectural failures may be due to a too slavish regard for precedent, the present taste for the furniture and woodwork of a bygone age is less open to adverse criticism. Our needs in this respect are not essentially different from those of our forefathers; and the old models are so good, while the furniture of the mahogany age of fifty years ago is so incurably and irredeemably bad, that we cannot go very far wrong in reverting to earlier and purer canons of taste. Hence there are few pursuits which have given more pleasure to their votaries than the search for and collection of specimens of old oak handicraft: few, it must be added, in which the wily dealer has put more pleasantries upon the confiding customer. For here supply is in no wise adequate to demand. Fire, worm, damp, neglect, decay, accident, have contributed to leave comparatively little of the garniture of an old English house. It was clear very early that the stock must be maintained from other sources. What those sources are we shall indicate presently more at length; it is enough to say now that the forger's activity has, to a certain extent, recoiled upon his own head. The general suspicion cast upon old oak has made the unlearned very shy about buying, and while distrusting their own judgment they have even less confidence in the vendor's assurances and recommendations.

It is remarkable how scanty and inadequate is the literature of the subject. Church furniture and fittings have received abundant

abundant attention, but domestic furniture seems to have been to a great extent neglected. Many excellent drawings have, it is true, been published, but the letter-press in almost all cases is meagre and inaccurate. Architects and others have given us plates which, while supplying admirable working drawings for designers, are accompanied by descriptions which illustrate only the shallowness of the writer's knowledge. For instance, in a volume published not many years ago, a drawing is given of a Jacobean acorn-legged table, which has been fantastically christened 'Chaucer's table.' The author proceeds gravely to discuss the question whether the table may not have been brought from Italy by the poet, who spent some considerable time in that country *about the period of the Renaissance!*

Old carved oak furniture such as the collector, not being a millionaire, is likely to pick up, may be referred to a fairly well-defined period. There is little to be found of a date before or after the seventeenth century. Specimens of real Elizabethan work were never, in later days, sufficiently common for many examples to have survived; and when, after the beginning of Queen Anne's reign, fashion changed, the old school of wood-carvers passed away, leaving successors whose efforts are but feeble and degenerate imitations of the work of the preceding century. The simplicity of primitive times was long preserved in the forms, and is still preserved in the names, of articles of domestic use. The cup-board on which the Saxon settler ranged his drinking-cups, the side-board on which he put aside the dishes and food not in immediate use, the trestle-supported board or table on which his meal was laid, attest the rude domestic economy of the day; and what was good enough for the early immigrant served with little modification for his successors, tillers of the soil, for many generations. Scattered here and there in the dwellings of the richer thanes or in the monasteries more elaborate work might no doubt be met with, richly ornamented furniture and fittings from Italy; but classical influence was too refined, too far above the necessities of such rude times, to be taken into account in examining the development of the household surroundings of the Anglo-Saxon eorl or thane. Nor will that influence be found to play a greater part at a later period. Activity and invention during the Middle Ages ran almost exclusively in devotional or military channels. Where luxury existed it was forced to accommodate itself to ecclesiastical forms. When the wealthy baron wanted to furnish his castle with extraordinary splendour he had to apply to the architect, who transferred bodily, rather than translated, into wood the fine Gothic conceptions and designs which belonged

in truth to the structure and ornament of a church. Little genuine Gothic furniture remains to our days, but we can see plenty of examples in the illuminations of missals and other works. Allowing for stiffness and conventionality of drawing, we have abundant evidence that such adaptations must have been uncomfortable and unsuitable to the last degree; but the sacrifice of comfort to dignity and sumptuousness is readily made. Pugin designed some Gothic furniture for Windsor Castle, and the fidelity with which he adhered to ancient models made his failure to produce work either in good taste or adapted for its purpose only more complete.

Domestic convenience and luxury were all but unknown to the middle classes in England before the Tudor period. During the long peace which followed the Wars of the Roses, national wealth, which showed but slight increment in the preceding centuries, increased by leaps and bounds. The franklin, the well-to-do burgher, even the craftsman and the husbandman, began to look for elegance and comfort in the place of bare necessities. Art, which had been confined to the church and the castle, deigned to visit the hall and the homestead. A school of wood-carvers of considerable skill and ability had survived the troubled times of the fifteenth century; and although their work will not often bear comparison in respect of either taste or precision with the exquisite carvings executed a hundred years earlier, rood-screens and bench-ends in many churches and carved panelling in a few manor-houses prove that the handicraftsman's skill had survived the decadence of Gothic architecture. But when Gothic architecture was obsolete, and the men were dead who worked out Gothic conceptions in stone or wood, it became necessary to look abroad for what England could no longer supply. As Tudor times advanced and the last of the old workmen passed away, having taught their mystery to no successors, the shortcomings of native talent were supplied from Flanders and the Low Countries. When the tide of the Renaissance flowing from Italy was spreading itself over the plains of Western Europe, the simultaneous growth of trade and commerce was rapidly creating wealth; and wealth refused to be confined within the narrow limits, the restrictive trammels, of the past. Just as the revival of classical learning and literature called forth a band of scholars whose acumen and industry unlocked for them with little delay the gates of their new inheritance, so classic art found equal ability and devotion in the craftsman. The *cinquecento* period produced wood-carvers in Italy, France, and Flanders whose works are the pattern and despair of modern imitators. Communication



tion between England and the Low Countries had been constant and intimate during the Middle Ages, owing to the wool trade; and when a call for the new development of art arose in England, it was only natural that the response should come from Flanders. The finer woodwork, of sixteenth-century date, which fortunately is still to be admired in many historic mansions throughout the land, was almost all executed by Flemish workmen, many of whom had doubtless sought these shores as refugees escaping from religious persecution. The richly-carved panelling, the overmantel or screen decorated with grotesque figures executed with vivacity and precision, betray their foreign origin just as surely as the 'Flaunders kist' of the church inventories of an earlier age. Of course we are not to assume that native skill was altogether wanting. English workmen, at first no doubt under the direction of Flemish artificers, but afterwards without foreign assistance, produced much good work; but in the higher class of subjects, in the more correct anatomical representation of figures and the skilful rendering of foliage, English art cannot be said to have approached the Continental standard. How high that standard was, how well-nigh unapproachable, is perhaps best shown in the magnificent wood-carving of the organ loft in the chapel of King's College, Cambridge, executed in 1535.

The excellence of Elizabethan and Jacobean work fully maintained the tradition of former years. It is only after the Civil War that the decadence becomes marked. Although much fine work of Restoration date remains in many of our great churches, no fresh impetus stimulated and directed the development of domestic furniture. As the seventeenth century closed, each decade saw less and less originality of design, and a complete degeneracy in English carved oak marks the Hanoverian age. Any date subsequent to about 1700 on a cabinet or buffet is generally surrounded by work which proves how great was the fall from the height attained in past days. Each year saw greater poverty of conception, and ruder, shallower, and more perfunctory ornament; but the art, well-nigh defunct, received its death-blow from an unlooked-for quarter. In the year 1724, the master of a West Indian ship brought home some logs of wood called mahogany as ballast, and gave them to his brother, Dr. William Gibbons, a London physician of some repute, who was building a house. The carpenters declared that it was too hard for their tools, and refused to use it. Mahogany, as we know it, is more easily worked than oak; but it must be remembered that the early importations consisted of what is known as Spanish mahogany

from the island of St. Domingo, an extremely hard variety ; and the use of English oak had then for some time been largely superseded by soft-grained woods. A candle-box was afterwards made of the new wood, which looked so well that a bureau was taken in hand. This attracted the admiration of the doctor's visitors, and, amongst them, of the Duchess of Buckingham, who ordered another of the same material. A supply being easily obtained, mahogany became the rage, and all who made any pretence to be in the fashion hastened to clear their houses of old oak furniture to make way for its more elegant rival. Thus many a costly chest, cabinet, or bedstead was degraded from the mansion to the cottage. People often wonder at the finely-carved oak still occasionally to be seen in humble dwellings, and draw therefrom unwarrantable conclusions as to the wealth and refinement of the English peasant in the past. The truth is, such things only came into his possession because no one else wanted them ; and such appreciation as the modern possessor has of their beauties dates only from yesterday, when the urgent inquiries of collectors have given to the ignorant very exaggerated notions of the value of their treasures.

So English oak fell out of sight. Only the finer and more massive specimens were allowed to stand in the old hall or chamber, where perhaps they had originally been put together. As the century advanced French influence became more pronounced. In the early years of George the Third, Chippendale and his successors designed furniture of peculiar grace, and executed their conceptions with workmanship that has never been surpassed. Lovers of old oak, if any remained at that period, could not deny the excellence and convenience of the new fashion, surpassing the old in many essential respects ; and it is only natural that the present revival of taste should have once more brought into prominence such admirable work. To what farther perfection the Chippendale and Sheraton styles might have attained it is profitless to inquire. The long war with France shut us out from the reception of fresh ideas from the Continent, and by fettering trade and swelling taxation closed the purses of citizens. A long winter of bad taste set in : a winter only broken by a tardy and uncertain spring in the middle of the present century. The awakening is even yet far from universal or thorough. The note was first sounded by the antiquary and the ecclesiologist, who pointed out the degradation which had overtaken our churches, and insisted upon the grace and fitness of mediæval models. The extension of their principles from the church to the house was easy and natural.

natural. When attention had once been called to the excellence of the old work, the inferiority of the new stood out in shocking prominence, and all who had artistic aspirations hastened to follow the better way.

Having sketched thus hastily the history of the development of old English furniture, we may now fill in, with a little more detail, the outlines which embrace the special period which has almost the only practical interest for the connoisseur of domestic carved oak. That period is, as we have said, the seventeenth century. We will examine the ordinary and extraordinary pieces of furniture which might have been seen in an English middle-class house of the time of James I., and during other Stewart reigns. It must be premised that all those which we are about to describe would hardly be found under any one roof, for the modern rage for stuffing our rooms with furniture and ornaments finds no precedent in the past.

In the first place, the walls of the living rooms and principal bedrooms in our typical house will probably be lined with small panels of plain oak, or wainscot, taking its name from the planks of thin wood originally used to form the sides of a waggon. If the dwelling date back to Tudor times, the panels may be carved with the linen-fold or some similar pattern; it is not likely that they will be elaborately inlaid. Such rare and beautiful work as the panelling once in the inlaid room at Sizergh Castle, Westmoreland, and recently removed to the South Kensington Museum, must have been executed by foreign hands, and would only be seen in the mansions of the noble and wealthy. Above the fireplace we observe that the plain panelling of the walls is relieved by an elaborately carved overmantel, composed of recessed arches, flanked by grotesque figures. Magnificent examples of such overmantels may be seen in Stokesay Castle, Shropshire. Framed and panelled doors had, not long before the period of which we are treating, superseded the massive doors of thick oak planks, iron-bound and studded with huge nails, of less secure days. In the hall stands the great table, the 'table dormant' of Chaucer's franklin. The boards and trestles of primitive times were doubtless still used wherever there was a recurring necessity to make a clear space; such tables were often fastened on one side to the wall with a hinge, so as to be turned back against the wall, as Shakespeare says:—

'Come, musicians, play;  
A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls;  
More light, you knaves; and turn the tables up.'

('Romeo and Juliet,' act I., sc. v.)

But

But permanent tables were not unknown in very early times, as, for instance, on the dais of a baronial hall. At Penshurst there are large tables in the hall dating from the fourteenth century, and the long narrow tables in conventual refectories belonged to this class. The top of these large tables is commonly formed of a solid slab of oak two or three inches thick; the framework is carved with a foliated pattern of conventional design; and the legs, which in the Elizabethan and preceding period had been of comparatively slender proportions, were now assuming the distended and gouty form to which the name of acorn-legs has been applied. When the custom of taking meals in the hall fell into disuse, a table was required which could be adapted in size to the number of diners. This end was effected by a very simple contrivance. Underneath the surface of the table were two leaves occupying together the entire space; when these were drawn out from each end the surface sank to the level originally occupied by the leaves, and the available space was thus doubled. The leaves were supported by runners drawn out of the framework of the table. These 'drawing-tables' afforded examples of soundness and solidity of construction, in which the flimsy telescopic dining-table of to-day so conspicuously fails. Specimens of smaller Elizabethan and Jacobean tables may be seen in the communion tables, very common in churches not many years ago; their form is entirely domestic, the early Puritans refusing to tolerate any specially ecclesiastical features. Alongside the wall we may observe a small hexagonal or octagonal table, with deep framework, arched and carved, having a leaf half the size of the top and supported in the same way as the flaps of an ordinary eight-legged table. These latter, to which the name of gate-legged has been given, are not common before Charles II.'s reign. In the earlier specimens, which are greatly prized by collectors, the leaves are each supported by four legs, often spirally turned, making, together with the four which carry the framework, twelve.

Chairs will be found of a variety of patterns. Near the fire is a massive arm-chair, with square back, boldly carved and surmounted by an undulating cornice having the initials of its first owner, and perhaps a date; but dates are only common towards the close of the century. The high-backed chairs, with a network of cane in the seats and backs, were introduced from France and Flanders. The finer examples were at first confined to the houses of the wealthy; but as the demand spread, and the execution became less elaborate, good specimens found their way into humbler homes, and by the time of William and Mary their use was very general. The dining-chairs, which began to supersede

supersede the humbler bench or stool about the reign of Charles I., are of the shape now known as Cromwellian. Square and solid, their seats and backs covered with pigskin, they may be met with here and there still doing good service after an uninterrupted use of two hundred and fifty years. The legs are tied together by rails, and in the more ancient chairs these rails are close to the ground, both for greater strength and in order that the sitter may, by keeping his feet on the front rail, avoid the damp rush-strewn floor. When floors were boarded and dry the latter necessity no longer existed, and the front rail was placed higher up. In the hall or in the entrance-lobby stands a settle, with straight back more or less elaborately carved, and perhaps with lockers below the seat. The bacon-settle of west-country farm-houses is a later variety. Here the back is carried up to a height of five or six feet, and forms a cupboard in which a gammon or hams might be kept near the fire. A peculiar form of settle, which belongs almost exclusively to western counties, is the table-chair, in which the back of the seat folds over, and, supported on the arms, forms a table; these were sometimes made in two or more divisions, so that the sitter may have a table at his side. This ingenious contrivance has been copied by the modern antique-furniture maker, and such articles humorously dubbed 'sedilia' or 'monks' benches.' Dinner-waggon are generally regarded as belonging to the mahogany age, but they were not unknown two hundred years ago, and were a development of the court-cupboard described below, the enclosed cupboard being omitted and its place supplied by a drawer under the middle shelf.

Up and down the house we shall see plenty of joint or joined stools, four-legged, and carved after the fashion of miniature tables. Little chairs and stools for children are occasionally met with. Good examples of the former, made after the model of the large square-backed chairs, may be seen at South Kensington. In one of the earliest London wills preserved in Somerset House, we find a curious bequest of these joint stools. Roger Elmesley, of London, a wax-chandler's servant, in 1434, bequeaths to his godchild Robert Sharp, 'a litil Joyned stolle for a child, and a nother Joyned stolle, large for to sitte on, whanne he cometh to mannes state.' The seats and backs of chairs and settles and the tops of stools were often stuffed, and covered with leather or pigskin; and from Charles I.'s reign we meet with low broad-seated chairs with claw legs, upholstered in the modern fashion, and covered with silk brocade or damask.

No articles of ancient domestic furniture are so common as oak chests, and every house above the rank of a cottage must have possessed several in the seventeenth century. We may assume that there are at least a dozen in the chambers and passages of our ideal house. It is not necessary to go very deeply into the history of these chests, arks, or coffers, as they are called in inventories and wills. Perhaps a lady's dress-trunk best recalls the earliest type—the wicker baskets covered with hides, used by the Anglo-Saxons. In later times these portable chests were made of wood and bound with iron, having rings through which poles might be inserted for carriage, and were called 'trussing-chests.' Wherever portability was not an object, heavy 'standard' chests, strengthened with massive bands of wrought iron, were used. The arched top of some of these, cut out of the solid trunk of a tree, reminds us of the origin of the modern name. In the finer chests—and it is hardly necessary to add that these belong to the earlier part of the seventeenth century—the mouldings are deeply cut, the panels are recessed, arches and pilasters in relief give incident and shadow to the surface, and the intervening spaces are sometimes occupied by figures carved after Flemish models. The surface of the panels is often beautifully inlaid with pear, holly, and bog oak. The initials of the first owner and a date carved on the rail under the lid give additional value and interest to some of these fine old specimens. Besides the larger chests we may notice several smaller coffers, ranging down to the so-called deed or muniment boxes, of which the lid is sometimes sloped to form a writing-desk.

We may allot at least four cabinets to our old manor-house. Several distinct types were common in different parts of the country, alike beautiful in design and excellent in workmanship. On no part of the plenishing of the house were greater taste and skill expended. The earliest form of cabinet, introduced from Flanders, consisted of a large cupboard surmounted by a smaller and shallower one, standing a few inches back from the lower portion, the projecting cornice being commonly supported by heavy turned pillars. The whole of the panelled front is often carved or inlaid with light or dark wood, ivory or mother-o'-pearl being also occasionally used, while grotesque figures flank the panels above and below. From this primitive type were developed several local varieties. In Wales and the border counties an upper story is added, somewhat after the fashion of the top of a kitchen-dresser, with shelves for dishes, and the whole is then known as a cupboard *tridarn*, or tripartite cupboard.

Court-cupboards



Court-cupboards are often mentioned in ancient inventories, and are referred to by Shakespeare:—

‘Away with the joint-stools,  
Remove the court-cupboard.’

(‘Romeo and Juliet,’ act I., sc. v.)

These differed from the ordinary cabinets in the construction of the upper portion; the dimensions of this were shortened by splaying off the corners, the centre panel retaining its original position, while the side panels slope away towards the back. These court or short cupboards are sometimes open below and supported by large acorn-shaped pillars. A fine inlaid specimen was sold in the Hailstone collection for a hundred guineas, and a very handsome example may be seen in Warwick Castle. Corner cupboards hardly belong to this period. They are almost invariably plain and uncarved, dating from the eighteenth century. Carved specimens, though common enough in the art furnisher’s show-rooms, are extremely rare in the seventeenth century.

We will now ascend the broad oak staircase, admiring the massive carved newel posts, capped perhaps with the family badge in the form of a lion, griffin, or other heraldic monster, if the dignity of the house is high. An extremely fine staircase, and one of the least known, may be seen at Lordington, near Emsworth, now a farm-house. Another, more accessible and very well known, is at the Charterhouse in London, probably constructed when that building was the town house of the Duke of Norfolk. A third is at Cromwell House, Highgate, now a branch of the Hospital for Sick Children.

The draughty houses of our forefathers early necessitated some special protection for sleepers, and this was afforded, as we see in contemporary pictures and illuminated manuscripts, by an arrangement very similar to the modern Arabian or tent bedstead, the curtains being fastened to the ceiling of the room. When the advantage of having a bedstead which could be moved in any direction was recognized, the curtain rings were detached from the ceiling and fastened to an independent framework, which became the four-poster of our grandfathers. Inventories and wills of the sixteenth and following centuries contain frequent references to these ‘beddes of tymbre.’ In our old house we find one in each of the principal sleeping-rooms, but the most costly is reserved for the great guest-chamber. This is a splendid work of art, and eminently calculated to impress its occupier with the dignity of his surroundings. The head reproduces, with scarcely less elaboration of detail,

detail, the figures and carving of the overmantels downstairs. There is a narrow shelf for books, and upon pressing a spring in one of the panels a secret cupboard is revealed. The tester, carved and panelled, is surrounded by a cornice, inlaid with lighter wood, from which a crimson silk valance and curtains hang. The posts are deeply carved, and broken, about the level of the bed, into four or five small pilasters, a construction which has given such bedsteads the name of twelve- or fourteen-posters. In the earlier examples the posts stand detached from the foot-board and bed. One of such ponderous structures was the bed of Henry VIII., described as nearly eleven feet square, and of even larger dimensions was the Great Bed of Ware, to which Shakespeare refers in a well-known passage. Underneath the bed was often concealed a small couch for a servant, called a truckle or trundle bed, which could be drawn out at night. Thus we read of the trencher-chaplain sleeping

‘Upon the truckle-bed,  
While his young maister lieth o’er his head.’  
(Bishop Hall, ‘Toothless Satires.’)

and Hudibras is said to have

‘Roused the squire in truckle lolling.’ (‘Hudibras.’)

A cradle occupies a corner of the lady’s bedroom—an heirloom in which the scions of the house are rocked for many generations. It has high carved sides, the initials of its first occupant and a date at the back, and the pent-house-shaped head forms a protection against draughts. Wardrobes or livery cupboards are not very common. They were usually made with two large panelled doors, the upper part of which alone is in most cases carved, and it is seldom that such work is other than plain and shallow. The ornate *armoires* of the Middle Ages had given place to a simpler style in this respect. No special peculiarity marks the tables and chairs which sparsely furnish these upper chambers: the modern practice of introducing the luxuries of a sitting-room into a bedroom was unknown in the seventeenth century.

Descending to the offices and outhouses, we shall find little to detain us long. Here all is of the plainest and solidest. One or two small square cupboards, such as may sometimes be picked up nowadays in the eastern counties, may be partially carved and inlaid, and we may meet with one of those beautiful little spice cupboards peculiar to the same part of England. The ends of the kneading-trough may possibly be carved. In the still-room, besides the apparatus for distilling cordials, from which the name comes, stands a linen-press, somewhat resembling the

the presses now used by bookbinders, but this is probably a Flemish importation. We should search in vain for the finely carved oak and walnut with which such rooms abounded at a later period, when mahogany had squeezed them out of the parlour and hall.

The admirable construction of old English oak furniture is sufficiently attested by the examples which have withstood the wear and tear of so many years. Structural features, instead of being thrust out of sight, were made to contribute to the general effect. No strain was placed against the grain of the wood: this is the besetting sin of the Chippendale and later schools. Ties and bands were openly used wherever strength was specially needed, and the various members were securely brought together by mortise and tenon, and fastened by wooden pegs with very sparing use of the nail or glue-pot. The ornament is, as we have said, of Renaissance parentage: some of the patterns employed may even be traced back through Rome and Greece to an Egyptian origin; but the taste and skill of British workmen introduced many modifications of the types they had received from their Flemish instructors. Fruit, flowers, and leaves were copied from conventional designs. The vine is perhaps the commonest, but the sunflower, the tulip, the lily, the carnation, the marigold, all furnished inspiration. Men and animals were attempted with less success. A recent writer on the subject, in a fanciful passage which would gladden the heart of Mr. Ruskin, supposes that the village carpenter, in carving a chest, took for his model some wild flower growing by his workshop, and translated it into the highly conventional form which we now see. It is hardly necessary to declare that such an artistic feat is beyond the power of any untaught village carpenter, not a genius, in this or any other age. We may assume that books of patterns were passed from hand to hand, and each locality developed its own special peculiarities in design and composition. Perhaps the best work of all is found—as, from their nearness to the Continent, we should expect to find it—in the eastern counties. There the carving is often of such beauty and refinement that we hesitate to attribute it to native hands. Excellent examples are also seen in the fine timber houses of Cheshire and Lancashire, and many remain in Staffordshire; a special feature of all this district is the very frequent use of the vine and grapes in decoration. In Yorkshire and Derbyshire are many worthy specimens, but the execution is sometimes rough and the ornament coarse. The midland counties can boast of no particular excellence, and in London and places to which the magnetism of London extended, old carved

carved oak was long ago almost wholly swept away by the tide of fashion. In Kent little carved work is to be found, its place being taken by deeply recessed mouldings, and turned spindles or rails split and glued on the surface of furniture, of which the panels are often richly inlaid with ivory and mother-o'-pearl.

In Sussex and the southern counties generally carved oak is no longer abundant, but the Sussex incised work has gained some reputation. In Somerset, the coarse work found in Sedgmoor and other remote districts grows in refinement as we approach the borders of Devonshire, and even before the boundary is crossed we may meet with work rivalling the productions of the eastern counties. There must have been a school of wood-carvers in Devonshire in the earlier part of the seventeenth century of singular skill and artistic capacity, recalling by their mastery over their material their predecessors one hundred and fifty years earlier, who fashioned the rood-screens and bench-ends of the West.

It need hardly be said that these scattered relics of the past come nowhere near supplying the modern demand for old carved oak. But the astute manufacturer has proved himself fully equal to the occasion. From all quarters he levies contributions; no material comes amiss to him:—

'Jove's oak, the warlike ash, veyn'd elm, the softer beech,  
Short hazell, maple plain, light aspe, the bending wych,  
Tough holly, and smooth birch, supply the *forger's* turn.'

(Fuller.)

By far the larger part of the supply is obtained from the factories in Belgium. From the workshops of Malines and other places large quantities are constantly imported into this country. The oak used, less close-grained and softer than the English variety, is by the help of machinery and cheap labour readily covered with a mass of carving, copied mainly from old Flemish models. The result is effective enough in the eyes of the uninstructed, but an abomination to the connoisseur, by reason of spiritless and mechanical workmanship, faulty construction, and meretricious ornament. To add to his exasperation, the forms follow all the modern developments of furniture—even down to the umbrella-stand and the coal-box; while the wood itself is an eyesore to those who compare it with good native oak.

A far less innocent source of the pseudo-antique springs from the destruction—the word is now generally recognised in this connexion as synonymous with 'restoration'—of our ancient churches. What havoc has been wrought in mediæval wood-

work

work let the sideboards and cabinets 'faked up' out of screens and bench-ends faintly tell. 'You see, sir,' as a dealer in such wares once explained to the writer, 'we get them out of the old churches when they restore them'! An insidious clause, common in the contracts made on such occasions, to the effect that all old materials are to become the property of the contractor, is responsible for much of the mischief. The old woodwork has to be temporarily removed; unsuspected decay and dilapidations are revealed; to repair and replace would be expensive. 'We kept one or two old bench-ends,' says the vicar afterwards, proudly showing his church to the stranger, 'but the rest were too far gone, and it was quite impossible to do anything with the rood-screen.' Meanwhile the furniture-vamper from the neighbouring town has taken sweet counsel with the builder; and while fifteenth-century cabinets and impossible buffets are being pushed forward in the purchaser's workshop, the 'restoration' committee are entertaining the bishop at the re-opening of the church, and bandying mutual congratulations on the 'conservative restoration' so happily effected. An antiquary had been examining a church in the West of England a few years ago, and, meeting the vicar in the churchyard, congratulated him upon the possession of some very finely carved bench-ends. The vicar, who disclaimed any special knowledge of such matters, replied: 'I always admired those bench-ends, and thought it would have been a pity to take them away.' 'Take them away!' cried the scandalised antiquary, 'why, who ever thought of such a thing?' 'Well,' said the vicar, 'when the church was restored *the architect wanted to clear them all off*'!

In default of the much-coveted church oak, supplies are largely drawn from farm-houses and cottages. Furniture which has been relegated to the yard or outhouse, doing duty as a corn-chest or rabbit-hutch, is altered, vamped up, carved, stained, and sold for a number of guineas exceeding that of the shillings paid to the late owner for his bargain. Descending a stage lower in the scale of shams, we find the stuff which is a fraud, lock, stock, and barrel, a forgery, more or less cunning, from ancient models, marked with a more or less plausible date. Worm-holes are artfully counterfeited; indeed we hear that the 'worm-eater,' as he is called, now takes his recognised place in the hierarchy of the antique-furniture trade. Holes made by screws are covered by rusty old nail-heads, acids are used to eat away the surface in places, or to give the required tone to the colouring, sharp edges of carving are rubbed down with a wire

wire brush, and made less prominent by the application of clay and other substances. Different devices are peculiar to different parts of the country; the practised eye can often detect the very district from which a forgery has emanated.

Nothing but experience will teach the amateur to avoid such pitfalls, but one or two warnings may be of service to him. Let him shun Wardour Street *in toto*. In purchasing let him consider, in the first place, the question of price. If a comparatively small sum be demanded for work which is, as the carvers say, very 'busy,' he may presume that it is genuine. The price would not pay the forger. Let him make particular inquiries as to the *provenance* of his contemplated purchase, and follow them up by independent investigation. Let him get, if possible, a written warranty from the vendor. It is, it must be confessed, highly improbable that a dealer will indulge him so far: that worthy's leanings are, altogether on the side of oral recommendations and assurances. But the absence of such warranty was recently held to be fatal to the plaintiff's claim in a very gross case of misrepresentation.

The prudent amateur will subject his proposed purchase to a careful and patient scrutiny, to see whether it is harmonious in style and construction. The forger's ignorance of the history of ornament is often the cause of his unmasking. Unless his work is a slavish copy of an ancient model he is almost sure to be betrayed into some solecism. English and foreign forms will often be confused, and a date placed on work which belongs to another period. The marks of the tools employed should be examined; modern work can sometimes be distinguished from ancient by the different size of the indentations made by the punches on adjacent surfaces. Weight is sometimes a touchstone of genuineness: counterfeits are commonly made of some wood lighter than old English oak.

Thus, through many mistakes and failures, often disappointed, often victimised, the collector will slowly gather his experience, replacing piece by piece his modern possessions with genuine furniture of Jacobean, Cromwellian, or later date; not, it must be confessed, without the occasional sacrifice of some practical convenience, and the risk of incurring some unpopularity in his family circle. Let us hope that these will be outweighed by his satisfaction in contemplating, in these days of pretension and unreality, good material, treated in honest and workmanlike fashion.

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- ART. VI.—1. *Provident Societies and Industrial Welfare*. By E. W. Brabrook, C.B., Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies. London, 1898.
2. The Publications of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society, Limited. Dublin.
- And other Works.

THE history of the property of the working class is not a mere exercise in statistics: it is a study of economic laws which are fundamental to the very existence of civilised society. Sir Henry Maine has characterised civilisation as the gradual transference of a population from a condition of *status* to one of contract. *Status*, in its fullest conception, involves the customary or forced labour of the serf, and his exclusion from the benefit and responsibility of private ownership; to this is joined the plausible advantage derived from the promiscuity of possession inherent in the manorial and feudal ideal. Contract, on the other hand, implies that every man has a right of ownership in his own labour, in the fruits of his own labour, and a right of exchange. Fully understood, with all its corollaries, there is no more illuminating generalisation in the whole course of social-economic speculation. A study of working-class property, in the light of it, will be found both interesting and instructive. If its past history is traced step by step, such a train of causality is thrown into broad relief that even the empiricism of practical politics might find food therein for reflection.

In our definition of the working man's property we adopt the language of Adam Smith ('Wealth of Nations,' Book I., chap. x.):—

'The property which every man has in his own labour, as it is the original foundation of all other property, so it is the most sacred and most inviolable. The patrimony of a poor man lies in the strength and dexterity of his hands; and to hinder him from employing this strength and dexterity in what manner he thinks proper, without injury to his neighbour, is a plain violation of this most sacred property.'

We need not dwell in any detail on the gradual emancipation of the labourer from a primitive condition of slavery and feudal servitude. The dissolution of the feudal system left society face to face with a population of emancipated serfs, masterless men who had surrendered or been deprived of the plausible advantages of their former *status*, and who had not yet acquired the necessary mobility of character and occupation to avail themselves

themselves of the new conditions of contract or exchange. Reactionary legislation, culminating in the celebrated Stat. 43 Elizabeth, cap. ii., restored to the poor man the plausible advantage of his former *status*. The gift took the shape of conferring on the labourer a statutory right of maintenance out of the poor rate. For nearly two centuries and a half the property which the poor man had in the poor rate weakened all his efforts towards industrial freedom, and finally, in that disastrous half-century 1780-1830, reduced him to a condition of parochial servitude. From this he was at last partially rescued by the drastic surgery of the new Poor Law of 1834.

The Royal Commission of Inquiry into the Poor Law, 1832-34, found the labouring classes of this country virtually imprisoned in the parishes in which they were settled. Yet it would be a mistake to suppose that this relapse into serfdom was caused by the positive enactments of the law of settlement. The law which authorised overseers to remove poor persons from a parish where they had no settlement, before they became chargeable, was repealed in 1795, and there is conclusive evidence that it was never universally or even largely enforced. The influence which brought about the imprisonment of the labourer was the spurious right of property which the poor law conferred on him. Notwithstanding the urgent demand for labour in the new industries which from time to time arose throughout the country, the labourer (and we cannot blame him) continued to sit by the promiscuous flesh-pots of the poor law.

One of the most curious discoveries of the Royal Commission of 1834 was that the only members of the rural industrial population who had not been deprived of their self-respect and competence were precisely those persons who, by moving into parishes where they had no settlement, had thereby broken loose from the fatal heritage handed down to them in the poor law. These unfortunately were the exceptions. The point here to be noted is that the few who escaped the ruin so fatal to the value and character of labour were preserved by a certain heroic recklessness which led them to abjure any share in a fund put at their disposal in virtue of the fact that they belonged to the *status* of labourer.

The conditions under which the labouring man now contracts for the sale of his labour are, so far as the legislature is concerned, free. The restrictions imposed upon him by his own associations are in many cases, we believe, ill-advised, but we do not propose to discuss them here. Our purpose is to set out the general advantages which have accrued to labour by its transference from a condition of *status* to one of contract. Our notice

notice of the injury done to labour by self-imposed restrictions on its right of free contract can only be incidental, though the importance of this aspect of the subject would warrant specific and detailed consideration.

The increased value of labour is indicated by two separate facts: first, the increased wages for which it is exchanged, and second, the increased purchasing power of these wages. In illustration of these truths we select one or two quotations from recent works on the subject, which will enable us to make a generalisation as to the course of events; and then we must endeavour to disentangle the true sequence of cause and effect, and explain its relation to the theory which we are endeavouring to establish.

The bias of Mr. G. Shaw Lefevre would not naturally be in the direction of exaggerating the improved position of the wage-earner. His testimony is therefore valuable. In an interesting paper issued by the Gold Standard Defence League, he writes with regard to the wages of the agricultural labourer, the worst paid of all the great labouring classes, as follows:—

‘It is, however, absolutely certain that in agriculture, equally as in other industries of the country, in the twenty-four years which have elapsed since the alleged deficiency of gold commenced, there has been no general adjustment of the wages of labourers in proportion to and consequent upon the fall of prices from the year 1873. On the contrary, money wages generally have risen since the fall of prices began; and as the fall of prices has been greatest in articles of prime necessity, which form the main consumption of the working-classes—such as bread, sugar, tea, cheese, the inferior classes of beef and mutton, and cheap clothing and boots—it is certain that, when measured by what the labourers can get for their money, their real remuneration for their work has very considerably improved.’

Conflicting explanations and deductions are made by currency theorists with regard to these facts (i.e., a rise in wages and a fall in the price of commodities), but their general accuracy is not disputed. Whether a gold standard is a good thing or not, the price of labour has undoubtedly moved in an opposite direction to that of commodities. If bi-metallism would have given us higher prices for commodities, it would presumably have given us higher wages also, and the disparity between the two would have remained the same, though the standard of measurement would be expressed in different terms.

The following calculation with regard to agricultural wages and their purchasing power is quoted on the authority of Mr. Little. In his report to the Labour Commission he shows

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that the average price for a sufficiency of flour, butter, cheese, tea, and sugar for a week's consumption of an adult male labourer was in—

	<i>d.</i>
1860-67 . . .	50·41
1868-75 . . .	48·4
1876-83 . . .	32·62
1884-91 . . .	31·52
1892-94 . . .	29·2

a reduction of more than 40 per cent. between 1860-67 and 1892-94. At the earlier period, the average wages of an agricultural labourer are put at 12s. 3*d.* a week, and at the later period at 13s. 5*d.*, exclusive of harvest wages. An average labourer's family, consisting of himself, his wife, and three children, is supposed to require the food of three adult males. In that case 12s. 3*d.*—the income of 1860-67—barely sufficed to provide such a family with bread, butter, tea, sugar, and cheese. The harvest wages provided for rent and clothing. In 1892-94, 7s. 6*d.* only were required to purchase the same necessities, and a weekly surplus of 6s. remained for other purposes, independently of the harvest wages.

In the 'Economic Journal' for December 1898 there is an elaborate 'Comparison of the Changes of Wages,' by Mr. A. L. Bowley, a well-known statistician. The following figures taken from this article refer to all trades and carry the comparison back to an earlier period :—

AVERAGE REAL AND NOMINAL WAGES IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AS PERCENTAGES OF THOSE OF 1891.

—	1840.	1850.	1860.	1866.	1870.	1874.	1877.	1880.	1883.	1886.	1891.
Nominal .	61	61	73	81	83	97	94	89	92	90	100
Real. . .	43	55	53	57	62	68	72	73	81	94	100

It may be noted that real wages show less sign of retrogressive fluctuation than nominal wages. Mr. Bowley's general conclusion is that 'the average real wages of regularly employed workmen and women in France, the United States, and England had doubled in the half-century ending 1891, and increased by one half in a period of less than twenty years ending at the same date.'

In an essay entitled 'The Standard of Life,' Mrs. Bosanquet institutes some very interesting comparisons between some working-class

working-class budgets chronicled by Sir Frederic Eden in 1797 and those contained in a volume published by the Economic Club in 1896. At the end of last century a labourer with a wife and nine children represents himself and family as earning 25*l.* per annum. He spent 23*l.* 8*s.* on bread. To food alone he devoted 89 per cent. of a total expenditure of 30*l.* 14*s.* His expenditure on rent was 7 per cent. of the whole, and a very small margin was left for other expenses. In a similar family in 1896, the father earned 17*s.* a week. Of this sum only 48 per cent. was spent in food, 10 per cent. on rent, and 41 per cent. was left for other expenditure.

Sir Robert Giffen's calculations with regard to the half-century ending 1883 are familiar. Money wages have, in his opinion, risen some 50 to 100 per cent.; the hours of labour have been shortened 20 per cent. The only articles which have not fallen are rent and meat. To the labourer the price of meat was, during the first half of this century, a matter of indifference: he consumed none. With regard to the high price of house-room we shall presently give an explanation which will strengthen rather than weaken the hypothesis which we are now advancing. In 1883 the labouring class numbered thirteen millions, with an annual income of 413*l.* per head; fifty years earlier they numbered nine millions, with an income of only 19*l.* per head. Estimates as to earnings of the labouring class previous to 1834, and even afterwards, must take into consideration that the English labourer did not then live on his wages. The greater part of the English peasantry were, to some extent, dependent on the poor law, or in other words were still retained in a condition of *status*. The advance which the above figures illustrate, though by no means so complete and far-reaching as could be wished, marks the difference between the free labourer, the owner of services for which civilised society is competing, and the parochial serf, imprisoned in the place of his settlement, receiving a pittance from his employer, restrained from going further afield to look for a better market, and dependent for the rest of his maintenance on the parish dole, obtainable most easily and profusely in proportion as he abjured all semblance of economic virtue.

The sixty years that have elapsed since 1834 are a short period in the life of a nation. In connexion with the rise of wages which the statisticians chronicle, we should note the following dates: 1834, the reform of the poor law; 1846, the most important legislative recognition of the virtue of free exchange; and 1865, the further emancipation of the labourer

by the substitution of Union for parochial settlement. Is it too much to hope that we have now entered on a new era of progress, and, what perhaps is of even more importance, that we are beginning to understand the automatic principle which, in spite of natural obstacles and human folly, is leading to a happier organisation?

Assuming, then, that commodities are cheaper, and that wages are higher, we have next to offer our explanation of the process by which these results are reached.

Labour, now that the imprisonment of settlement has been relaxed, is no longer a dead weight thrust upon an overstocked and confined market. By the assistance of steam power and machinery, also in virtue of its own greater mobility and adaptability, labour is ever leaving the badly paid trades, and distributing itself afresh in those which hold out a better prospect of reward. Thus, throughout modern industrial history, there has been a continuous migration of labour away from the poorly paid primitive toil of agriculture to the new industries created by modern enterprise. The result with regard to commodities has been greater efficiency of production, and greater cheapness. With regard to labour the result has been in an opposite direction. In the first place, the distribution above indicated relieves the congestion of an overstocked and falling market, and secondly, it carries the more adventurous and competent workman to other and more lucrative employments. Its general effect, therefore, has been to raise the wages of the rural labourer by moving the surplus population to the mine, the factory, and the shop, employments preferred by the labourer mainly, but not solely, because they are better remunerated.

This consideration points to a certain unification (if the term may be allowed) of the labour market. We are fast approaching the time when the different industries will compete actively for the available labour force of the country, more especially for the services of the young, the raw material, so to speak, which is yearly led to acquire the particular specialised aptitudes for which the market offers the highest reward. We have not yet reached this point, but it is distinctly within sight. The line of separation between the men who work machines in different trades is becoming more easily surmountable every day. Improved locomotion and the greater publicity now given to all wage-earning contracts enable the prudent parent to direct his children's efforts into profitable channels. Many masters are now running after the competent and disciplined labourer, and this, as Cobden long ago remarked,



remarked, is the one necessary condition precedent to a rise of wages.

It has been said that the principal financial discovery of the end of the nineteenth century has been the wealth-conferring power of the penny. The foregoing considerations explain this and indeed other new and notable economic phenomena. The larger earnings which the better distribution of labour involves, have already created an increased demand for the simpler products of industry. The best new market for British trade consists in the greater purchasing power of our own industrial population. Sir Robert Giffen, in his recent paper on the 'Excess of Imports over Exports,' has suggested that the steadily progressive character of our own home market is diverting some of our industrial enterprise from the foreign to the home trade. In other words our own artisans are better customers than the poorer industrial classes of other nations and the dervishes of the Soudan. This suggestion may throw some light upon another hypothesis much insisted on in these days—that of the superior knowledge possessed by the correspondents of the Foreign Office as to the best way of managing our foreign trade, and the ignorance of his own business imputed to the British trader himself. We have not much doubt that Sir Robert Giffen is right in the explanation which he offers of a paradox which we all instinctively know must be untrue. If, as appears possible, we are ceasing to supply certain foreign markets, it may be not because our traders are effete, but because, following the indications of the free market, they find other forms of enterprise more profitable; and one of these new channels of profitable trade is, we believe, the new home market fed by the more abundant pennies of the poor. This tendency of a free-trading nation to hold to the more profitable and to relinquish the less profitable industries, is exactly the course followed by the units of that nation under a free contractual system. There is probably no more striking instance of the advantage of this policy than the economic history of the Jew. The Anglo-Saxon is now adopting, under the protection of free institutions, the cosmopolitan adaptability which persecution has forced upon the Jew. Just as British enterprise seeks in all lands only those operations which are profitable, so the Jews pick and choose the trades which offer the best return, and it is from this remarkable freedom and mobility of character that they get their undoubted commercial efficiency. Their success is largely due to the fact that they were never included in the feudal and parochial imprisonment which we have

have described, nor reduced to impotency by the so-called benefits of Stat. 43 Elizabeth, cap. ii.

Before passing on, we may notice some of the causes which still restrain our industrial population within the influence of *status*, and prevent them from availing themselves of the benefits of contract.

An imperfect knowledge of the complicated forces which govern the value of his labour has often led the labourer, of his own free will, into a policy which seems suicidal to his own best interests. Of this character are the Trade-Union practice of endeavouring to make each trade a monopoly for its own privileged members; the limitation of apprenticeship which prevents the stream of labour from flowing into the better-remunerated trades; the restriction of output in the vain hope that high prices for commodities will involve high prices for labour; the 'demarcation' regulations which practically reduce certain trades to the rigidity of Eastern caste; and the many other plans for running counter to the distributing influence of the free market. By checking movement in the several parts the advance of the whole mass is arrested. This mistaken policy is based on the plausible advantage which seems to accrue to the individuals who are sheltered from competition by the action of their Union. This is seen. What is not seen is that such restrictions multiplied a thousandfold and compacted into a systematic policy freeze up the currents which otherwise would be busily at work adjusting the supply of labour to the most urgent and therefore the most profitable demand. Such a policy ignores the fact also that, by this artificial imprisonment of labour in the less skilled and less profitable pursuits, the expansion of the home market is contracted. The continuous growth of this market, due to the increased expenditure rendered possible by the conversion of unskilled and ill-paid labour into skilled and specialised and better-paid labour, in itself constitutes a guarantee that the demand for skilled labour will be constantly progressive and remunerative.

A second obstacle to progress is to be found in the attitude taken up by a certain section of working-class opinion with regard to the poor law. We have recently heard it announced by a would-be leader of working-class opinion that the workman is now master of the rates, and that he means to take what he wants from them. This view was supported by irrelevant allusions to the iniquity of ground rents and by the exploded economics of the Marxian school. The claim now made is not that the earnings of the workman should be supplemented by the

the rates during the period of able-bodied life, but rather that the personal responsibility of the workman shall be confined to that period. Old age, sickness, the care of widows and children, are things for which the State must make provision. Where formerly we looked to the feudal community, to the parish, and in more modern times to the Union, we are now urged to look to the State. The fallacy is Protean in its variety. 'New presbyter is but old priest writ large.' The old condition of *status dies hard*.

We do not question the power of the working class to enlarge the statutory endowments provided for poverty; we question the wisdom of such a policy. The common property of the poor rate must, of course, be appropriated before it can be used; and ownership rests in the individual pauper who has made successful application to the board of guardians and established his right to be considered incapable of maintaining himself. This is his title-deed. Is it desirable, in the interests of society at large, that the sick, the old, the widow and the orphan should be indiscriminately maintained in virtue of such a title? Mr. Charles Booth, who is not to be suspected of what Bentham used to call 'Electioneering and Bubbles,' has, by we know not what process of reasoning, selected the case of the aged for special treatment, and, admitting the unsatisfactory character of a title based on poverty, has proposed a universal pension of five shillings to rich and poor alike on attaining the age of sixty-five. Practical politicians have, with considerable unanimity, assumed that this proposal is too academic for serious discussion. Moreover, if this mode of treatment is suitable for old age, it is equally applicable to the other kinds of disability above mentioned, though this is a conclusion from which Mr. Booth himself would probably shrink.

For ourselves we are convinced that to make poverty a title to draw maintenance from a common fund is a practice which, though possibly necessary as a safety valve, and comparatively harmless under a carefully regulated poor law, can never be satisfactory to those who contribute or to those who receive the fund. Nor does Mr. Booth's proposal, liable as it is to be indefinitely extended by disciples more logical than their master, seem to us to supply an adequate substitute for those recognised forms of property which have been found convenient for the uses of civilised society.

This contrast between private and common property brings us to the second part of our subject, namely, the savings of the working classes. We have hitherto considered only the value of labour, the origin and foundation of all other property, and

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we have suggested—the subject is too great for more than suggestion—that freedom of contract has been for the labourer the condition of emancipation and progress. We have now to consider the teaching of the contractual system as applied to those periods of life when wages can no longer be earned. We have noted the reactionary advice given occasionally by labour leaders and by a certain class of politician. Ignorance and lower interests may long delay the recognition of the true principles of progress, but we are sufficiently optimist to believe that such delay will not be permanent.

Following the instincts of human nature, the example of other classes, and the obvious teaching of experience—that man is a tool-using animal, and that without tools or capital he must become destitute when the days of his strength are past—labourers, or at least a section of them, have begun to accumulate wealth. The poor-rate and the vague promises held out by Socialist politicians, that they are about to invent some new form of property which shall be common for those whose days of labour are interrupted or concluded, are not considered adequate and satisfactory by the working class.

Mr. Brabrook, the Chief Registrar of Friendly Societies, has lately published in popular form the experience of his office. He has cognisance, there, of some *three hundred millions* of property which has been put under his jurisdiction, because, for the most part, it is the property of the working class. In dilating on the beneficence of a wider distribution of property, as opposed to the plausible advantages involved in archaic survivals of *status* such as the poor law, or in the new Utopias of Socialism, we are urging, therefore, a practicable policy which is already going forward.

Before passing on to notice the component parts of this large sum, it is worth while to notice how even in detail there is the same rivalry ever present between the old order and the new. If space permitted, conclusive proof could be adduced to show that the advance of the Friendly Society movement has been, at every step, silently and tenaciously opposed by the tradition of pauperism. Such proof may be epigrammatically summed up in the oft-quoted remark, 'The poor-rate is a club where it is all taking out and no putting in.' Its competition therefore has been most formidable to institutions from which actuarial science was demanding adequate (i.e., increased) premiums to cover the risks insured, and this of course from a membership whose ability to pay was all too limited. Even at the present day insolvent and inadequate clubs drag on an injurious existence mainly because they are subsidised by a mischievous distribution of poor-law allowances.

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With a strange obliviousness of the history of the Friendly Society spirit (which, as we shall presently show, is something wider than the mere institution), offers to assist Friendly Societies by doles out of public taxation have become part of the electioneering stock-in-trade of the common politician. These institutions—so runs this marvel of argument—have saved many from pauperism; special facilities should therefore be given to Friendly Society members to become paupers on more favourable terms than their neighbours, and to share in a public fund contributed for their special benefit by the community at large. The public reward decreed for their efforts very strangely takes the form of condemning them to that dependence which it has been their object to avoid. The following comment is made on another aspect of this proposition by Mr. Brabrook:—

‘The Friendly Society has done so much for its members, and contributed so largely to industrial welfare by increasing their self-respect and independence,—it has been so powerful an instrument of foresight and economy, and has led so many men to positions of influence and of dignity,—that it has strong and genuine claims upon the community, whose interests it has largely promoted. It is precisely for that reason that we do not wish to see urged on its behalf a claim that cannot be substantiated, and that from our point of view implies a disparagement of the member of a Friendly Society that he does not deserve; for there is no evidence whatever that the class of men from whom the members of Friendly Societies are drawn is the class of men who would otherwise be paupers. Such evidence as there is is all to the contrary. The late Mr. Ballan Stead, Secretary of the Ancient Order of Foresters, stated in his testimony before the Royal Commission on the Aged Poor that out of the half-million of members who constituted that society, he could not find that there were as many as a hundred persons in receipt of relief under the poor-law. This is the more remarkable that the society itself does not insure (in the generality of cases) relief in old age as such, but only grants a sick allowance to an aged member when he is suffering from some defined disease which disables him from work, and even then the allowance after short terms of full- and half-pay is reduced to quarter-pay of 2s. 6d. or 3s. a week. As the society does not directly insure him against pauperism in old age, we have to seek in some other direction for an explanation of the reason for his not becoming a pauper, and we find it in the moral character of the man himself. The considerations which induce him to belong to a Friendly Society are the same considerations which keep him independent of public aid in his old age.’

According to Mr. Brabrook the present amount of invested funds belonging to the Friendly Societies in the United Kingdom

Kingdom is about twenty-five and a half millions. It should be noted however that this is not the only asset which would figure in a quinquennial valuation sheet. A sum which a competent authority has estimated at at least fifty millions should be set down as representing the 'present value' of members' contracts to pay contributions. The fact that the principal items both in the liabilities and the assets of a Friendly Society are prospective, is one which adds stability to their finance. A deficiency disclosed at a quinquennial valuation can easily be removed by a slight reduction of the benefit promised, or a slight increase in the rate of contribution. The whole secret of successful Friendly Society management lies in the businesslike adjustment of the liability undertaken by the association to the premiums which the insured contract to pay. Mr. Brabrook's argument is forcibly emphasised by the reflection that the assets of Friendly Societies are not represented merely by twenty-five and a half millions of money, but by what is far more important—a settled habit of thrifty contribution. While, then, the Friendly Society is year by year growing more equal to the limited risk which it covers, the members have acquired the habit and the character which, as Mr. Brabrook remarks, have enabled them to meet the other risks of life by appropriate action.

Nor is the training given by these admirable institutions confined to any one class. In the opinion of the late Mr. Ballan Stead, whose special experience made him a well qualified judge, there is no class of the community so badly off as not to be able to support a Friendly Society and learn therein the economic arts of life. Here is what he said in reply to a question put to him by the Royal Commission: 'No, Sir, there is not a class which cannot. Some of our best courts are in the agricultural districts where the wages are lowest. Some of our best courts are in Suffolk, Dorsetshire, Hampshire, and other places like those. I can speak of that from knowledge.' It follows therefore that there is no class in this country that is debarred from attaining the absolute independence of poor-law relief which, with very few exceptions, is enjoyed by the members of Friendly Societies.

This immunity of the Friendly Society community from the disease of pauperism is the result, we submit, of the adoption, by this large and important section of the working class, of the habit and character appropriate to the contractual system. This solid and beneficent achievement is the work, during a comparatively brief period, of classes long inured to a proletarian habit of life. Initial friction being now overcome, we may assuredly



assuredly look for accelerated progress in the future. We shall be confirmed in this view by a reference to the rapid rate of increase observed in the membership and funds of these provident associations generally. We take first the Friendly Society, for, as we have already seen, the man who insures against sickness, the only risk for which the Friendly Society makes full and adequate provision, acquires in the process the character which enables him to remain independent at all periods of life. We shall later on quote a few figures to show where some, at all events, of the additional savings made by the responsible section of the poorer class are deposited.

Prior to 1876—so Mr. Ludlow, the late Chief Registrar, tells us in an interesting valedictory report (1890, Part A)—the statistics as to Friendly Societies generally are very defective. In that year the number of members returned was 3,404,187 and the funds were 9,336,949*l.* Ten years later, in 1886, the membership was 6,703,249, and the funds 20,352,256*l.* According to Mr. Brabrook, the members amounted in 1898 to 8,078,816, and the funds to 25,408,253*l.* Of these funds 22,695,039*l.* belong to the Friendly Society proper, and 2,713,214*l.* to the collecting societies.\*

The records of the two principal Affiliated Orders go back to a somewhat earlier date. The following table is compiled from Mr. Brabrook's volume:—

THE ANCIENT ORDER OF FORESTERS.

—	Members.	Courts.
1st January, 1845 . . .	65,909	1,456
1st January, 1852 . . .	89,875	1,605
1st January, 1898 . . .	731,442	4,899

The funds were, in December 1870, 1,274,935*l.*, in 1897, 5,119,842*l.*, showing an average increase per annum of 142,404*l.*

\* The funds of the collecting Companies, which are under the jurisdiction of the Board of Trade, are not included. These, in 1882, collected a premium income of 2,677,042*l.*; in 1896, 7,680,751*l.*; and the life and annuity funds were, in 1882, 2,165,679*l.*; in 1896, 14,404,271*l.* There is no means of estimating the growth of ordinary non-collecting insurance among the working class. The Prudential, a Company whose business is largely among the working class, has an Ordinary as well as an Industrial Branch. In the former the policies are not weighted with the heavy expense of collection. The premium income of the Ordinary Branch of this Company in 1879 was 293,602*l.*, in 1888 it was 904,915*l.*, and in 1897 it was 2,774,264*l.* The policies effected in this Branch are for 50*l.* or over, and represent the solid investment of an intelligent class. The Industrial business of the Companies and of the Societies includes the cost of a weekly collection, and is, and must be, a costly investment.

## THE MANCHESTER UNITY OF ODDFELLOWS.

This is the largest and most powerful Order; it has few if any branches in Manchester, but is the most successful of the numerous secessions from the original body of Oddfellows.

—	Members.	Lodges.
1st January, 1852 . . .	225,184	3,219
1st January, 1898 . . .	787,962	4,698

The funds of the Unity are given as 1,796,349*l.* in 1865, and as 8,302,390*l.* on January 1, 1898.

If this, then, has been the recorded progress of the Friendly Societies, it may be assumed, as Mr. Brabrook has justly remarked, that progress was also being made during the unrecorded period of their history. As already indicated, the immunity of the Friendly Society members from pauperism is not due to their own funds, but to their thrifty efforts in other directions. Some indication of what these are may be gathered from the following list of the investments of the working class as given by Mr. Brabrook:—

Trade Unions .. .. .	£2,138,296
Friendly Societies .. .. .	25,408,253
Working Men's Clubs .. .. .	107,938
Other Societies under the Friendly Society	
Acts .. .. .	535,301
Industrial and Provident Societies .. .. .	28,451,328
Building Societies .. .. .	56,397,457
Trustee Savings Banks .. .. .	53,699,532
Post Office Savings Bank .. .. .	108,098,641
The Railway Savings Banks .. .. .	3,124,069
The Loan Societies .. .. .	265,869

£278,216,684'

This sum, taken with the annuities and assurances granted by the National Debt Commissioners, accounts, says Mr. Brabrook, 'for not far short of three hundred millions of money.' To this may be added fourteen millions for industrial insurance companies, and a good many millions for the 'ordinary' insurances effected by the working class. The rate of increase of this total may be indicated by the statement that in 1877 a similar computation would have brought out the total of one hundred and eleven and a half millions, and in 1891 two hundred and twenty millions.

Considerations

Considerations of space must confine our comment to one or two items of this vast sum. It will be directed to show that even when considered in detail the progressive accumulation of working-class property marks an advance in the condition of contract, and a corresponding emancipation from the plausible advantages and counter-balancing restraints of *status*.

The amount of the funds belonging to Trade Unions is comparatively small; and, though some of their efforts seem to be directed mainly to upholding a rigid system of industrial caste, it should be noted that in normal times a large proportion of their expenditure is employed to enable members to discharge their ordinary responsibilities. Thus, in 1890, out of a total expenditure of 862,000*l.*, only 107,000*l.* were spent on 'dispute benefits.' Of the remainder, 491,000*l.* were applied to sick, out-of-work, superannuation, and funeral benefits. The security of these provident funds is precarious, as the first charge on the subscriptions is 'dispute benefit.' It has occasionally been urged by the more militant spirits that the provident side of the Trade Unions is rendering the members averse from investing their funds in the somewhat dubious security of 'dispute benefits.' That the influence of the provident side of trade unionism is in favour of industrial peace there can be no doubt; and industrial peace means the acceptance of the market as the only true and impersonal arbiter, and a growing disinclination to rely on a system based on caste-monopoly and force.

We pass next to the Industrial and Provident Societies, in which class the most important is the Co-operative Society. Of the rapid growth of the movement the following figures are cited as a proof. In 1862 the total sales of the societies amounted to 2,333,525*l.* In 1872 they were 13,012,120*l.*; in 1882, 27,541,212*l.*; in 1895, 55,100,249*l.*, or nearly twenty-four times the amount of 1862. The total sales from 1862 to 1895 amounted to 815,760,341*l.*, and the profits to 72,075,568*l.*

The total number of Co-operative Societies Mr. Brabrook gives as 1,741. Of these 1,453 are 'Distributive' stores, while 259 are 'Productive' or manufacturing concerns. The number of persons employed in the Productive societies is 8,475, and the total number employed by all the societies is 61,322, of whom 33,619 are engaged in productive departments of work.

Looked at from a strictly logical point of view, there is no distinction between the distributing work done by the co-operative grocer and that which is done by the so-called Productive co-operative manufacturer; but this quite unreal distinction marks the line of a great difference in practice. The Productive Societies

Societies share their profits with their workmen. The Distributive Societies, as a rule, do not, although the Wholesale Societies have large manufacturing branches. This fact is variously interpreted. By outsiders it is quoted as a tribute to the convenience and equity of an ordinary wage contract, for the greater portion of the labour hired by the co-operative movement is merely paid at the current rate of wages. Among the co-operators themselves the subject has given rise to an interesting controversy. On the one hand, the usual system of paying five per cent. to capital and returning the balance of profit to the purchaser in proportion to his purchases, to the exclusion of labour, is defended on the ground that one object of the co-operative movement is to eliminate profit. It is lawful apparently to receive five per cent. 'interest' on capital, but we must not talk about 'profit' either for workmen or for capitalist. Economists, for reasons which may be relevant for other purposes, have distinguished between interest and profit, but in this connexion the distinction seems to us to be invalid. Once we grant the earning power of capital, the terms of the contract on which capital is employed will vary according to the risks involved. The theoretical defence advanced for co-operative practice is, we suspect, merely an afterthought. If co-operators limit the remuneration of their workmen to wages, there is nothing inequitable in the practice. The idea that co-operation is a deep-laid Socialist plot to abolish profit is entirely contrary to fact. Co-operators naturally and properly take a great interest in the dividend, which they affectionately term the 'divy,' and also in the facilities offered by the Stores for the purchase of shares by instalment.

It is, however, urged by another section of co-operators that the ordinary wage contract is not satisfactory. It is particularly unsatisfactory, they say, within the co-operative movement itself. With generous enthusiasm, they argue that the wage contract ought to include a clause giving the workman a right to a deferred payment out of profits. Their contention is supported by many considerations which are not to be gainsaid. It is not co-operators only who see that industry will advance more smoothly, and the interests of capital and labour be adjusted more easily, if a form of contract could be invented which would be satisfactory to both parties. Any plan which would convert a sullen and mutinous army into a contented and cheerfully industrious body of co-operators would obviously be of the greatest advantage to all. There is nothing revolutionary or reactionary in the proposal, and for ourselves we believe that in one way or another the principle will in the future

future be more and more largely adopted. What is wanted in the present crisis is not revolution or reaction, but an equitable form of voluntary contract. Towards this, the labour-partnership proposed by this section of co-operators would be a long step.

The chief difficulty with which the so-called Productive Societies have had to contend is that they have not as a rule been able to command the services of really efficient captains of industry. This is obviated when an established business, competently officered, admits to a sort of partnership the whole of its permanent staff. The motive for such a contract is, on the part of the employer, a desire to secure a willing rather than a mutinous army; on the part of the employed, a belief that he is thereby improving his industrial position.

The most notable success in this direction has been attained by Mr. Livesey, the manager of the South Metropolitan Gas Works. This, as we shall see, unites profit-sharing with capital-owning, a combination on which a good deal of its success seems to depend. Ten years ago, after the disastrous strike of December 1889, the South Metropolitan Gas Works launched their profit-sharing scheme, 'with the object,' says Mr. Livesey in a letter to the 'Times' of January 5th, 1897, 'of attaching the workmen to the Company and of encouraging thrift, and in the hope that capital and labour in this undertaking might be reconciled.' The bonus paid to the workmen is based on a sliding scale, which varies with the price of gas. Under the revised arrangement one half of the bonus is invested in the Ordinary Stock of the Company, and the rest is payable in cash to the workmen, or, at their option, it may be deposited with the Company at four per cent. interest.

The result, at the date of Mr. Livesey's letter, was that 82,000*l.* had been paid or credited to the industrial profit-sharers in seven years. Of this total 46,000*l.* had been saved and 36,000*l.* withdrawn and spent. A portion of this 36,000*l.* has been returned and placed on deposit with the Company. The general position is thus given in Mr. Livesey's letter:—

£46,100 has been invested in Ordinary Stock.

£25,600 is on deposit at four per cent.

£71,700

The market value of the stock purchased for 46,000*l.* was over 59,000*l.*, a result largely due to the greater security produced by the better relations now existing between labour and capital. There were 2,500 profit-sharing stockholders. In

December,

December, 1898, there were 2,760 profit-sharers, holding 57,000*l.* of stock, of a market value of 80,000*l.*, while the Company held also 29,000*l.* on deposit; altogether 109,000*l.* To the profit-sharers the benefit is obvious and solid, while as to the employers, Mr. Livesey declares that his Company has unquestionably received the money's-worth of their concessions. The facts, Mr. Livesey concludes, 'show at any rate that, notwithstanding all the talk about Socialism, working men, if given the opportunity, share human frailties—if frailties they are—with the rest of us, and are quite ready to become capitalists.' If a cheerful and contented staff of workmen is not only a desirable but a necessary element in successful industrial enterprise, it is worth the notice of those whom it may concern that the form of contract offered to their workmen by Mr. Livesey's Company has secured that result. The remedy is not, of course, a sovereign remedy. Some of the workmen in the Gas Works, Mr. Livesey tells us, resist what we may call the civilising influence of the scheme, and resolutely adhere to their proletarian mode of life.

In his volume already quoted, Mr. Brabrook devotes a chapter to Building Societies. Building Societies are societies which do not build: their function is to lend money on mortgage to their members. The original object of these loans was to enable members to become the owners of their own dwellings. In this respect the Building Society has played a considerable and useful part in that 'pulverisation' of property which we affirm to be a necessary part of the contractual system. 'Looking back,' says Mr. Brabrook, 'on the whole history of Building Societies, it is certainly not too much to say that a quarter of a million persons have been able by their means to become the proprietors of their own homes' (p. 164). The same authority quotes the statement of a resident of Bradford to the effect that 'nine out of ten of the houses in that town have been built by the aid of Building Societies. If this computation be correct, it is probable that Leeds, Rochdale, Oldham, and other towns would not be far behind' (p. 211).

Other developments of the Building Society have been less beneficial. The prestige gained by the Building Society proper has led a great number of poor persons to invest their savings in associations which, though nominally Building Societies, are really trading companies for the purpose of developing urban and suburban building estates, an enterprise of an extremely speculative character. It may be that the partial subjection of these associations (of which the 'Liberator' is the ill-omened type) to the authority of public Departments has lulled into a fatal



fatal security the vigilance of the shareholders and depositors; but, whatever the cause, it is notorious that this class of enterprise has sometimes been not only speculative but fraudulent. We confess to entertaining a profound suspicion of all legislative attempts to protect the purchaser of securities, which abrogate even to the slightest degree the good old maxim—*caveat emptor*.

While Building Societies, more especially in the great northern and midland centres of population, have done much to solve the question of the housing of the working class, it would not be difficult to show that the unsatisfactory state of things in the poorer parts of London, and occasionally in the country, is due to the fact that house-room has never been made an article freely bought and sold in an open market. Land—a very ancient and important form of property—has never yet submitted itself to the simplicity of tenure and transfer which are characteristic of the contractual system. The inadequacy of working-class dwellings in the metropolis is patent, and political empiricism is at no loss for a remedy. In its usual reactionary spirit it seeks to coerce the proprietor by statutory enactment to supply houses more costly than the customer can buy or hire. Warnings have not been wanting that the remedy was likely to aggravate the mischief, and in the poorer parts of London these fears are seen to be well-founded.

Many years ago Mr. Spencer (see his 'Social Statics,' p. 384, edition of 1851) drew attention to the difficulty into which we were drifting. The re-statement of the argument is taken from his 'Essay on the Coming Slavery,' 1885.

'The policy initiated by the Industrial Dwellings Acts admits of development, and will develop. Where municipal bodies turn house-builders, they inevitably lower the value of houses otherwise built, and check the supply of more. Every dictation respecting modes of building and conveniences to be provided diminishes the builder's profit, and prompts him to use his capital where the profits are not thus diminished. So, too, the owner, already finding that small houses entail much labour and many losses—already subject to troubles of inspection and interference—and to consequent costs, and having his property daily rendered a more undesirable investment, is prompted to sell; and as buyers are for like reasons deterred, he has to sell at a loss. . . . What must happen? The multiplication of houses, and especially small houses, being increasingly checked, there must come an increasing demand upon the local authority to make up for the deficient supply. More and more the municipal or kindred body will have to build houses, or to purchase houses rendered unsaleable to private persons in the

way shown—houses which, greatly lowered in value as they must become, it will, in many cases, pay to buy rather than to build new ones. Nay, this process must work in a double way; since every entailed increase of local taxation still further depreciates property. . . . Manifestly the tendency of that which has been done, is being done, and is presently to be done, is to approach the Socialistic ideal, in which the community is sole house proprietor.'

Now the municipality, even if it embarks in the business of house-building, obviously can never overtake the whole demand. Its doings in this respect will be vigorously contested, so that the result of this reactionary policy is practically to substitute for the eager tradesman, anxious to supply the best article for the money, a harassed body which has to extort its capital from unwilling contributors, and which increases the burden of the ratepayers with every extension of its work.

We have dwelt already on the immense advantage conferred on the poorer classes by the establishment of a free market for food and the other common necessities of life. In the supply of houses exactly the opposite policy has been followed. The enactment of a statutory quality for houses has failed to produce an adequate supply. On the contrary, it has brought about a famine, which can never be fully relieved by municipal enterprise. Further, in every transaction for the buying or hiring of a house, the parties have between them to pay the poor rate, the education rate, the vestry rate, the county rate; and of recent years the aggregate of this burden has largely increased. The building of new houses, and the enlargement and improvement of old houses, have therefore come to a standstill. What else was to be expected? It is surely absurd to affect surprise.

One other illustration of our thesis may be derived from Ireland, a country which often baffles the economist. Irish land legislation has been revolutionary. It can only be compared to the confiscation of ecclesiastical property carried out by Henry VIII. The old monkish owners have disappeared entirely, but the Irish landlord remains as a rent-charger. The owner of the greatest share of Irish land is now the tenant. Putting aside the question of the justice of these transactions, we have little doubt that the more high-handed action of the Tudor monarch was, from the point of view of public policy, the less detrimental. A more unworkable system than the present system of Irish land tenure it passes the wit of man to imagine. The industrial view of life is practically extinguished in Ireland. In Ireland the annual value of land, as between landlord and tenant, is not what it will fetch in the market, but what certain

Government

Government valuers say it is worth. But even in Ireland the tenant sells his tenant-right for what it will fetch. As between outgoing tenant and incoming tenant there has never been any attempt to set aside the rule of the market. Human nature has been expelled with a fork, as between landlord and tenant; it has come back again as between tenant and tenant. What Ireland requires is the re-introduction of free contract into the management of land, the principal industry of the country.

There are occasions in the history of nations when revolution becomes a necessity, where the social economy has become so disordered that the only available remedy is either a violent division of property or the extermination of the proletariat which seeks redress in revolt. Whether the condition of the Irish nation, on the eve of Mr. Gladstone's land legislation, was approaching that condition or not, we are not prepared to determine. We may admit, however, that to the modern conscience a legislative re-distribution will appear preferable to either of the foregoing alternatives. If the Gladstonian policy had merely been a confiscation, once and for all, it would by this time be more or less ancient history, like the ecclesiastical confiscations of Henry VIII. Unfortunately, as it appears to us, the transference of property has not been complete. The impossible attempt has been made to invent for matters of buying and selling some form of arbitrament other than that of the market. That the Acts in this respect have been a failure no well informed person will at the present day seek to deny. The higgles of the market is not an operation about which moralists will wax enthusiastic, though, on the whole, we maintain that commerce has had an ennobling and civilising influence on our social life; but be that as it may, the conclusion of a bargain in the market is a dignified and elevating act compared with the intrigue, perjury, and deep-laid conspiracy to defraud which in too many cases characterise an appeal to the Courts to fix a statutory rent.

With perhaps the exception of the English poor-law and the housing of the working class, which we have already dealt with, Irish land legislation represents the most sustained and elaborate attempt to withstand the gradual supersession of *status* by contract. The failure of the Irish experiment seems universally admitted. The Acts, it is generally conceded, must be amended in one of two directions. Either, by a process of reaction, which not even the empiricism of modern politics will attempt,

we must revert, as Mr. Davitt has always urged, to the primitive communism of Nationalisation, a policy so vague and indefinable that it is not possible to consider it seriously; or we must get rid of the mediæval anachronism of Statutory Courts for the regulation of prices, and give facilities (this time, it is to be hoped, not without due compensation) for getting rid of the divided ownership introduced by the earlier Irish Land Acts. There can be little doubt that the latter is the only practicable alternative.

Everywhere the 'law of least effort' seems to justify the view that the contractual ideal of life is necessary and inevitable. The attempt to introduce a different system into Ireland has obviously failed, and it is curious to see how this fact is being recognised even by the perfervid temperament of the Celt. The Rev. Father Finlay, Vice-President of the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society, a Roman Catholic parish priest, and we believe a Nationalist in his political sympathies, in an admirable address on 'Co-operation and the Saving of the Celt,' speaks as follows:—

'I cannot help observing that though during the last half-century we have had many political movements vigorously carried out, and though we have had land legislation in abundant measure, neither the great movements of politics nor the heroic efforts of legislation in reference to the tenure of land have appreciably affected the deadly drain upon the life of the people.'

The Reverend Father in the course of his remarks quotes the opinion of a foreign gentleman for whose judgment in other respects he has great esteem:—

'The result of his investigation was summed up in the ominous phrase, "The Celt must go." This was the course of his reasoning, as he explained it:—"The existence of a people or of a race in modern times depends upon the degree in which they are able to maintain themselves in the industrial struggle which is rife wherever civilisation has extended. Success in this struggle is won by perfected intelligence, by the use of the higher methods of industry, by the application in production and commerce of the fruitful inventions of science. The Irish peasant either will not or cannot adopt these—the sole effective means of success. By this fact he is condemned, first to inferiority, then to inaction, and finally to extinction." Gentlemen, from that forecast of our destiny I make bold to dissent.'

We also by no means share the pessimistic view of Father Finlay's foreign friend. Nationality is not an insuperable bar to the teaching of the arts and sciences of life. Hitherto  
English

English rule has not succeeded either by coercion or concession in acclimatising the contractual conditions of industry in Ireland. One of the happiest auguries of the future is the success which seems to be attending the patriotic efforts of Mr. Horace Plunkett, Father Finlay, and the other promoters of business-like co-operation in Irish agriculture, the staple industry of the country. The people are becoming sick of the desolating rhetoric of politics, which has succeeded only in bringing back the statutory prices of the Middle Ages, in banishing political economy to Saturn, and in depriving the country of the security necessary for all progressive industry.

Political economy is beginning to creep back again. The Co-operative Credit banking system has already established a firm hold. Co-operative Creameries and co-operative purchase of agricultural requisites, manures, seeds, &c., are giving the Irish peasant a chance of competing in the open market. The movement is only nine years old, and yet substantial and encouraging progress has been made. In the autumn of 1898 Mr. Horace Plunkett told the Economic Society of Newcastle that one hundred and fifty Co-operative Creameries were in existence, with a shareholding membership of 18,000. This was the first experiment. Later, the movement was extended, and at the end of last year there were seventy-nine Co-operative Agricultural Societies, with a membership of 8,100. The smaller societies are federated in a central association for the larger purposes of trade. 'Up to the present time,' says Mr. Plunkett, 'two hundred and eighty-three societies, scattered throughout every county of Ireland, with a membership of 30,600 farmers and labourers, mostly heads of families, have been registered, while some twenty more are in course of formation.' The dairy farming is based largely on an imitation of the Danish system, and the result has been that Irish agricultural produce is regaining old markets and capturing new.

Mr. Plunkett has been reminded by an anonymous correspondent 'that the movement of population from the fields is not peculiar to Ireland: it exists everywhere'—with this difference, that the Irish generally emigrate to the United States, while the English labourer migrates to the town. 'If the Irish race is to be kept alive on Irish soil there must be a development of manufacture in Irish towns.' To this Mr. Plunkett makes the following admirable answer:—

'We have always admitted that reliance upon a single industry, and that a declining one, is not a healthy condition for any country. But

But we hold that the prime factor in reviving lost industries, or in starting new ones, is an industrial class, and that this depends upon the creation, by education and training, of industrial habits.

Industrial habits, translated into the language used by Sir H. Maine, are nothing more nor less than the life regulated by conditions of contract. As Mr. Plunkett points out elsewhere, industrial habits have been acquired in the North of Ireland, and, we may add, in Scotland and in England, by the automatic co-operation of commerce. Co-operation, in the limited and distinctive sense of the term, does not differ essentially from ordinary trade. Its lesson is the same, and if the southern and western Irish Celt will submit himself to its teaching, the result will be the same, the secure foundation of the industrial habit.

In another part of his address Mr. Plunkett alludes to the establishment of Agricultural Credit Banks. This, though the latest part of the association's work, is probably destined to be the most important of all. Again the system is imported, this time from the well known Raiffeisen Banks of Germany. It has been said that the Celt can conspire, but that he cannot combine. The experience of these Banks seems to falsify this charge. The Celt is not unteachable, but he wants to be directed by the 'ability' of the best spirits of his own race. This guidance we are happy to see he is getting, without distinction of party or creed, from the Irish Agricultural Organisation Society.

The desirability of increasing by legitimate means the size of the normal Irish holding is generally conceded; but of what use is this, if the Irish peasant can put no capital into the land? Even those who believe in the feasibility of creating a small peasant proprietary, content with the scanty returns of their small industry, are aware of the need of capital. Credit Banks on the Raiffeisen system supply this want:—

'Up to last week,' says Mr. Plunkett, speaking in the autumn of 1898, 'we had organised thirty-one of these associations, with a membership of nearly two thousand, and the system is now likely to be rapidly extended throughout the rural districts of Ireland.'

Independent testimony to the value of the work that is being done is given by Mr. V. Hussey Walsh in an interesting letter to the 'Spectator' of 31st December, 1898. It is worth pointing out, that Scottish agriculture was made more than a century ago by the judicious system of credit established by the



the Scottish commercial banks. It has been left for the co-operative movement to bestow the same boon upon Ireland. The co-operative bank will reach a humbler class than those which are served by commercial credit, but it will teach the same lesson, viz., that a community where the punctual performance of contract is the rule has added vastly to the material wealth of its members, by rendering possible a well organised system of credit. When this is achieved every hopeful enterprise, even that undertaken by the poorest, can reckon on the assistance of capital obtained on reasonable terms.

If the reader is curious to see an illustration of the strange way in which political economy is again beginning to assert its sway in Irish affairs, we venture to refer him to a curious little book recently published—'Killboyhan Bank, or Every Man his own Banker,' by E. M. Lynch, London, 1896. It is an economic treatise on popular banking credit, served up in the form of a novel. Miss Harriet Martineau, a lady by no means Celtic in her ideas, once wrote a series of economic tales, which had a considerable popularity sixty years ago; but they fall far short of this curious and gratifying blend of perfervid Irish sentiment and sound economics.

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ART. VII.—1. *Heine's Sämmtliche Werke.* In 22 Bänden. Hamburg, 1861.

2. *Heinrich Heine's Familienleben.* Von seinem Neffen, Baron Ludwig von Embden. Hamburg, 1892.  
And other Works.

'So far as our bodies are concerned we will remain burghers of our own time, because it cannot be otherwise. But in respect of our spirits, the privilege and the duty of the philosopher, as of the poet, is to belong to no people and to no time, but in the strict sense of the word to be the contemporary of all time.' (Schiller to Jacobi.)

**H**ENRICH HEINE was the spoiled child of misfortune. This troubadour-errant of irony, this aristocrat of democracy, this prodigal son of religion, proved in his life-time the petted and persecuted sport of that 'Time-spirit' which stimulated and tortured him. A true patriot, he was branded a renegade; a profound thinker, he was hailed as *esprit moqueur*. His deeper meanings and feelings were misjudged or mangled; his lighter sallies and arabesques have been framed and applauded. It is not grasped that his laughter, even when most jarring, is that of earnestness, not of levity. He resembles some southern volcano, whose keen and ominous fires, rumbling within the depths, or flashing intermittently on the dreaded summit, are gladly dis severed from the luxuriant loveliness of blossom and verdure that decks its base. He has been torn from his context; annotated by malignant prepossession or pedantic stupidity; praised by the frivolous, blamed by the dull. 'All I do,' he said, 'is folly to the wise, to fools an abomination.'

Thus has it constantly proved since his death. His mischances, like his fame, are immortal. Conventional pseudisms have been incessantly meted out to him: his coarsenesses have been vulgarised, his refinements grossened. But 'jesters do oft prove prophets.' His predictions have been verified in the countries both of his birth and of his banishment, yet both countries still misinterpret their significance. To quote the rebuke of Job, 'If he laughed on them, they believed it not.' In England he has been much criticised, but seldom aright: his 'want of moral balance' has naturally been treated with less discernment here than elsewhere. England is the citadel of 'moral balance,' but hardly of moral intuition, the nurse of set canons more than of original development; and it perhaps needs a Shakespeare to—

..... breathe

... breathe his faults so quaintly  
That they may seem the taints of liberty,  
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,  
A savageness in unreclaimed blood,  
Of general assault.'

'The man,' observes Heine, 'who lives and rules within the fixed limits of a definite view of life, identifies himself therewith, and never contradicts his thoughts and feelings—that man has character'; and elsewhere he remarks of morality that it is practically religion incarnate in the flesh of custom, just as religion is disembodied and etherealised morality. We, as a nation, are over-prone to make 'moral character' synonymous with 'moral balance.' Had Burns 'moral balance'? But he certainly had 'character.' The keystone of morality is self-control; that of character, sincerity: but the deeper foundation of duty underlies them both. Respectability is often prudential. Character without morality corrupts the individual, but morality without character corrodes the community.

Heine's posthumous misfortunes have pursued him even in trivialities. Europe celebrated the centenary of his birth on December 13th, 1897. Few things, however, are more certain than that he was born on December 13th, 1799. We are aware of the disquisitions by 'Heine-Kenner' on this weighty subject; we are also aware that the necessary proofs perished in the great Hamburg conflagration. But we know, on the other hand, that all the members of his family, including his still surviving sister, maintain that his parents were married in 1798, and uphold the received date of his birth, a version further supported by much internal evidence and by his celebrated *bon mot* in 'Die Bäder von Lucca,' which brings him within measurable distance of the century now closing.\* We regard such evidence as more cogent than any extraneous theories, just as we regard Voltaire's statement, in his preface to 'Brutus,' respecting the length of his stay in England, as more convincing than the extraneous theories ingeniously propounded by Mr. Churton Collins. There is no motive discoverable why Heine should have wished to seem two years younger.

'Ah!' we can hear him sigh, 'it is the old story! While I was yet alive on my "mattress-grave," they were perpetually

\* By poetical licence 'the first man of the century.' He was perhaps under the impression that the nineteenth century began on January 1st, 1800. Those interested in the problem should consult Heine's letter to St. René Taillandier of November 3rd, 1851, where he corrects the date given in the 'Autobiographical Sketch,' and expressly says that his baptismal certificate gives December 13th, 1799, as his birthday. In his 'Confessions,' too, he speaks of himself as twenty-two when a student under Hegel at Berlin in 1821.

announcing my death in the newspapers. And now that I am really dead (though it is only a transference from the Avenue Matignon to the Avenue Montmartre) they are eager to ante-date my birth. These gentlemen have, to be frank, consistently intrigued to keep me out of the Nineteenth Century. There is the true reason for so much unexpected skill! But they cannot divorce us. Poor old Nineteenth Century! You too are now tossing on your own "mattress-grave," and you will soon rejoin me in the shades. But beware of your biographers: they will pretend that we never loved or hated each other—in a word, that we were not intimate, but lived apart. How foolish! Your agony is my agony, your irony is my irony: in death, as in birth, we are not divided.'

To understand Heine we must understand the Nineteenth Century transition. He is its epitome. What is the 'modern spirit' about which we talk so much and so glibly?

Our century began with apolaustic rationalism; its next phase was a scientific materialism; its last hours are becoming more spiritual. In the political plane Liberalism has corresponded to rationalism, the utilitarian creed to the materialism of science. Democratic ideals are at length tending to pervade the manifold forms of administration. Materialism, and the sentimentality which is materialism's literary offspring, have only been exorcised in its old age. Its struggles towards the light, its return to 'nature,' its wanton exuberance in emancipation, led it to secularise the holy. It is only just determining, by a leaven of selfless altruism, by cosmopolitan free trade in ideals, by more appreciative intercommunication, to hallow the secular. But throughout the medley of its movements—through the dry utilitarianism of the English school, the metallic hedonism of the French, the dreamy pantheism of the German—the spirit of self-sacrifice, which is the true essence of Christianity, has irradiated it. In no age has there been more comfort and more suffering; in no age has duty prompted comfort to share so much with suffering. The consequence has been a startling sense of contrast—a cleft—which has impressed individuality on thought and feeling. Now, irony is the very humour of contrasts, the electric spark of ideals in concussion with facts. Poetry, like nature, seeks to heal the ruin by garlanding the rift. It was almost inevitable that a great ironic poet should arise to personify the 'Weltschmerz' which has all along been groaning and travailing, a weird minor of dirge-accompaniment to the pæans of liberation and invention still ringing in our ears. Conflict and contrast are the recruiting sergeants of our age. Art and philosophy may

no longer be dandled as hallowed playthings; genius must subserve life; there is no escape from conscription in the cause of humanity.

Our object in this essay is to consider Heine as a moral and intellectual force. We would willingly have dwelt on the fascination of a style which eludes description. 'The wind bloweth where it listeth'; who shall paint the wind? We would willingly have lingered in the dells and grottoes of his matchless fantasy. We should have delighted in reproducing some of his fairest and least familiar creations—the episode, for instance, of little Samson martyred for Deism; or those pure elegiacs of the dead Maria and Veronica; or that phantasmal allegory of the street performers, Mademoiselle Laurence and the dwarf who died among giants; or the grim humoresque of the Dutch Anabaptist whose old wife was jealous of his dream-flirtations with the heroines of the Old Testament. We would gladly have wandered in his unearthly gallery of dreams; or in the studio of his criticism, where the scalpel of the vivisector becomes the chisel of the sculptor; we would have exhibited his incomparable union of subtlety and simplicity, his supremacy over metre, and his still greater mastery over what we may term the *cæsura* of the sense. But the leaves are not the wood. One straight high road intersects all these by-paths. Heine's poetry, his irony, his unique humour are each, as it were, dissolving views of the soul; and that soul itself, with its pangs of love, despair, and death, its gaze before and after, its passion for the present, its wistfulness towards the past, its yearning for the future, its Germanism, its Gallicism, its Hellenism, its Hebraism, reflects and refracts a constellation of ideas which is its essence—the poesy of the soul, as it is also the soul of poesy. We shall restrict ourselves to his prose, and in the main to his serious prose. Music has embalmed his lyrics, but even the bearing of his verse is continually misread. Indeed most of the lucubrations on Heine seem but the replicas of one more or less original essay. He was, he has said more than once, 'sword and flame.' Never, to his misery, can he forgo the warfare of his epoch. He must be judged as a whole, and the burden of his commentators is that he is a fragment. We shall try to show what the message of his work and life was, and, in so doing, we shall eschew stock quotations, and that long incoherence of excerpt which deforms portraiture into panorama. Further, in eventually glancing at the letters to his own family, we shall endeavour to depict his real character; nor shall we fail to emphasise the truth that, with all his glaring blemishes, he remains a power to be reckoned with—no pessimistic

pessimistic Gallio, but a master of that tragicomedy which stamps all periods when the new wine is fermenting in the old bottles. To cite the vivid eloquence of Newman:—

‘Approach the flame: it warms you, and it enlightens you; yet approach not too near; presume not, or it will change its nature. That very element which is so beautiful to look at, so brilliant in its light, so graceful in its figure, so soft and lambent in its motion, will be found in its essence to be of a keen and resistless kind; it tortures, it consumes, it reduces to ashes that of which it was just before the illumination and the life.’

In the early part of this century two colossal egoisms were constraining Europe: the one that of Goethe, the other that of Napoleon. We have purposely ranked Goethe first, because his influence has proved more permanent. The full drift of Goethe’s personality has been misappreciated in this country, owing to the blue spectacles of our own near-sighted Carlyle. Strange! What Goethe admired in his young hero-worshipper was the reverence of the artist; what Carlyle respected in the Jupiter of Weimar was the genius as moralist. Carlyle has repudiated the artist, and Goethe the moralist. Carlyle indeed has infused into Goethe more of Kant than Goethe would have relished. ‘Entbehren sollst du, sollst entbehren,’ is a different conception of duty from ‘the categorical imperative.’ Both postulate the necessity of a moral deliverance; but the one is a step towards the flexibility of the powers, the other a sanction to reconcile the ‘phenomenal’ with the transcendental. Let us not be misunderstood. Goethe’s moral mission was great, but in the department of morals. He was more a sage than a seer, just as Schiller, with his noble ‘Posa’ism,’ was more a seer than a sage. Heine praised the completeness of Goethe, but he loved the incompleteness of Schiller. Life for ‘the great heathen’ was a series of classifications—a collection of specimens arranged in a cabinet with drawers. When Goethe opened the poetical drawer all appeared plastic and objective; when he opened the philosophical drawer he grew abstract and idealist, though his idealism was materialist in the sense of Spinozism: it was uniformity of substance. And when he opened the moral drawer, the subjective and mystic elements came into play. But Goethe, as he mused in isolation, surrounded by Greek casts and natural history, disliked disturbance. Unlike his great predecessor, Lessing, he detested a battle.

‘Franzthum drängt in diesen verworrenen Tagen, wie eh’mals  
Lutherthum es gethan, ruhige Bildung zurück.’

He



He sat beside his nectar and the thunderclouds were furled. As he characteristically sang in 'Faust':

'Mir hilft der Geist! Auf einmal seh' ich Rath,  
Und schreibe getröst: im Anfang war die That.'

The Deed preceded the Word. 'Be a whole or join a whole' was his motto; and revolutions are apt to shatter such wholes into fragments. Especially did he dislike the distant growl of cannon. Who knew but that the splinter of a shell might disarrange the nice order of the series and even injure a specimen? Goethe freed the minds of his countrymen before the Reign of Terror showed that the Deed was the crimson hand of the Word, the Word merely a forerunner of the Deed. He was eminently *αὐτάρκης*—'wise, perfect in himself, and all-possessing.' But he mistrusted 'emphatic individualities.' Directly Fichte translated the Fichtean system into contumacious action, Goethe held aloof—as aloof as from the æsthetic passivity of the Schlegels. For the wounds both of mediæval belief and of modern disbelief were alike distasteful to him: he detested wounds, except as pathological studies. To realise one's highest capacities was his gospel. To this end peace on earth and goodwill towards men—on the part of Goethe—were indispensable: the multitude would progress with the individual. Only, the whirling multitude disagreed. So much the worse for the rash million; and so much the better for the serene and majestic worship of 'Beautiful objectivity,' at Weimar, at Craigenputtoch, and in many less obscure portions of the globe!

Napoleon's egoism was of an opposite order: it was egotism as distinguished from egoism. Goethe, after his 'storm and stress' period, had founded himself upon the past: he acclaimed neither antiquity nor 'modernity,' but only development. Napoleon, on the other hand, discarded the bygone. He shot through the globe like a pitiless meteor, dealing destruction, his eyes riveted on the future. The reign of cannibal Saturn was at an end: he, the great Napoleon, was to make all things new. A fresh ruler of the universe, by no means the Jupiter of Weimar, but the Jupiter of Marengo and Austerlitz, was to modernise mankind. He scoffed at philosophers as 'ideologues,' but his own career was in their favour. Goethe, the very demiurge of ideas, could never lend them blood and substance: Napoleon, the man of blood, poured it into the veins of incorporate ideas. The gaolers of feudalism and priestcraft that Voltaire had hooted, that Rousseau had striven to drown in scalding pools of sentimental tears, became themselves prisoners under

under doom. The Bastille of Europe was overthrown. Out rushed the ideas—starved ideas; maltreated ideas; wicked, rebellious ideas; meek, oppressed ideas—all united in the tumult of liberation. The ghostly night with its aristocratic planets and revolving satellites was done; the burst of day with its regenerating sun was at hand. Among the ideas that thus exultant bounded into the free air was—Heinrich Heine.

This, perhaps, we may be permitted to fancy, accounts for Heine's extraordinary affinity to ideas. Through all his writings he moves among them as among old acquaintance. He shakes them by the hand as friends, or disdains them as enemies; and these very enemies he feels with and for ironically, as a human being would towards human beings who had been fellow-captives. Even in his sprightliest passages, in the very disfigurements of flippancy and irreverence, we feel that he too is an idea among, if girding at, ideas.

'Dear reader,' he remarks, of his enthusiasm for Napoleon up to the time that he 'betrayed freedom' by assuming the purple, 'let us once for all understand each other. What I praise is never the deed, but only the human spirit. The deed is its mere vesture, and History is nothing but the old wardrobe of the human spirit. But Love loves old clothes sometimes, and so I love the mantle of Marengo. . . . Perhaps Napoleon was the last conqueror. It would really seem as if now ideal interests were to be fought out rather than material, and as if the history of the world was to be no longer a romance of robbers but a history of ideas.'

His most fleshly outbursts breathe the same spell. The flesh of them is merely a masquerade: we discern the idea through the domino. Ideas are his society; his solitude is peopled with them; he is constantly greeting, not the dead, but the immortal. We know of no other author in this sense so miscellaneous ideal.

And indeed with what strange disguises would not such ideas attire their cramped skeletons at the crisis of disenchainment? With the frippery of despair, with any chance raiment that the delirium of the moment nerved them to clutch, did such resurrectional ghosts actually invest themselves, amid hoarse laughter and weak embraces, when the granite bastions were demolished by the *sans-culottes*. They had been disinterred by orgied saviours, and, as Heine has well said, 'Every tombstone seals a world.' They were revolutionaries by instinct. Goethe, towards the close of his life, mentions 'Literary Sans-culottes,' but he omits to mention Heine. He perceives the *carmagnole* of ideas, but he is blind to their choregus. Nor did Napoleon, as he rode through the Allée by the Düsseldorf Hofgarten, mark

mark the enthusiastic schoolboy pressing through the throng in silent homage to the marble presentment of imperial deliverance.

Napoleon had come to substitute his brother Joseph for the Elector Palatine, that 'father who daily saluted his people with "Good morning, my children," while his people answered, "Good morning, father."' With what ironical pathos Heine describes the tears of that people as they read the farewell placard, concluding with: 'The Elector begs to announce his abdication.' That night, Heine tells us, he dreamed a dream. It was the end of the world. Gardens and meadows were being rolled up like carpets. The town constable was mounting a high ladder and taking down the sun; tailor Kilian stood by him murmuring: 'I must go home and put on my Sunday-best, for I am dead, and to be buried to-day.' It grew darker and darker; the few stars that still glimmered above were falling like autumn leaves. He, poor child, ran on through the deserted streets until he reached the hedge of a waste field near a desolate farm-house, and there he descried a man shovelling up earth with a mattock, and a spiteful hideous woman at his side, holding something like a severed human head in her apron—and that was the moon; and she laid it anxiously in the open grave; and behind waited the Elector's old pensioner, who sobbed as he spelled out the inscription, 'The Elector begs to announce his abdication.' How Napoleon would have scoffed had he been assured that this lad, fresh from 'Don Quixote' in that very Hofgarten, and from the Greek irregular verbs in yonder Franciscan school, was himself a redeemed idea.

But what idea? an idea of what?

'Madame,' he ejaculates, in his early and Shandean 'Buch Legrand,' 'above all things, have you the ghost of an idea as to what an idea really is?' And then the coachman Pattinsen is made to grumble forth: 'Well, well, an idea is just an idea; an idea is any silly stuff one imagines.' In the serious 'Ueber Deutschland,' too, there is a striking passage which points out how events are only the results of ideas, and how, even if Leda's egg had been turned into an omelet, Hector and Achilles would still have clashed at the Scæan gate. But Heine has told us elsewhere that the Dulcinea whose Don Quixote he remained—while the multitude following and misunderstanding imaged his Sancho Panza—the idea that enthralled him, was an ideal.

'It is Emancipation. Not only of Irishmen, Greeks, Frankfort Jews, West Indian niggers and such like oppressed peoples; but the emancipation of the whole world, especially of Europe, that has attained its majority, and is now breaking loose from the iron leading-strings

strings of Privilege, of Aristocracy. . . . Every period has its own problem, whose solution urges mankind forward. The previous inequality, which the Feudal system founded, was perhaps a necessity, or a requisite for civilising progress. Now, however, it is a cramping influence that revolts the civilised heart. This inequality, most offensive in its collision with the social principle, reached, as might be expected, its climax of embitterment in the French nation—the nation of Society—and the French sought a forced equality by the speedy decapitation of the tallest stalks.

This was written in 1828. Yet one more extract before we proceed to something less general.

‘At bottom it matters little for what one dies, if only it be for something that one loves; and such a warm faithful death is better than a cold faithless life. The very songs of such a death, the sweet rhymes and sparkling words, warm our hearts, that damp mists and penetrating cares would fain sadden and depress.’

‘Freedom,’ then, is the *Dulcinea*. The word sounds an impotent conclusion. But we shall find that Heine’s lady-love was no vague vision, but a revealed goddess.

‘Freedom’ is a wide and often unmeaning phrase; and the freedom of one age and country is rarely that of the next. There is free thought and free will; there is a free constitution; there are free dinners and free education; there is free living and free love. There is an outward and an inward freedom; there is the Truth that makes us free, and the show of Truth that seems to do so. ‘Equality’ is a notion no less diversified. There is levelling up and levelling down; there is the evenness of the mountain plateau and the flatness of the marshy swamp. Nor is ‘Fraternity’ a fixed idea. There is the brotherhood of brigands and the brotherhood of saints. There is the league whose banner is ‘All that thou hast is mine,’ and the Christian standard of ‘All that I have is thine.’

Sore experience eventually led Heine to advocate individual liberty and national fraternity, but neither national nor individual equality; and never equality of the compulsory sort, to which he so sarcastically alludes in the first of our extracts.

The influence of the French Revolution and of Napoleon extended to a champion of one class of freedom in our own country: we mean Byron. But the soil tinges aspiration: Byron’s freedom was alien to Heine’s. Byron was born in a land where even then political freedom was far in advance of intellectual freedom. Heine was born in a land where even then intellectual freedom was far in advance of political freedom. In their tourney with the Philistines, with the enemies of ideas, there is a kinship between them. But the

Philistinism

Philistinism of Germany, as we shall see later on, was mainly political; that of England, mainly social. Heine says that the older generation admonished him, in his mad young days, that it too had in its time run its head against a blank wall; but it had learned to reconcile itself with the wall, to recognise in the blank wall the absolute. Here then we have a meeting-ground between Heine and Byron. Byron also waged fierce war with the defenders of an absolute wall. But even here there are distinct divergences. The causes of Byron's exile were personal, not political: he had outraged propriety: he shook the dust from off his shoes, and it was English dust.

'You are not a moral people, and you know it  
Without the aid of too sincere a poet.'

Throughout his poetry his heart never bleeds for his own country, nor does he glow for mankind: he loves independence, not humanity. The causes, on the other hand, of Heine's exile were patriotic; and, often as his grief is discharged in laughter, his country is never far from his heart. He is the jester who would rescue the Kaiser in duress. He yearns after 'The great child merrymaking over her Christmas tree';\* and he is a martyr-egoist; his tears are for the world. Byron again, though resembling Heine in his defiance of authority as well as in his militant grip of life, in his 'modernity,' had neither thought much nor suffered much. His *hauteur*, which he had been taught to consider a badge of breeding, was quite distinct from his native pride. Of his splendid and imperishable impetuosity, he said in his haste that all men were liars. The sneer that in this opinion only he may be described as self-forgetful, would be unfair; the magnificent 'self-ness' of his poetry was the volcanic vent for his passion. But he certainly tended to parade his withered affections; he wore his wounded heart on his sleeve, whereas Heine, even in his overweening heyday, was both by temperament and circumstance acquainted with grief: sorrow and he were rocked together, as he observes, by his mother in the cradle. But there is a broader distinction between them, which is even more essential. Byron cared little for individual freedom, and less for national fraternity. Personal and national independence were his idols: he believed that races have an inherent right to self-government. Heine, on the contrary, discerned clearly that community of blood does not make or justify an individual nation.

\* 'Trotz meinem Streben nach Französischem Weltsinn, trotz meinem philosophischen Kosmopolitismus, sitzt doch immer das alte Deutschland mit allen seinen Spießbürgergefühlen in meiner Brust.' ('Über Deutschland.')

‘The foolish national prejudices dwindle daily more and more; the rough edges of particularism vanish in the catholicity of European civilisation. There are no longer nations in Europe; only parties. And it is curious to notice how well they recognise each other, despite the variety of their complexions, and understand one another, despite the division of their languages.’

The race-principle of nationality culminates in perpetual and fruitless warfare. While the issue of Byron’s independence is to supplant the despot by the rebel, that of Heine’s freedom is European cosmopolitanism. But there are two kinds of cosmopolitanism. The one is that which follows on the commercial uniformity of material appanage (that, for example, of modern Japan), whereby the world becomes, as it were, one vast International Exhibition. This, it must be borne in mind, is not Heine’s. The other is that which preserves patriotism and the mission of individual nations, but refuses to found them on internecine and racial hatreds. Such was Heine’s cosmopolitanism, as, we may add, it was Mazzini’s; and Germany stopped her ears to Heine’s passionate pleading and elected to remain selfishly patriotic—‘like leather,’ as he puts it, ‘shrivelling in a frost.’

The condition of England in the second decade of this century was in sharp contrast to that of Germany. There were discontented and unemancipated sections, but there was a united nation with a free constitution—a constitution which springs from and represents the invincible British good humour and fair feeling. England was, in her narrowest days, in Milton’s words, ‘a soil most genial to liberty.’ Her very childhood was passed in the open air, and her temperament has been braced by the breeze. If, like her climate, she has lacked the sun ‘which ripens fruits and wits,’ she has inhaled the ozone of island tempests. Germany, on the other hand, was in hospital—and that one of many wards. There was no united nation, no faculty for growth, but a pompous and a paltry ‘Bund.’ The political and social atmosphere was unwholesome in the extreme. There were thirty-five sovereigns,\* mostly of the pettiest, but all alike peddling and pedantic; there was a stifling censorship of literature; there was a repressive statecraft, with the clergy of two communions enlisted in its service; there was an unpopular and insolent nobility; and there was a patriotism derived from the liberation-war of 1813, which boasted exclusive Teutonism, and execrated everything

\* One Emperor, five Kings, one Elector, seven Grand-dukes, ten Dukes, ten Princes, and one Landgrave. Four free cities completed the ‘Deutscher Bund.’

French.



French. It was the recoil after Napoleon; and a great gulf became fixed between intellectual and political, public and private activity.

The 'Christian-German' programme of Absolutism found an incongruous ally in 'The Romantic School.' The so-called Romantic School originated at Jena from the philosophy of Fichte and Schelling, the Napoleon and the Rousseau respectively of thought. Egoism and Naturalism are the literary parents of its ironic freedom. On the one hand the accentuation of the 'Sovereign I,' on the other the outlook on the material world as a living organism—as visible thought, in the same way that thought was invisible nature—gave the impetus. At first it was mainly evident in the deep if chaotic humour of Jean Paul. Fichte, we repeat, and afterwards Hegel, emphasised 'the self-conscious human I'; they said in effect: 'Cogito, ergo est.' Schelling's universality of that 'I' could find scant expression in a policy-mongered State. Outwardly enslaved, it threw itself back on mediæval sentiment, with its symbolism of nature animate and inanimate, as a means of reconciliation; and the State manipulated the Gothic monstrosities of the sham structure as a buttress for its oppressive propaganda. We have no space to dilate on the various exponents of the doctrine. Suffice it for the English reader to say that Wagner is the Romantic School translated into music.

There was the active slavery of the Romantics; there was the passive freedom of Goethe. Heine set himself to make freedom active. He had grown up in the midst of all these influences. Nobody more than he was drawn towards the real romance and chivalry of the Middle Ages, their devotion and discipline, their mysticism and miracles. Nor has any one more wholly seized the magic of the 'Volkslied.' In his 'Loreley' he practically created an ancient one, and in his 'Two Grenadiers' a modern one, for Germany. But 'the time was out of joint.' In what he has finely termed 'the great Morgue of literature' four dead faces—among the few that he adored—beckoned him away: the faces of Cervantes, of Luther, of Lessing, and of Schiller. The Romantic School proved a masquerade of religion and sentiment in a country downtrodden and faithless. Far better for him had he been able to surrender his will to a diviner guidance—to that which inspired the heroes of his revolt. But he was impetuous and insurgent. He lacked that 'divine conversion of the will' which Amiel makes the claim of Christianity. He became, to employ Milton's grand invective, 'a tiger of Bacchus.' He scathed both Church and State: he exposed the sloth of  
2 F 2  
patience

patience and the rust of patriotism: he denounced the professions of the Christianity and Judaism around him: he proclaimed 'The Emancipation of the Flesh,' 'The Rights of Holy Matter,' 'The Reconciliation of the Body with the Spirit.' As we scan 'Ueber Deutschland' and 'Die Romantische Schule,' or the closing passages of 'Die Stadt Lucca,' we seem to take refuge within the precincts of some dim and stately cathedral while a thunderstorm rages outside. The scornful lightning flashes through the sacred pictures of the rose-window—a blasphemy from heaven against the pale emblematic repose of effigy and architecture. The sullen thunder is redoubled through the aisles. The owls hoot eerily from the sheltering belfry, and the ravens croak around the grinning gurgoyles. Had Heine assailed living and unaffected religion in this manner, we could not pardon him, but genuine religious life was extinct in the mouldering high places of Germany: only the Protestant pastors of the country districts, who so often afforded shelter to the poet pedestrian, as he lovingly remembered, preserved it.

"Are the Berlineses Christians, then?" exclaimed the Signora in astonishment. . . . I spoke in the previous chapter of the positive religions only in so far as they have been privileged state-religions. But there is a pious dialectic, dear reader, which will authoritatively assure you that an adversary of such a state-religion is also a foe of Religion and the State, a foe of God and the King, or, in the trite formula, of the Throne and the Altar. But I tell you this is a lie. I honour the inward holiness of every religion, and I subject myself to the interests of the state. If I do no special homage to anthropomorphism, I yet believe in the majesty of God. And, even if Kings are so foolish as to resist the spirit of the people, or so ignoble as to corrupt its organs by neglect and persecution, I yet remain in my heart of hearts an adherent of the monarchical principle. I am no enemy of the throne, but only of the ennobled vermin that have built their nests in its crevices, and who have been so well characterised by Montesquieu in the words "Ambition in league with indolence, greed for wealth without toil, repugnance to the truth, flattery, treachery, perfidy, perjury, contempt of public spirit, fear of kingly virtue, and interest in kingly shame." I am no enemy of the altar, but I hate the snakes lurking beneath its old rubble—those base cunning snakes that smile, innocent as flowers, while they spurt their venom into the goblet of life, and whisper slander in the ears of the devout, the glistening worms with soft words.

"Mel in ore, verba lactis,  
Fel in corde, fraus in factis."

He preached in all seriousness that modern Romanism was a continuation of ancient Cæsarism; that 'Rome sends her  
dogmas

dogmas into the provinces'; that the Holy Alliance was one of papacy with despotism. In the words of Tibullus—

'Roma tuum nomen terris fatale regendis.'

Yet he has related with infinite humour how he himself might have been Pope. The Abbé Schallmeyer, his maternal uncle's friend and his own preceptor, wished to consecrate his talent to the Roman priesthood. But his eventual conversion to Lutheranism was more than formal, and not merely the 'entrance-ticket to European civilisation.' In Luther above all he saw the rediscoverer of the Bible for Germany, and in the Bible—'homely and mysterious, as the whisperings of a primæval grandmother'—he prized the Fatherland of the Spirit. In Luther, too, he descried a Protestant both against false asceticism and against that puritanism which takes the colour from life.

'Only so long as religions are at rivalry with each other, and are more persecuted than persecuting, are they glorious and honourable. Only then exist inspiration, self-sacrifice, martyrdom, and the palm. How beautiful and holy, how lovely, strange, and sweet was the Christianity of the first centuries, when it still resembled its divine Founder in the heroism of suffering. Then still breathed the fair story of a mysterious God, who, in the shape of a gentle youth, wandered under the palms of Palestine, and preached the love of mankind, and revealed the doctrine of freedom and equality which was in later times acknowledged by the bare reason of the greatest thinkers, and which has inspired our age in the form of the French Gospel. Compare with this religion of Christ the various Christendoms [which various countries have erected into state-religions, for example, the Roman Apostolic Catholic Church, or that Catholicism without its poetry which predominates in the High Church of England. . . . The system of monopoly is as ruinous to religion as to trade. . . . Whoever has lain in ambush for the secret of societies knows that priests honour God far less than the laity, because the former can mould Him at will out of bread and words to suit their own service. And he knows that the nobility honour the King much less than *roturiers*, and despise in their hearts that very monarchy before which they prostrate themselves in public and for which they exact the prostration of others. They resemble those showmen of the market-place who exhibit for money some Hercules, or giant, or dwarf, or savage, or fire-eater, whose strength, loftiness, boldness, invincibility, or, in the dwarf's case, wisdom, they praise in exaggerated rhetoric, to the blare of trumpets and under the mask of motley—while all the time they laugh to scorn the credulity of the mob, and mock at the theme of their eulogies, the poor creature whom custom has rendered uninteresting and familiarity has robbed of illusion. . . . I am convinced, however, that a time will come when

when the Kings will refuse to be the puppet-show of contemptuous aristocracy, when they will break down their ceremonials, spring across their marble booths, and indignantly discard the tinsel trappings which allure the rabble—and that then the freed Kings will be free as other men, and walk free among them, and feel freely and marry freely, and freely declare their meaning, and that will be the emancipation of Kings.'

Such fiery thoughts made Heine the founder of 'Young Germany.' The contrast between England and Germany may be strikingly illustrated in this connexion. Some ten years later, Disraeli—like Heine, of Hebrew descent—led 'Young England.' But 'Young England' aimed at revival and amelioration in that very feudal spirit which Heine spurned. Disraeli recognised that our country thrives by adaptation and adjustment; that it is the country of natural growth, and not of forced luxuriance; that, like its native oak, the old trunk still obeys the magic of the spring, and has not, after the manner of the Brazilian aloe, to wait a hundred years before it shoots up into sudden and ephemeral blossom. In interdependence rather than in independence, in the mutual responsibility of classes, he discerned an English root for democratic ideas. England is great because of that very insular inaccessibility to ideas which repelled Heine. An idea knocks at our gates perhaps for generations before it wins admittance; but when it once enters it becomes naturalised like any other foreigner, and it becomes actualised: it dwells and walks and votes and has commerce with the people; it becomes part of the public life, and parcel of the national behaviour. 'Philistinism,'\* after all, stands for two great habits, those of decency and order. Habits are applied principles; principles, the application of ideas. Philistinism errs in deifying custom and depreciating ideas; but its very common sense, which is the logic of habit, enforces the central ideas which its principle represents. With all its drawbacks it is for us a regulative energy, typified by our jurymen, and our 'Times' newspaper. Mr. Matthew Arnold was

\* In this regard it is interesting to note that the phrase of 'Philistinism,' as expressing the arch-adversaries of light—which Mr. Arnold took from Heine, together with, *inter alia*, the division of the world into Hebrews and Hellenes—is of much older date. Goethe used it; but its origin seems to have been in the year 1693 at Jena, when a pastor Götz, preaching to the students from the university pulpit on the text, 'The Philistines are upon thee, Samson,' left the word as an embodiment of the townsmen in their quarrels with the gownsmen. See Scherr's 'Kulturgeschichte,' p. 622. There is also a trace of its unconscious application by Milton in the 'Areopagitica,' where, inveighing against the obscurantist monopoly of learning, he says: 'What is it but a servitude like that imposed by the Philistines, not to be allowed the sharpening of our own axes and coulters, but we must repair from all quarters to twenty licensing forges?'

mistaken

mistaken when he identified the Teuton Philistinism attacked by Heine with the Goliath of his own abomination. These considerations hold good also of our religious world. Its dearth of spiritual insight vanishes gradually, and not by leaps and bounds—through conduct far more than through enlightenment. One of Heine's hobbies was the study of national myth and fable. He maintained that under these popular superstitions—such as those of the fay Abunde, of Tannhäuser, or of the Flying Dutchman—lurk the real popular beliefs. We may extend this to the current coin of daily parlance. Of the dead the Englishman exclaims: 'Poor So-and-so'—he is exiled from a land of practical comfort. But the German murmurs: 'Der Selige'—'the blessed.' Despite his philosophical scepticism, the 'heavenly home-sickness' pursues him. For the German there can never cease to abide some celestial beer-garden where he can sit and listen to eternal harmonies. Long afterwards, when a great change of body and soul had overtaken him, Heine tells the story of the Greenlander who retorted on Danish missionaries that the Christian heaven would scarcely suit him because there were no seals there. 'Be consoled, dear reader; there is a persistence beyond the grave, and, in another world, we shall, each of us, find our seals once more.'

Mr. Arnold is further misled in his assertion that Heine's 'direct political action was null,' and that 'Letters' were his sphere proper. This is that very reproach against which Heine kicked—'Only a poet!' 'Young Germany,' it is true, achieved no immediate change, nor did the violent demagogues succeed in upheaval. 'Direct political action' was, from the temperament of Germany, impossible. The July revolution of 1830 in Paris raised the hopes of conflicting patriots, and necessitated Heine's exile. He has ironically observed that Spandau was far from the sea, that oysters were not procurable, and that the irons in the fortress were very cold all the winter; also that they were singing 'Lafayette aux cheveux blancs' on the boulevards. So to Paris he was driven with so many other and opposite patriots. He loathed the demagogues, and he discountenanced the radical revolutionaries headed by Börne. He perceived the fatuity and the futility of practical rebellion. When the 'Hambach festival' rallied the forces of discontent and of enthusiasm for the Poles, there was a suggestion, he tells us, that the outbreak should start by shooting a sentry. 'What!' was the indignant remonstrance of a platform-Jacobin; 'kill an innocent sentry, the father of a family! I, too, am a father.' Once more, eighteen years afterwards, rose the sterner revolt of 1848. Once more was the pioneer France thrown into the

arms

arms of plutocracy; once more were the hopes of united Germany doomed to disappointment. Heine was persecuted not only by the Government, which mauled and suppressed his works, but by the extreme patriots, who, while they profited by his open-handed succour, suspected him as lukewarm and Gallophil. He soon came to detest the Teutomania that worked at the expense of progress and goodwill. He keenly realised that the 'equality' of proletarian agitators was a pretext for savagery, retrograde and iconoclast.

'I was struck once in the Göttingen beer-cellar by the wonderful alacrity of my "ancient German" friends in preparing their proscription lists for the day of triumph. Exile was decreed for every one descended even in the seventh degree from a Frenchman, Jew, or Slav. Whoever had written a word against Jahn or had in the least ridiculed old-German absurdities was to be executed—by the axe, not the guillotine, though the latter originates from Germany, and was familiar to the Middle Ages as "the Italian trap." I remember that on this occasion it was seriously discussed whether a certain Berlinese author who had written against gymnastics in the first volume of his works was to be sentenced until the second volume had appeared and perhaps modified his original utterances!'

German thoroughness, German impracticability, German inner-consciousness! Heine's view was larger and more human.

'Oh, the People, this poor king in tatters, has fallen on flatterers far more shameless, as they swing their censers round his head, than the courtiers of Byzantium or Versailles. These court lackeys of the People incessantly vaunt its virtues and excellences, crying aloud: "How beautiful is the People, how good is the People, how intelligent is the People." No, you lie. The People is not beautiful; on the contrary, it is very ugly. But its ugliness is due to its dirt, and will vanish with public baths for the gratuitous ablutions of his Majesty. A piece of soap, too, will do no harm; and we shall then see a People in the beauty of cleanliness—a washen People. The People whose goodness is thus magnified is not good at all. It is often as bad as other potentates. But its baseness comes from hunger. When it has once well eaten and drunk it will smile, gracious and well-favoured as the rest. Nor is his Majesty over-intelligent. He is possibly stupider than the others—stupid with the bestiality of his minions; he will only love or heed the speakers or howlers of the jargon of his passions; he hates every brave soul that converses in the speech of reason, and that would ennoble and enlighten him.'

Thus did Heine indicate a higher and wider range to German patriotism. The greater parliamentary freedom which is now making itself felt, the religious emancipation and national unity which have come to pass, are the direct fruits of his ideals.



ideals. But freedom itself is not yet organic in Germany. To what have ideas brought Germany, after all? To what have they brought France, with her undignified 'moments of emotion'? In England, with our Dagon of healthy compromise, we are still free and stable. Let the following statistical excerpt illustrate the persistent immaturity of German politics:—

'Since the present Emperor came to the throne, from 488 to 621 persons have been annually condemned for this mild form of high treason (*Lèse-Majesté*), and it is noticeable that, among them, 183 were under twenty-one and 7 under fifteen years of age.'

This is the Germany that begrudges Heine a statue. And in France the Dreyfus imbroglio has followed on the heels of the Panama scandals, while the mask of 'anti-Semitism' veils a campaign against capital and authority. That this labour question would become a critical issue was, as we shall see, manifest to Heine in the forties. He had ardently embraced the humanitarianism of Père Enfantin, but he shuddered as he foretold the Commune. Heine, even in blessing Lassalle, apprehended the suicide of equality when translated into fact, and gauged its value as an ideal towards which the spirit of society must approximate. And to what did ideas eventually reduce Heine himself?

'Yes! Happy are those in the prisons at home, happy those in the garrets of temporal misery, happy the lunatics in their mad-house, and happiest the dead. As regards the writer of these pages, I dare not indulge in selfish complaint, for I have, to some degree, tasted the fate of them all by virtue of that strange susceptibility, that involuntary fellow-feeling, that disease of mood, peculiar to poets and without its precise name. However well-liking and gleeful I flit by day through the sparkling streets of Babylon, at even-fall, believe me, the melancholy harps awaken in my breast; and by night crash all the drums and cymbals of sorrow, the Janissary-orchestra of the world's agony. The whole shrill appalling masquerade dances before my eyes. Ah! what dreams! Dreams of the dungeon, of wretchedness, of madness, of death! A shrieking medley of wisdom and folly, a hotch-potch reeking of *Sauerkraut*, and yet redolent of orange blossom! . . . Constantly in my dreams I sit on a curbstone of the Rue Lafayette. It is a moist autumn evening, and the moon streams on the dirty pavement in long streaks that transform the mud into gold and even embroider it with diamonds. The passing crowd, too, are only glittering dirt. Stockjobbers, gamblers, cheap scribblers—the flash coiners of thought, and cheaper damsels whose guile is only that of the body. . . . Between them all the carriages rattle and the lackeys jump, gay as tulips and common as their masters. . . . In one of these golden coaches, if I mistake not, lolls Aguado, late dealer in cigars, and his pawing steeds bespatter my

my whole rosy-red habiliment. . . . Yes! to my own wonder, I am clad completely in flesh-colour, for neither the climate nor the season allow the simple nakedness of ancient Greece, when King Leonidas with his three hundred Spartans danced the night before Thermopylae without a shred of raiment, garlanded with flowers. Like that of Leonidas in David's picture is my own clothing, as I sit in my dreams on the curbstone of the Rue Lafayette, while Aguado's damnable coachman bespatters my flesh-garment—the brute! He bespatters, too, the fair chaplet on my brows, which, however, in confidence, is withering, and has lost its scent. Ah! they were once fresh joyous blossoms when I first decked myself with them and thought they would march with me next morning to battle—to do or die for the Fatherland. . . . That is long ago. Morose and idle, I sit in the Rue Lafayette, and meanwhile the flowers fade on my head, my locks too are whitening, and my heart waxes faint in my bosom. Great God! how the time drags in such deedless waiting and at last one's courage flickers out. . . . I watch the people pass. They glance pitifully at me and whisper in each other's ear, "Poor fool!"

But he was not long to remain 'well-liking' even by day. The Rue Lafayette was to be exchanged for the Rue d'Amsterdam, and eventually for the death-in-life of the Avenue Matignon. That 'flesh-colour,' those flowers—which symbolised his revival of Renaissance-Hellenism, which had adorned his proclamation of Titian as a 'Protestant of the flesh,' and his reanimation of a pantheon exiled into museum-statuary—faded away into the spectral presentment of 'A Christ by Morales,' over which the detached spirit already seemed to brood, longing to be 'free among the dead.' Once more did this protagonist of 'modernity' return crushed and broken to the great home of the Bible. But for him was to be slain no fatted calf. He was proud even in humiliation: his cardinal taint was his native self-will, and not, as some have imagined, irreverence or intemperance. He had really immolated himself for his country. It would have been so easy, as he said, to have remained at home and comfortably to have indited tame romances. He had suffered the pangs of banishment for over twenty years: he was now hemmed in by sordid vexations. He might well have re-echoed Zechariah,—'What are these wounds in thine hands? Then he shall answer, Those with which I was wounded in the house of my friends.' He recanted his joyous pantheism. Like that other poet-exile of Pontus:—

'Id quoque quod viridi quondam male lusit in ævo,  
Heu nimium sero damnat et odit opus.'

He compared himself to the mediæval minnesinger who, smitten in the plenitude of his glory with leprosy, roamed through the land

land and sang his songs to the awful rhythm of the leper's rattle.

'On the rack I will confess all. Yes! I have returned to God like the prodigal son after my long swineherdship among the Hegelians. Is it misery that sends me home? Perhaps a less miserable reason. A heavenly home-sickness overtook me, and urged me on through gorge and forest over the dizzyest peaks of Dialectic. On my way I found the God of the Pantheists, but he was of no avail. This poor dreamy being is cramped into the web and growth of the world—the world's prisoner. He gapes on you without will or power. To have a will one needs personality, and free elbow-room is indispensable for its manifestation.'

Yes! 'God is all, but all is not God.' This formula of his glowing youth he had at length learned to interpret. But the 'new birth,' 'the conversion of the will,' this he could not learn. His genius hovers in a borderland between the spiritual and the sensuous. If his body could not emancipate itself from the spirit, neither could his spirit entirely renounce the body. This borderland, which sheds such a charm over his every word, is the region with which we set out—the domain of ideas. Great is the mission of ideas; but they are elements of earth, and can destroy as well as minister. Life is not a frenzy of the elements, and true freedom is the surrender of the will to the high and the holy. Heine protested to the last that his life had been beautiful and noble, that his morality had been in consistent accord with an inward sanction. Alfred Meissner, in his '*Revolutionäre Studien aus Paris*,' bears witness to his true religious feeling. He was certainly graced with a generous candour as rare as gratitude: he could confess that he had been wrong. His impressive testament contains an exalted passage:—

'Je meurs croyant en un Dieu uni et éternel, créateur du monde, et dont j'implore la miséricorde pour mon âme immortelle. Je regrette d'avoir dans mes écrits quelquefois parlé des choses saintes sans le respect qui leur est dû, mais j'étais plutôt entraîné par l'Esprit de mon époque que par mes propres propensions. Si j'ai à mon insu offensé les bonnes mœurs et la morale, qui est la vraie essence de toutes les croyances monothéistes, j'en demande pardon à Dieu et aux hommes. . . . La grande affaire de ma vie était de travailler à l'entente cordiale entre l'Allemagne et la France, et à déjouer les artifices des ennemis de la démocratie, qui exploitent à leur profit les préjugés et les animosités internationaux.'

We must now turn to the family letters which complete his before-published correspondence. It is a refreshing task. The disconnected letters to his friends which are included in his works

works constantly need elucidation. They reveal a sensitive, aspiring, petulant soul, but they cast little light on the two dubious onslaughts of his pen—that on Platen, and that on Börne. With regard to the latter we have hinted a clue in our remarks on the Patriots. With regard to the former, scandalous as it was, it is palliated by the fact that his friend Carl Immermann was its true reason, and not merely a personal revenge for the disgraceful manner in which Platen had handled him in his two Aristophanic comedies, ‘The Fatal Fork,’ and ‘The New Œdipus.’ But these family letters harbour no vexed problems: they are likenesses of the affections. We feel, in reading them, as we do in that great chamber of the Uffizi where the master-painters have hung their own votive-tablets to posterity. They are at once portraits and performances. The correspondence is chiefly with his mother and sister, and its keynote is so tenderly struck in the two sonnets dedicated to the former that we cannot refrain from translating one:—

‘To my mother, B. Heine  
(Born von Geldern).

‘In folly mad I left thee once forsaken.

I fain would roam the wide creation over

And look where Love might hide, or footsteps of her,  
That I, in love, might clasp her overtaken.

From street I walked to street with search unshaken,

At every threshold stood, a suppliant rover,

And begged with palm outspread for dole or trove.

My portion cold was hate and gibe to waken.

And still I wandered seeking Love, and ever

Love-seeking, Love herself encountering never;—

Till back I turned and homeward, sick and tired.

Thou camest forth to greet me, glad and willing;

With tender dew thy tender eyes were thrilling.

Ah! That was Love—the Love so long desired.’

His affection for his mother was religious. ‘You, dear mother,’ he writes in one of these letters, ‘were always a God-fearing woman, and for your sake the dear God will always stand by us.’ He signs himself sometimes ‘Your obedient son’; late in life he calls her ‘Dear, good prize-mother.’ His affection for his sister Lottchen was romantic. Four great men of this century have been distinguished for their lover-like devotion to a sister—Byron, Macaulay, Mendelssohn, and Disraeli. Charlotte Heine, afterwards von Embden, ever remained a child, sportive and gifted, with striking affinities to his own deeper nature. He commemorates her in his famous lay, ‘My child,

we

we once were children,' when he describes their make-believe to be grown-up people in the hen-coop:—

Our childhood's games have vanished,  
And all things vanish must,  
The World, and its honey, and money,  
And Faith and Love and Trust.'

The first letter addressed to her bears date March 22nd, 1820. He was then a young student. His parents had just removed from Oldesloe to Lüneburg:—

'I am thinking of all my letters. You ought to write to me how all is going on *there*, and how you all fared in your emigration. The room of your old music club is doubtless hung with crape—its walls during the last fortnight must have re-echoed no "Allegro"—only "Adagio"—and the streets, how dead-alive they must now be! Did you cry at starting, and how did you feel on the journey? I sit many a night on my wooden chair and read quite mechanically in my great learned books, while my thoughts hover round the Lüneburger Heath, anxiously watching whether your coachman naps, whether your carriage is on the right road, whether a wheel be broken. Are you worthy of my enormous love for you?'

A year later, he was under Hegel at Berlin, a brilliant figure in a brilliant society. The subjoined extract from a letter of congratulation to his future brother-in-law is wise for so young a head, and significant of his future attitude:—

'I hope that you and my sister will be a happy couple. . . . For I am sure that, unlike the rest of our fine society, you do not prize in a woman merely a one-sided pre-eminence of mind, heart, or body, but, if I judge you aright, acknowledge the truest culture in a fair symmetry of the powers, and true charm only in the harmony between soul and body. My Lottchen is music—all symmetry and harmony. Her brother cannot forbear saying as much to her betrothed. As regards the political side of your note, I rejoice that my sister's bridegroom is no revolutionary. I find it quite natural too for a man *à son aise*—a happy *fiancé*—to oppose the upheaval of existing forms—to desire his own repose and Europe's. With me other considerations predominate; and besides a somewhat queer feeling steals over me when I read in the papers about folks frozen to death in the streets of London or starved in the streets of Naples.'

We find the following remark on his just published 'Ratcliff' in a letter written soon afterwards to the same correspondent: 'The true poet does not present the history of his own time, but of all times; and on this account a genuine poet is always the mirror of a universal present.' This tallies curiously with the words of Schiller which we have prefixed as motto

motto to this essay. Again he writes to von Embden this commentary on his own character:—

‘I hope that we may before long approximate more in our feelings; and that you will be able to recognise the good in me which often lies too deep below the surface. I have already avowed your keen penetration in practical life. Perhaps you may have noticed that mine is equally just in ideal life—I mean in everything dependent on ideas.’

The October of 1823 found him at Hamburg (where he says there is ‘a culture-conductor on the top of the town hall,’ and elicited a characteristic ebullition:—

‘The thought of you, dear sister, still sustains me, though the mass of people, with their stupid hate and nauseous love, depress me. . . . I am striving to perfect myself in the most various branches of study, and so hope to become a more versatile and accomplished writer. The poet is only a fraction of me. You know me long enough to understand this. I have duly noted your advice to let heaps of my tragedy die. Ah God! I only wish I could let lots of enemies die in it too! The Lüneburger Heath is a third of eternity, and has bored me consumedly, and out of boredom I have been making verses and inscribing them to you.’

This same confidante-sister’s description of him at this period will not be without interest:—

‘He looked younger than his age; he wore no beard until his incurable illness. The fine, almost girlish features were framed by locks of a light brown. His lips would twist into a satirical smile whenever they uttered anything witty or playful; and his gray-blue eyes, otherwise rather languid, would then light up. He was of middle height, always elegantly dressed. Throughout his life there was something distinguished in his air. He was always industrious and occupied, and unremitting in his attendance at lectures. The student habits were uncongenial to him; he did not smoke; he never drank beer; wine only in moderation; and he eschewed the nightly carousals of his comrades, although he joined a college club (“Burschenschaft”).’

Meanwhile his first ‘Lieder’ and ‘Reisebilder’ had made him famous. He had taken his Doctor’s degree. His parents were anxious that he should practise as an advocate, with a view to some State appointment or even a diplomatic career. All his inclinations drew him to Berlin, where he was acquainted with Hegel, Humboldt, the Schlegels, Varnhagen von Ense, and the galaxy of talent that surrounded Varnhagen’s celebrated wife. But his home affections led him fatally to Hamburg, where his parents were to settle under the ægis of their  
millionaire



millionaire kinsman. Commercial Hamburg disgusted him. It was there, too, that he suffered the love reverse which embittered his life. The so-called practical career was not to be his destiny. The success of his first publications, arising as it did from their union of the freshest romance with the most scorching satire, revealed the efficacy of new and trenchant weapons. Platen tried in vain to satirise their combination of wit and pathos. Heine resolved, much to the chagrin of that rich uncle—to whom he owed and repaid at once so much kindness, harshness, and misconception—to travel before embarking on his literary voyage. He visited London, where, jaundiced by ill-health, and with small opportunities for appreciating our national spirit, he saw little but 'the eternal roast beef and mutton, vegetables dished up *naïve* as God made them, . . . fog, porter, and Canning. Send no philosopher to London, and, on my conscience, no poet.' A second book of songs appeared, and enchanted Germany. Baron Cotta invited his collaboration, and Heine, anticipating royal emolument, complied: but Jesuit intrigues thwarted the favourable predispositions of the Bavarian King. Baffled and restless, Heine started on the Italian journey, whose southernmost limit proved to be Florence.

' . . . I see Italy, but I cannot hear her, and yet I am not quite debarred from conversation. Here the stones have voices, and I understand their dumb eloquence. I find myself quite on terms with a broken column of ancient Rome, a ruined bridge of old Lombardy, or a weather-beaten pillar of the Goths. Often and often do I bend my ears for the whispered secrets of antique palaces which elude the dull stir of day. But I return at nightfall, and the moon is a good interpreter. It reads the style of stones, and renders it in the speech of my heart. Yes! at night I can catch every word. The new folks with their opera-phrases are asleep, and the old folks rise from their chilly beds and discourse the loveliest Latin!'

He was recalled by the prostrating news of his father's death, that 'Väterchen' to whom he was tenderly attached. The appearance of his last outspoken 'Reisebilder' frustrated his final hopes of State preferment. To Paris, as we have seen, in 1831 he transferred his body, but not his soul; as he was never wearied of quoting to his sister, 'Calipso ne se pouvait consoler du départ d'Ulysse.' He discerned that his mission was to form a fantastic bridge between the romanticism of the past and the realism of the present. Despotism in every shape he treated as a saturnine grotesque. Paris welcomed and at first intoxicated him, but his heart was on the other side of the Rhine:—

'Ah,

'Ah, Germany, my true-love parted,  
I'm not so far from tears as thee.  
Light-hearted France seems heavy-hearted,  
A burden all this buoyant glee.'

Such is the burden of his home letters at this time. He is always trying to spare his mother both expense and anxiety. His two brothers never quite understood him: his wealthy uncle and cousins regarded him as a brilliant failure. His nature demanded the womanly for its support, and he found it in the childlike sincerity of a *grisette* whom he educated, and whose affection appealed to the sheer simplicity that underlay his nervous temperament.

'Paris, 13 September, 1841.

'Dearest, darling sister,—At last I am able to announce my marriage. On the 31st of August I espoused Mathilde Crescentia Mirat, with whom I have already been *tiffing* for the last six years. She is, however, of the noblest and purest heart, good as an angel; and her conduct, during our long association, so blameless as to have made her an example of virtue to all my circle.'

And to his mother he writes:—

'... Her only drawback is her impulsiveness and caprice, which often irritate me to the damage of my health. I grow more and more attached to her from the bottom of my heart; more and more she becomes the deepest need of my life; but perhaps this too will cease in time, with all other human feelings. I anticipate such a crisis with horror. I should then be left a solitary prey to my moods of wretchedness, unredeemed by sympathy. At other times I am tormented by her helplessness and inexperience should I die. For she is careless and innocent as a child of three.'

On the 5th of May, 1842, occurred the great Hamburg fire which turned so many of Heine's compositions to fragments. His sister imperilled her life to rescue the poet's manuscripts, and his utterances of this date are pathetically free from reference to his own loss; full of anxiety for his mother (whom he beseeches not to frank her letters), and of admiration for Lotchen, who wrote to him 'with the calm heroism of a field-marshal.' In the same year took place the engagement of one of her daughters:—

'You are still so young both in mind and body . . . and will soon be a grandmother, and the dear old hen will be a great-grandmother. If only I could see our dearest father for one moment! That is my constant thought, and the happiness makes me sad. . . . If I could only be with you for a few days!'

He was, however, to re-visit Germany with great precautions in the ensuing year, but he could only look forward to bringing his

his wife on some future opportunity. And meanwhile, despite his abnormal nerves, his failing eyesight, his political, pecuniary, and other troubles, he had been electrifying both France and Germany in works both German and French. He had published 'Lutetia,' and handled with consummate insight the political and social conditions of a stirring time. His diagnosis was prognosis. He analysed prophetically the elements of Louis Philippe's 'Bourgeoisie.' He predicted the Franco-German war; he afterwards predicted what has recently happened—the Franco-Russian alliance: he predicted that civil war of society which is still thundering its anarchic message.

'The propaganda of Communism boasts a language universally intelligible. The alphabet of this international dialect is simple as hunger, envy, and death; it is readily learned, and will develop into a world-revolution—the great struggle between the possessionless and the oligarchies of possession.'

Heine paid his longed-for home visit with his wife in the summer of 1844. It is amusing to peruse his nephew's description of the poet's landing with his impatient wife and her pet parrot—his family, as he styled them. It was in keeping that the too-natural lady should be ill at ease in the formal house of the benevolent but crotchety millionaire, who forbade any language but German at his table. Heine's jest about his uncle Solomon's dinners was that a footman stood behind him on one side of the table to hand datives, while a second waited on the other to offer accusatives. But on the whole, the meeting was a success; and the poet, after jealously dispatching his wife to a *pension* in Paris to await his return, lingered on for a while alone.

At length he had to say farewell, and the tragedy of his life was henceforward to deepen. His disease crawled month by month to its pitiable catastrophe. Every kind of aggravation dogged him—squabbles with his publisher Campe, misunderstandings with his cousins, fears for the financial future of his widow, the so-called patriots who bit the hand that fed them.\* But, throughout, the unaffected single-heartedness of his home affections breathes like the relieving motive in a tempestuous symphony. This is for us the singular charm of these letters. To the scavengers of posthumous gossip, the auctioneers of privacy, they may seem trivial, but when we remember that he has been taunted with heartlessness and malice, the solemn sweetness of his intercourse with his own becomes his most

\* The French government had given him a small pension, and this incensed the 'Franzosen-Fresser' section of Germany, headed by Menzel.

persuasive advocate in the courts of posterity. Take this, to his mother, on his reunion with his wife:—

‘ . . . We were both quite dazed by the joy of meeting again. We open our mouths wide at each other, speak of you, laugh again, and the parrot screeches amid it all as if demented. . . . You see, dear mother, I am happy as far as man can be in this imperfect world. My only lack is a healthier head and the neighbourhood of my good mother. Did you make Jette look very often how the wind was blowing on Wednesday night?’ And again: ‘It is late and my pen is much worse than my heart.’

In the December of this year (1844) he lost his uncle.

‘He was often harsh to me. Even this summer in his excitement he struck me with his stick. Ah, God! how gladly would I recall his blows.’

Then followed the most miserable dispute with his cousin Karl, who wanted to dock the pittance which the dead patron had paid. He had to fight a duel as in the old university days. One by one, his later triumphs issue from the press, but he comments far less on them, or his bickerings, or his malady, than on the interests of those at home. Persistent are his loving disguises of that awful illness. He was fruitlessly attempting new cures and new abodes. He protests he has given up the doctors, for he has noticed that all the lately deceased were attended by physicians! His penultimate letters are full of distracted love and loving distraction for the wife who was at once mistress, nurse, child, and friend. The revolution of 1848 dealt him a heavy blow: it blasted his political hopes, and it coincided with his physical collapse. Our next extract speaks piteously for itself and him:—

*‘Passy, 10th June, 1848.*

‘Dearest sister,—My wife wishes me to keep you no longer in too complete delusion as to my true state of health. This has hitherto been necessary for mother’s sake. But if I die, I do not wish you to receive too violent a shock. This, dear child, will I hope not happen so soon, and a dozen years may pass over me as I am, God pity me! For the last fortnight, I have been so paralysed that I have to be carried like a child; my legs are mere cotton-wool; my eyes terribly bad; my heart, however, right, and brain and digestion sound. I am well cared for and lack nothing to defray the great expenses of my illness. My wife bears herself splendidly, and we live very happily. Should I die in this condition, my end is far better than that of thousands of others. Now you know where you are. I wanted so much to see you this summer. Perhaps I might manage it next New Year, or perhaps you will come here. This year I am glad not to have you by me on account of the world-spread revolution orgy, which you have doubtless to endure as well as we. . . .

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But shall I ever be better? God knows, who guides all for the best. . . . We shall conceal my illness from mother as heretofore.

'Shadow-love and shadow-kisses,  
Life of shadows weird to view;  
Think you, sister, all our blisses  
Changeless bide, and firmly true?  
All we cling to, love, and cherish,  
Dreamery, it melts and goes;  
Eyes and hearts forget and perish,  
Hearts and eyes aslumber close.'

Yet he still insisted on dispensing with dictation, though a single letter would often absorb a whole day. His intellect was never keener, nor his hold on life intenser than when the whole outer world was ebbing away. It is to these last years of agony that we owe the 'Lazarus' and the 'Romancero.' Many deeds of kindness, too, are chronicled in this last act. He was devoted to children, and would spin them fairy stories: would tell how good the cakes were in heaven, and how the angels, for lack of napkins, would wipe their tiny mouths with their wings.

'Dear good little mother,' he writes, 'you must almost be content if in future I employ a secretary. . . . I wrote to you long ago that my arm is cramped; otherwise things proceed as usual. . . . Only Mammon, the craven Mammon, that slunk away into ambush before the terror of the Republic, is once more emerging. . . . I love you inexpressibly.' And once more: 'Although writing is forbidden me, I cannot forbear a line of New Year's congratulation. . . . That New Year's cracknel we used to eat as children, over coffee compounded of three beans and three pounds of chicory—not a touch of sugar!'

We can almost hear the gasps of effort through the disjointedness.

But an immense pleasure was to gladden him before life was wholly sapped. During the November of 1855 Gustav and Lottchen visited him for a month. The sister thus records their arrival:—

'Mathilde stood on the doorstep, embraced me, and said that before I entered my brother called out to her: "I feel Lottchen is coming; you need not prepare me; bring her in; I would not miss a minute of her presence." As soon as I saw him, he exclaimed: "My dear Lottchen!" and folded me in his arms for a long time speechless. Then he leaned his head on my shoulder and extended his hand to his brother. His joy at seeing me was indescribable; and I dared not leave his bedside, save at mealtimes, till late into the night. . . . I feared the shock of the first view of his sufferings; but since at that time I only saw his head, which smiled on me with marvellous and transfigured beauty, I could surrender myself to the transport of meeting. Towards afternoon, however, when the nurse carried him on to the *chaise longue*, and I gazed on the contorted body from

which the legs dangled lifelessly, I had to summon all my courage to endure the sight. My room adjoined his, and already on the first night his protracted convulsions alarmed me fearfully. Almost every evening the same spasms repeated themselves, but when I hastened to the sick chamber and laid my hand on his brow, it seemed to relieve him. He often assured me that I exercised a strange magnetic influence over him, of which he was conscious however lightly I entered the room. In his more painless moments we often laughed together over old home-memories. Only his right hand retained its nervous force. . . . Some months since his constant secretary, Richard Reinhold, had quitted him, and he had recently been replaced by a singularly gifted and gracious lady, who united French *esprit* with German depth.

This was Camille Selden—'La Mouche,' as Heine calls her, from the device on her seal—to whom he addressed his last letter, with the signature of 'Nebuchadnezzar the Second.' When the hour of parting arrived, Heine had prepared a poem for his sister, which the maid—that Nemesis of authors—had consigned to the flames. 'Be consoled,' he ejaculated; 'when you come again, I will compose another far more *fiery* lyric for you.'

She was never to return. He died on the 17th of February, 1856. In the Appendix to these 'Letters' appears a touching note from the nurse, Catherine Boulnois, to Madame von Embden. His consciousness remained unimpaired almost to the very end, and his last solicitude was for his mother and sister. His widow, who speaks of him, in a subsequent communication, as 'l'homme de génie qui me fit l'honneur d'associer sa vie à la mienne,' died on the anniversary of his death in 1883. His mother only survived him till 1859.

Ah! who shall judge that scintillating spirit, whose ordeals were themselves unwritten irony, and whose articulate irony has been so often vindicated by his age; whose poetry—and (may we add) whose courage and devotion—are a legacy for ages to come? 'The poet's irony,' forcibly observes his nephew, 'never fastened on the ideal, but on the realistic residue of particularism and intolerance—above all, on their missionaries who sought to throttle a people's aspirations.' Heine loved much, and much shall therefore be forgiven him.

In the Vatican Museum stands a significant group of Apollo and the Muses. A careful observer will mark that Melpomene wears a pensive smile above her terror-stricken mask, while Thalia mourns sternly with the badge of Comedy in her hands. That is the true irony of the modern transition; that is the inward tragicomedy of things; that is the bitter-sweetness of Heine's life and work.



- ART. VIII.—1. *Considérations sur la France.* Par J. de Maistre. Londres (Neuchâtel), 1797.
2. *Les soirées de St. Pétersbourg.* Par J. de Maistre. Paris, 1821.
3. *Mémoires d'outre Tombe.* Par Chateaubriand. Nouvelle édition par Edmond Biré. Paris, 1898.
4. *Le Génie du Christianisme.* Par Chateaubriand. Paris, An X (1802).
5. *La France Juive.* Par Edouard Drumont. 145<sup>e</sup> édition. Paris, 1898.
6. *Le Péril Protestant.* Par E. Renauld. 10<sup>e</sup> édition. Paris, 1899.
7. *Praticiens Politiques (1870-99).* Par J. Ernest-Charles. Paris, 1899.
8. *La Tristesse Contemporaine.* Essai sur les grands courants moraux et intellectuels. Par H. Fierens-Gevaert. Paris, 1899.
9. *La Synergie Sociale.* Par Henri Mazel. Paris, 1896.

FRANCE, despite her wealth, courage, and intelligence, is in a parlous state. To opine that she is sick unto death would be to ignore her wondrous vitality, to forget the repeated recoveries of this august patient, for whose health and prosperity the world is bound to pray. But her condition is alarming indeed. Everywhere we detect the symptoms of disease. At home she is distracted by intrigue and corruption. She faces the world abroad with an ominous mixture of pusillanimity and arrogance. Her army long since passed beyond the control of the law, and has turned itself from a useful servant into a tyrannical mistress. This untrammelled Republic, in fact, has rewritten the ancient adage. It has stripped kings of their divinity, and yet believes in the soldier's divine right to do wrong. While professing an admiration for the sacred principles of 1793, it has prayed for a tyrant, and it has only abstained from bowing the knee because no tyrant is forthcoming within its borders. To disguise the discontent which paralyses her at home, France turns her eyes abroad. She has abased herself abjectly at the feet of Russia, because the Czar personifies the all-powerful dictatorship after which she pines. A free nation, she hangs a foreign flag in all her streets, and flatters a foreign potentate in such terms of adulation as would appear extravagant were they addressed to a benevolent autocrat of her own. That her submission meets with no reward does not irk her in the least; on the contrary, she endures with manifest patience the slights and encroachments of her 'great ally.'

ally.' And then, as if to atone for her subservience to the East, she faces the West with a bold and insolent front. She boasts that she is ready to meet England on the sea, as in 1870 she was prepared to vanquish Germany in the Vosges. Wherefore she stealthily follows the enterprises of Great Britain with her policy of pin-pricks, and, in that fatally sanguine temper which commonly inspires consumptive patients and nations in decay, she opposes energy with intrigue. She sends out agents whom her own Ministers disown, and conceals her real intentions from her faithful citizens. Marchand was left stranded at Fashoda because only one part of the triple plot succeeded. Had Prince Henri d'Orléans marched from Abyssinia with the troops of Menelik, had the Marquis de Morés joined the Mahdi, as he hoped, then the prayers of French politicians might have been answered, and France might have fought England under alien flags.

But a worse sign of decay than this unstatesmanlike cunning is France's newly acquired pride in her navy. If she be not patriotic, she is as Chauvinist to-day as she was thirty years since. The general who declared in 1870 that the French army was ready to the last gaiter button was not a whit wiser than M. Lockroy, who lately told the Chamber that the French navy's superiority to her rivals was assured. And how? By submarine navigation. Now this astounding statement would have some force if M. Lockroy could prove, first, that submarine navigation is an invincible artifice of war, and, secondly, that France has a fleet of submarine boats. But on the first point he is content with dogmatic assertion, on the second he perforce confesses that France's submarine fleet consists of one ship. In brief, his argument is this: I believe in submarine navigation, and I should like to have a fleet of submarine boats. Therefore France is prepared to make war against all the fleets of Europe with the 'Gustave Zédé.' In other words, the jawbone of the ass is always good against the Philistines. The worst of it is that M. Lockroy knows his assertion to be false. Not many months since he admitted that France had no navy, but a naval museum. Now, that he may win a popularity at the hustings, he commits the sin of General Lebœuf, and were he taken at his word would drive his country to another Sedan.

This inability to face the truth is the clearest proof of decay, the best evidence of that invincible sadness which oppresses France—a sadness which is acknowledged by her own philosophers as well as by her kindest critics. Between her heart and her tongue there is a constant opposition, and though she is half conscious of her weakness, the hope of despair persuades  
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her that war perhaps may be a cure for her restlessness. Whence comes this restlessness? That is the question posed by friends and strangers alike; and the one element of humour in the situation is the manifold causes which are assigned. It is all the fault of Nietzsche, says one; Wagner is at the bottom of it, cries another. If we had not perplexed ourselves with Tolstoi and Ibsen, declares a third school, we should not to-day be face to face with disaster. Again, the historian of the older fashion charges the literary decadents with the ruin of France; as though a literary coterie, which is hardly known elsewhere than in London and the Latin Quarter, could affect for good or evil a thrifty industrious nation. But these pessimists, one and all, have mistaken symptoms for causes. The internationalism of art and letters which afflicts France to-day is no more than a symptom of national distrust. The most gifted of modern peoples is afraid to follow its own genius. It seeks its literature in Russia, Norway, or England, its music in Germany, its philosophy anywhere rather than in its own clear intellect. And then we are asked to believe that these vague symptoms of distrust are in reality its causes. Truly history repeats itself, and we remember the voice of Renan insisting that France was beaten in 1870 because she had not given proper attention to German metaphysics, while Gautier murmured that disaster was the just reward for a lack of sympathy with the Romantic movement. But we do not take these declarations seriously. We remember that Renan and Gautier were talking on the borderland of jest and earnest; that a Frenchman is a *blagueur* at heart even in the moment of defeat.

Yet, when we have brushed away all the trifling symptoms of disease, we return to the truth that the cause of France's unhappiness is not material but intellectual. Her wealth and prosperity are undeniable. Her thrift, if it diminishes her population, makes famine and distress impossible. Though a species of jealousy has enamoured her of colonial enterprise, she can live within her own borders, as upon a virgin soil. So devoted are her citizens to their country that not even the greed of gain can persuade them to cross the seas. Still they are discontented, and a prey to constant unnecessary agitation. Now the real reason of disquietude is that France has never lived down her infamous Revolution. The monsters who abolished the *ancien régime* put nothing in its place save lawlessness and hypocrisy. That which Joseph de Maistre said of the constitution of 1795 is true of all the constitutions which have since been invented in Paris. 'Is there a single country of the universe,' he wrote in his '*Considérations sur la France*,'

France,' 'wherein you could not find a Council of Five Hundred, a Council of Ancients, and five Directors? This constitution can be presented to all human associations, from China to Geneva. But a constitution made for all nations is good for none. It is a pure abstraction, a scholastic work done to exercise the wit upon an ideal hypothesis. All imaginable reasons unite to make it clear that the divine seal is not upon this work, which is nothing but a theme, and which is already marked with all the characters of destruction.'

In the Revolution of 1789 France forgot her traditions and stamped upon her history. She thought, so to say, that she might live *in vacuo*, and, disembarassed of her atmosphere, make a dashing return to first principles. Her intelligence was acute enough to invent fifty new constitutions; she saw the meaning of all things, and deemed herself superior to the tyranny of kings or priests. She ignored only this: that her roots had sunk deep into the past, and that you can no more drag up a nation than you can drag up a tree without endangering its life. But France, proud in her freedom of thought, submitted first to the tyranny of Napoleon; thereafter she fashioned several kinds of monarchy, autocratic and limited; she made trial of republics, and in a moment of inspiration invented the Liberal Empire. To-day she lives under a 'free' government which she does not trust, and proves by her love of pageantry and her consistent restlessness that she would accept the domination of the first strong man who put a splendid yoke upon her. She is tired from sheer curiosity. What nation, indeed, could live through a century of experiment and be strong?

She has been racked by iconoclasm on the one hand, and on the other by the reaction which iconoclasm always necessitates. Nor has her folly been anywhere more clearly manifested than in her attitude towards the Church. Indeed, the present sorrows of France are the direct result of an inevitable reaction of Catholicism; and it has been proved once more that fanaticism, in any shape, is a worse danger to a country than an armed foe. At the Revolution France accepted open-eyed the doctrine of Voltaire, and, essentially Catholic as she was and is, she closed the churches, suppressed the festivals, and put the Supreme Being on the throne of God. The crowd was satisfied with the masquerade of Robespierre, and cheerfully joined the sport of priest-baiting. But the reign of irreligion was brief. Napoleon restored the ancient creed, rather because he thought it useful than because he approved its influence. He treated it as he  
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treated the Government, with a proud contempt. While he enforced the old observances, he kidnapped a Pope, he urged the Cardinals to take cold baths, he spoke arrogantly of 'my bishops.' In brief, he put himself at the head of the Church, as he was at the head of the State, at the head of the army, at the head of the Théâtre Français. Therefore it was not from him that the true reaction came. To understand the revival of religion we must turn to the works of Joseph de Maistre and Chateaubriand, the heroes who passed through the Revolution with their faith unshaken and a whole-hearted confidence in their country's ancient institutions.

Now Joseph de Maistre was a very notable example of that which is most rare in France, a staunch Conservative. He has been called the Voltaire of reaction, but both in style and intelligence he was far better than that. He at least did not bow the knee to the prevailing dogma, and, at a time when the people claimed a sovereignty, he insisted that man needed only to be governed. While the Revolution fancied that it had destroyed the superstitions of religion and aristocracy, Joseph de Maistre preached the gospel of feudalism, and declared that the path of safety ran back to Catholicism and absolute monarchy. The shallow reasoning of the new Republicans said nothing to him. He preserved amid the wreck of all creeds a touching faith in original sin. His gaze was set resolutely backwards, and he knew that the true France was still anchored to tradition. History, he saw, could never be annulled, and, exiled though he was, he preserved a faith in the ultimate regeneration of his country. A genuine patriot, he did not understand 'the European spirit.' In his eyes France preceded Europe, and he cried 'France for the French,' not as the parrots of to-day, but with the strength of earnest conviction. 'All the united factions of the French Revolution,' he wrote, 'desired the abasement, the destruction even, of Christianity and the monarchy: whence it follows that all their efforts will result only in the exaltation of Christianity and the monarchy.' It is a bold argument, yet partly justified by the event. At least Joseph de Maistre did not believe that the world began with the taking of the Bastille. He knew that the foundations of his country lay far deeper down. He was, in fact, what Barbey d'Aurevilly called him, a true prophet of the past.

While Joseph de Maistre preached reaction in a style picturesque and sonorous as Burke's own, Chateaubriand was the apostle of a Romantic Christianity. Far removed as he was from the conservatism of de Maistre, he defended the Church in a more popular if less energetic spirit. In the words of  
M. Brunetière,

M. Brunetière, 'he proved that a believer is not necessarily an imbecile or a rascal; that Voltaireanism is opposed to the truth of history; and that in the falsehood of all religions the reality of the religious sentiment still exists.' And while the pitiless logic of de Maistre terrified and still terrifies the uninstructed reader, Chateaubriand became an immediate influence, an influence which has remained unto this day.

So France alternated between piety and free-thought, until the disaster of 1870 compelled another revision of theology and politics. All the men and all the measures which were associated with the Second Empire instantly appeared odious, and the avowed object of the new Republic, as of the old, was the complete secularisation of France. This object, conceived by Jules Ferry, was carried out in a spirit of harsh intolerance by Gambetta. They were narrow men both, each after his fashion. The one was a serious statesman, with serious views, which he was determined to impose upon the world. The other was a voice, a temperament, a whirlwind, capable of sweeping away all opposition. They supplemented one another perfectly. Jules Ferry thought, Gambetta acted. Jules Ferry devised a policy; Gambetta imposed it on the people, having first translated it into such phrases as would sparkle in the newspapers and live in the memory. When he said, 'We must make citizens and not sacristans,' the battle was half won, and all the world was apt to believe for the moment that 'clericalism was the enemy.'

The conflict, once engaged, was long and bitter; yet the clergy never relaxed its opposition. Jules Ferry, in reviewing his work, again and again declared that he had fought only in defence of freedom. 'I maintain,' said he, 'that there is nothing either menacing or aggressive in the position we have taken up: it is purely and simply a position of defence.' Anticleric he was—so much he confessed; irreligious never—so much he asserted. The distinction is too subtle to be made in France, and all the priests cared to know was that the Republican policy snatched the task of education from clerical hands. 'Gambetta directed the people,' says M. Ernest-Charles, 'because he expressed at the right moment his hatred for the Empire and the clergy.' For a while the Republicans triumphed. With a Jew prefect in every department the anticlerical Government felt secure. The faithful Catholic was exposed to every indignity: the bigotry of freethinkers surpassed the worst bigotry of the Church. The word 'God' was expunged from schoolbooks, and the sanguine politician thought that 'God' was expunged from the hearts of the people. To

appear



appear at mass was for many a citizen the end of a career, and it is still discreditable to have been educated by the clergy or to have been married in a church.

The stout Republicans, in their zeal for 'liberty,' thought only of reprisal. Liberty for them meant leave to do as they liked, and to this licence they added a corollary: the right to impede by every means the freedom of others. We may admit as freely as possible the bitterness of the French clergy, but no admission will make the position of MM. Ferry and Gambetta more amiable. These statesmen not only did violence to their own principles; they prepared a reaction, which a trifling intelligence would have told them was inevitable; and by their own lack of sympathy they have involved their country in a network of mean and disgraceful intrigue. They did not destroy the Church—for that last act of intolerance they had neither the courage nor the power—they did but scotch it, and so envenom it against the State. Had they done more or less, conciliation might have been possible. The precise action which they took ensured a civil war of slyness and agitation. For, despite its countless experiments in bad government, France is Catholic at heart; and Joseph de Maistre is in reality nearer the temper of the modern Frenchman than the nimble-witted Voltaire.

Meanwhile there were signs at every point of a Catholic revival. The militant aggressiveness of the Republic was soon laid by; and even though the average Frenchman dared not pay an official visit to church, he made it clear by the attitude which he assumed towards Jew or Protestant that his blood was still thick with the prejudices of Catholicism. We ourselves have heard a cultivated Frenchman, who cannot be charged with a love of the Church, condemn a colleague on no better ground than that he was a Protestant. 'He speaks a language I don't understand,' objected the freethinker; and perhaps he was hardly conscious himself that a latent Catholicism spoke within him. Again, the modern literature of France is persistently 'neo-Christian.' The small coteries of letters, which believe themselves in the van of progress, are enchanted with the artistic expression of piety. It is the Christian Verlaine, not the Pagan, who has won the admiration of the Latin Quarter. Verlaine himself was incapable of pose. He wrote 'Sagesse,' as he wrote 'Parallèlement,' because it corresponded to his mood. But his followers are not so ingenuous as the master, and they cling to the volume which least fits their humour, because they are clever enough to see that it squares with the fashion. In this argument, however,

M. Huysmans

M. Huysmans is a far better witness than Paul Verlaine. For M. Huysmans, despite his arrogance and exclusiveness, is so far a journalist that he has always followed an impulse from without. When there was a call for naturalism he outdid Zola himself in the minute examination of tiresome impropriety. No sooner had Æstheticism penetrated Paris than 'A Rebours' came to assure the world that M. Huysmans was abreast of the mode. At the first hint of Satanism he wrote 'Là-Bas,' and sent all the world hankering after the black mass. It is a by no means insignificant fact that to-day he is engrossed with Catholicism, which he approaches, not in the temper of devotion, which is foreign to him, but in that same spirit of curiosity which in 'A Rebours' led him to the cult of jewels, and in 'Là-Bas' persuaded him to take a passing interest in demons and demon-worship. There are those who find in 'En Route' and 'La Cathédrale' the expression of a regenerate piety. We fear that these simple souls find what they seek. To us the later works of M. Huysmans are masterpieces of cynicism. But they have this other interest, apart from their eloquence and brilliant observation—they show that the popular sentiment is setting towards Catholicism. To repeat a phrase already used, they are a symptom, not a cause, of 'neo-Christianity.'

But in such experiments as those of M. Huysmans there is no sincerity. Neither he nor his followers are true reactionaries. Rather they are Radicals with an æsthetic leaning towards the Church, and their evidence is the stronger because it is undesigned. Among the men of letters the last true Conservative was Barbey d'Aurevilly, the lineal descendant of Joseph de Maistre, a hero savage in his admiration of the Church, savage in his love of monarchy as in his hatred of popular government. But he had neither school nor influence, and he is rather a prophet born out of due season than a symptom of the modern world. When he spoke he was a voice crying in the wilderness, and even those who might have made him their leader noticed him not. No, the Church turned aside to manufacture a literature of her own; and, even remembering the violence of M. Ferry and his friends, we may say with confidence that no controversy has ever produced a more disgraceful set of pamphlets. Truly the war has been carried into the enemy's camp and fought out with the enemy's weapons. The Church also has dipped its pen into the gall of falsehood and contumely. It has refrained from no animosity: it has suppressed no bitterness. However good its cause may have been, it has disgraced the cause by the levity and blackguardism of its argument. These are strong words, yet

yet unhappily justified. The Church has been fighting the true battle of freedom—of freedom for all, for the Catholic as well as the Agnostic. Its cause was as strong as it was honourable, and when, in 1892, Leo XIII. declared that it was the duty of all good Catholics to rally to the Republic, it was armed with Papal authority. But it preferred the momentary advantage to the ultimate good; it took its instruments where it found them. It countenanced all the unscrupulous light-horsemen of debate, and proved that so holy an institution as the Church can stoop when it pleases her to the use of the basest instruments. It replied to Gambetta's appointment of Jewish prefects by a general hatred of the Jews, and it had always St. Bartholomew to remind it of the Protestant peril.

So it has come about that the Bible of the Catholic movement is M. Édouard Drumont's 'La France Juive.' Before we discuss the book a word must be said of the author. He is one of the most remarkable and dangerous men in France. Rumour and his type proclaim him a Jew, and if he be one there is nothing unique in his hatred of the chosen race. Persecution has oftentimes been avenged by this kind of cannibalism, and M. Drumont can find many a distinguished precedent for his fury. At all events, he hates the Jew with all the venom of a vitriolic pen. Whether his language arises from sincere conviction or not it is difficult to say, though a complete lack of conscience would seem to indicate an intellectual rather than a positive rage; and possibly no man ever hated anybody else so insanely as M. Drumont says he hates the Jews. As a controversialist, M. Drumont is nothing if not reckless. He has so small a respect for truth that, when his wild statements are refuted, he never thinks it worth while to apologise for or correct them. Worse than all, he is an ingrained pedant, who is easily mastered by his insufficient learning, and in the hottest controversy he can never overcome a certain pomposity of manner. This enormously increases his power for evil, since his statements, made in light-hearted contempt for reality, are weighted with a style which appears serious. When M. Rochefort preaches murder and rapine, nobody takes much notice of him; but when M. Drumont takes up his heavy-shotgun weapon, invites the citizens of Paris to massacre, and hints that presently the gutters will flow with the blood of Jews, there is a definite peril in his pretended majesty. Concerning his influence there is no manner of doubt. He is the foremost champion of the militant Church. In whatever corner of France you travel, there you will see the country *curé* with the 'Libre Parole' in his hand, and you will hear its shallow arguments repeated

repeated in every pulpit. So it comes about that many an honest workman is persuaded to hate a race of whose existence he is only just aware. The situation reminds one of an ancient fable. An Italian peasant was found flogging a Jew. 'Why,' asked his master, 'do you flog that Jew?' 'Because,' replied the peasant, 'he crucified my Saviour.' 'But,' objected the master, 'that happened nearly two thousand years ago.' 'Well,' answered the peasant, 'I only heard of it yesterday.' And so it is with thousands of Frenchmen; they hate the Jew, though it was only yesterday that they grasped his imputed malevolence.

But that is M. Drumont's one and only aim—to inspire a hatred against the race to which he is believed to belong. He has no other policy, no other opinion. His paper, the '*Libre Parole*,' is single-hearted in preaching the crusade. His own leading article, day after day, puts the villainies of the Jews in a fresh light. The rest of the paper is a tissue of lies, designed to prove that every crime committed in France is committed by a scoundrel of Hebrew blood. It is dreary reading, but it is sensational, and it responds to the temper of modern France. Now at the present moment there is little or no cause why the French should thus detest the Jews, for no country in Europe is more free from the Jewish domination. The French cannot plead, with the poor of East London, that they are undersold by Jewish immigrants: they cannot argue, with the peasants of Southern Russia, that they are forced from their holdings by Jewish usurers. No, the hatred is a religious hatred, inspired by the Church and fostered by the pompous eloquence of M. Drumont. Thus it is that the Catholics avenge themselves on Gambetta's patronage of Jewish prefects.

M. Drumont, then, fights the battle of the Church, and he fights it without the smallest dignity. Insults jostle his heavy periods in the columns of the '*Libre Parole*.' He hastily finishes a religious exhortation and then invites the crowd to fight upon the Boulevard. For many months the strip of pavement beneath his office has been a common battle-ground, and the appearance of the Editor or his staff upon the balcony is the inevitable sign of conflict. While he inspires the roysterer, he vapours largely of patriotism and the Catholic faith, and he hopes by intimidation to secure the support of every Government. But from whatever point of view you regard him, he is a menace to the State, and a powerful argument against the licence of the press—that licence where-with Jules Ferry and Gambetta hoped to crush the Church, and which the Church has turned with adroitness and elasticity against the Republic.

Édouard

Édouard Drumont is strong, because he is a man of one idea, and that idea he has expressed in the twelve hundred pages of 'La France Juive.' He begins his work with a boastful reference to Taine. 'Taine,' he says, 'has written the Conquest of the Jacobins; I wish to write the Conquest of the Jews.' It would have been wiser to leave Taine out of the question, for the name suggests a comparison which proves that M. Drumont has neither the style nor the method nor the urbanity of Taine. He starts with two propositions: first, that no Jew ever achieved a great work; and secondly, that every man he hates is a Jew. Of course he proves neither of his points; but this disciple of Taine has small respect for a lucid argument, and he begs the question with an easy contempt for his readers. On the first point the whole course of history confutes him; as to the second, he finds his hatreds and calls them Jews.

For instance, he takes up Disraeli's hint that Napoleon might have been a Jew, and embroiders it after his own fashion:—

'Freemason Napoleon certainly was, and far advanced in the secrets of masonry; a fierce Jacobin, the friend of Robespierre, he had all that he needed to play the rôle expected of him. Finance adopted him; the Michels, the Cerfbears, the Bedarrides supplied him with capital, from his first Italian expedition to the moment when the coffers of the State were empty. His mere appearance ensured the success of every enterprise. In one day he took Malta the Impregnable; to return to France for the eighteenth Brumaire he quietly crossed the Mediterranean, furrowed with English cruisers. Freemasonry had organised about him that kind of conspiracy of enthusiasm which floats in the air, is communicated from place to place, and ends by gaining a whole country.'

Thus M. Drumont; and you ask, was ever a more confused argument advanced by any partisan? The aristocratic M. Drumont is so deeply in love with the *ancien régime* that he hates Napoleon. Therefore Napoleon is a Jew. But what of Napoleon's greatness? An effect of luck. His appearance ensured success. M. Drumont contrives to hint that even the Napoleonic triumph was a disgrace. Who but a Jew could have taken Malta and crossed the Mediterranean in safety? The Freemasons, who are Jews in a more fiendish shape, made his reputation, and the rest was easy. Into this dilemma M. Drumont's imprudence constantly drives him. Either his hatreds are not all justified, or all Jews are not contemptible. But M. Drumont continually wants to prove too much, and, as he always arranges his facts to suit his arguments, his mistakes are inexcusable.

Sometimes his method of innuendo is more subtle. His treatment

treatment of M. Waddington is eminently characteristic. M. Waddington could not, like M. Drumont, boast an ancient French name; moreover he had been educated at Cambridge. On the other hand he had elected to be a French citizen, and he had served the country of his birth with loyalty and distinction. But M. Drumont did not like him; he disapproved his action at the Congress of Berlin, and he suspected him of serving England rather than France during his embassy in London. Wherefore it was clear that, in M. Drumont's vocabulary, M. Waddington was a Jew. But how to prove it? Nothing is easier, since a speech made by M. Crémieux comes pat to the purpose. Now Crémieux, in a moment of enthusiasm, referred to 'the noble, loyal, and pure conduct at Berlin of our Minister of Foreign Affairs, of our Waddington.' But M. Crémieux is a Jew; therefore it follows as night the day that Waddington, who is generally reproached with being an Englishman, is also of Hebrew descent. M. Drumont's argument is so ingenious and disingenuous that it is worth quoting. 'This word *our*,' he writes, 'seems to prove that Waddington is of Jewish origin; at any rate Crémieux could not have meant that the Minister of Foreign Affairs belonged to them because they had bought him. But Jew or no Jew, Waddington in any case spared nothing to defend his race or to earn his money.' That is the kind of rubbish which M. Drumont bolsters up with no better evidence than the gossip of the Boulevard or the assertions of an acrimonious press. Such statements prove him an unscrupulous partisan. He sets out to write an historical treatise, and he takes not the slightest trouble to sift his evidence or to verify his statements.

Thus he drags us through the weary length of French history, espying everywhere the sinister machinations of the Jew, until he would persuade you against his will that the Jews were the only men in France. But it is for Gambetta, the extravagant patriot, the discursive orator, that he reserves his choicest abuse, thus revealing the Catholic bias of his book. For, whether Gambetta carried Hebrew blood in his veins or not (and M. Drumont provides us with no proof) one thing is certain—he possessed none of the Jewish characteristics. On the contrary, he was a typical Southerner, a Provençal with quick instincts, who never could think unless he was talking. A true Frenchman, he served his country when his country most needed service, and in both his strength and weakness he personified the *midi*. 'Wherever he went he spoke, and wherever he spoke he managed men.' Like Mr. Gladstone, he had a large share of the histrionic temperament, and though he sometimes had little enough



enough to say, he always made a brilliant presentation. Never parsimonious, like the Jew, he was lavish both of his own property and of the property of others. Yet he was popular rather by promise than by fulfilment. In brief, he seemed what his native province made him; and if you would understand Gambetta's character you must turn away from the special pleading of M. Drumont to the inspired portrait drawn by Alphonse Daudet in 'Numa Roumestan.'

What has been said is sufficient to prove the temper of M. Drumont's book. It is the reply of the Catholic party to the secularistic policy of Gambetta and Jules Ferry, and its success is a striking proof of the change of opinion in France. In fifteen years one hundred and fifty thousand copies of this book have been sold. It is characteristic of M. Drumont that in addressing his book to Frenchmen he 'recommends its author to their prayers as Christians, and the work to their reflexions as Frenchmen.' Its sole end and object is civil war, and though its tone may be styled temperate when compared with the tone of the 'Libre Parole,' the purpose of both book and newspaper is bloodshed. That which has been accomplished in Algiers M. Drumont, the deputy for Algiers, would see accomplished in Paris; and it is the worst symptom of modern France that this Jew-baiter, who weighs his words so lightly, should have the power to dictate a policy or overturn a Government.

But the Jews are not the Church's only enemies. The Protestants and Freemasons still remain to impair the Catholic influence, and while M. Drumont has done his best to influence the people against the Jews, other friends of the Church are carrying on an active warfare against the sects who are represented as the faithful allies of Jewry. What M. Drumont has done for the Jews, M. Ernest Renauld, in his 'Péril Protestant,' does for the Protestants, but with less tact and even greater violence. Moreover this work carries on its title-page an evidence of its religious origin. It is published by the 'Librairie Saint-Joseph,' so that, if it bears not the *imprimatur* of the Church, it has met with the Church's public approval. Yet it, too, is compounded of false argument and dangerous assertion, which, if they were taken seriously, could only end in violent massacre. The author's argument is briefly this: there are in France 650,000 Protestants out of 38,000,000 of inhabitants, or one in sixty; and yet wherever you turn you find Protestants in positions of trust and influence. The natural inference is that the force of the Protestant character is rewarded by success,

but that inference M. Renauld brushes hastily aside. The explanation, he says, is of an admirable limpidity. 'The Parliament is packed with Protestants, whom an official candidature has put there—Opportunists, Radicals, Socialists; all in essential agreement, and all working for their sect. The Ministry in general contains a still larger proportion. There is one Protestant to sixty Frenchmen; there have been as many as six Protestants to ten Ministers. The common rule is two or three at least.' This plain statement seems to satisfy M. Renauld. But we confess that, if it be true, it drives us back upon a previous question: Why does a tiny minority govern France? Is it that the Protestants have more wits, or the Catholics less energy? Or is it that France is so weak that she will always submit to intrigue? This last question we cannot answer in the affirmative, and it is impossible to avoid the conclusion that if the Protestant predominance be genuine, it must be based upon intellectual merit or strength of character.

M. Renauld, however, like M. Drumont, finds that success is disgraceful if it be not Catholic, and he proceeds to rewrite the history of the Reformation after the approved method. He refers with a noble indignation to the wives of Henry VIII.; he asserts that while Luther was a monster of vice, Calvin died of his debaucheries; thereafter he explains that the massacre of St. Bartholomew was a political triumph; and you feel sure that he would be rejoiced to hear the tocsin sound once more. Then, having proved that no Protestant was ever a patriot, he declares that all Protestant countries, especially England, are inclined to secret societies, which gives him an opportunity to condemn the Freemasons as the enemies of sound religion. But the Protestants are not only the enemies of sound religion: they stamp under foot the common laws of morality. Thus we hear, without displeasure or surprise, that 'England, a Protestant nation, is excessively perverse. It is there that shameful, vile, and crapulous debauch flourishes in all its hideousness, without prejudice to vice in a white tie.' Having detailed at superfluous length the wickednesses of Protestant countries, M. Renauld draws this speaking contrast: 'We should look in vain for facts of this nature in France, Spain, or Portugal, in Poland or Austria, Catholic countries, or even in Russia, which is schismatic.' This slight tribute to the schismatic member of the Franco-Russian alliance is indeed touching. Emboldened by the thought of it, he thus concludes: 'Our Catholic clergy, in its immense majority, is of irreproachable

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able morals, worthy of all respect, prepared for the last sacrifices, accessible to lofty and generous sentiments. The Protestant clergy and the peoples of that religion stagnate in chronic and inveterate immorality.' After which, if we cannot follow our author's argument, we may at least applaud his courage.

For our part, we have no desire to frame an indictment against a whole nation, or against a whole sect. It would be easy, if it were not irrelevant, to refute the hasty generalisations of M. Renauld. This gentleman, we are confident, knows nothing whatever of the England which he thus engulfs in a wave of immorality. But he at least has no scruples: he is not deterred by doubt or ignorance. With an effrontery which not even fanaticism can excuse he has attacked all those persons who differ from him upon the question of religion, and he appeals to readers as ignorant and foolish as himself, so that, with the Church to aid him, he may gain an influence which his own recklessness does not merit. It is a sad spectacle—these antiquated and needless animosities eternally stirred up by such men as M. Renauld and those who prompt him. Their only excuse is that they are a natural reaction from the anti-clericalism of twenty years since.

It is for the Universities of his own country that M. Renauld reserves his bitterest wrath; for the professors and teachers of those Universities are not only, by a large majority, Protestants: they are also Dreyfusards. Therefore they deserve neither quarter nor consideration. After many pages of incoherent abuse it is thus that this Catholic gentleman concludes his tirade: 'To ashes, to ashes, with the University. Let there not stand one stone upon another of these palaces, where for a hundred years the poison has been distilled drop by drop, which carries slowly but surely death to the social body. And the members of the University, let heavy punishments be inflicted upon them; let them be constrained to hard labours; let them be penned, held two and two in leash; let them have no contact with the rest of mankind, for the moral leprosy which covers them is most contagious for society. And when they shall have rendered up their wretched souls, let them be thrown into a common ditch from which men will turn away with horror in reading this epitaph—

*Ils sont passés en faisant le mal.'*

That such stuff should be written after thirty years of free government is hardly credible. It is even less credible that

the Church should give it its tacit approval. Like M. Drumont, M. Renauld seems to have no other ambition than bloodshed, and if his expression be coarse, at least his meaning is plain. But when we read such literature as this we begin to understand the sadness and disquietude of France. No country whose institutions are thus bitterly assailed within its own borders can live at peace, and the popularity of the literature from which we have quoted proves that, if the Catholic reaction was justified, its champions have fought the battle with mean and treacherous weapons. They were strong enough to appeal to reason; they have appealed to passion; and while, may-be, they have advanced their own cause, they have brought their country to the verge of revolution.

When the more pompous books of the movement adopt this tone, it is not surprising that the leaflets and journals devoted to the Catholic cause have doffed the last rags of restraint. Appeals to violence are common, and hymns are sold by the thousand whose sole object is to inflame the citizen against the Jews. Here, for instance, is the 'Marseillaise anti-sémite,' which you may purchase any day in the Rue St. Sulpice:—

Vivent la France et la Russie,  
Vivent ces deux vaillantes sœurs!  
Amour sacré de la Patrie,  
C'est toi qui fais battre leurs cœurs (*bis*).  
Tous les traîtres feront silence,  
L'union nous rendra vainqueurs:  
Oui, Dieu protégera la France,  
Et nous, soyons ses défenseurs!  
A nous les cœurs vaillants!  
Chassons les mécréants!  
Serrons nos rangs  
Et que les Francs  
Triomphent des tyrans !'

When you remember that the traitors and miscreants are Jews, Protestants, and Dreyfusards, you understand the meaning of the song, and realise the full significance of the Catholic vengeance.

We must not leave the subject without one word for that amazing journal, the 'Croix,' which, with the 'Libre Parole,' has fought the fight of Catholicism. It is a slim sheet, and it may be purchased for a halfpenny. At the head of the column is a rough cut of the crucifix, which is the one concession made by the journal to its name and policy. For the rest, it is as malicious and untruthful as the rest of the Catholic press.

Scarce

Scarce a single number appears without some monstrous statement which half-an-hour's enquiry would modify or upset; but, like the '*Libre Parole*,' it never apologises when its falsehoods are exposed. It takes shelter behind the prerogative of the press, and implies that if it prints inaccurate statements it is well within its right. And this paper, with its crucifix, the symbol of its faith, is circulated everywhere in France; and its prosperity is but another proof that the Catholics are growing in power, and that they care not by what means they ensure their progress.

It was the Dreyfus case which gave the Church her grand opportunity, of which, as her bitterest detractors cannot deny, she has taken full advantage. Indeed, it may be said to be a case of her own creation, since it was M. Drumont who first elevated what might have been a simple question of justice into a national scandal. It is worth while, perhaps, briefly to repeat this oft-told tale, since, if we keep the ecclesiastical prejudice in mind, the crisis, otherwise incomprehensible, appears plain enough. Towards the end of 1894, then, an *entrefilet* appeared in the '*Libre Parole*,' to the effect that an act of treachery had been committed in the War Office. That a secret, unknown even to the Ministry, should be revealed to M. Drumont was significant enough, and it is not surprising that a few days later the editor of the '*Libre Parole*' asked, as though doubt were no longer possible, whether the miscreant were a Jew. Had not this air of false mystery been wrapped around a simple crime, the trial of Alfred Dreyfus might have been conducted in the open, and five years of infamy avoided. But the Catholic party saw the chance of a victim, and perceived that if it could prove a Jew guilty of 'parricide' against his country it would be immensely strengthened. Thereupon General Mercier was persuaded to grant an interview to the '*Figaro*,' and the fate of Dreyfus was sealed. Ten days before his trial, his condemnation was certain, and the papers discussed, not the chances of his guilt, but merely what punishment was adequate to his crime. It reminded one of Bret Harte's story of the lynchers, who came to the town hall to ask if the trial of their victim was finished, because, said they, if it is finished we should like the room to lay out the corpse.

So the living corpse was laid out on the Isle of the Devil, and the triumph of the Church seemed complete. A Jew had committed the great transgression, and the cry of jubilation that went up implied that the fatherland was well sold if a Jew suffered the penalty for selling it. At the

the outset, the satisfaction of the Church was but moderate. Justice has been done, said the Catholic party, and the infidel is punished. But what has it profited us? Then came M. Zola's rhetorical accusation, and France was divided into opposing camps. The famous alliance between the stoup and the sabre, which has reorganised the politics of France, was speedily cemented. The Church at last had a cause for which to fight, and, since the Protestants were ranged upon the side of the Jews, she fought it with her might. Not only were her own champions loyal to the cause, but her most inveterate enemies were for the moment silenced. M. Rochefort, who had devoted years of his life to throwing contempt upon the priests, espoused the cause of the sabre, and so perforce espoused the cause of the stoup. The ancient parties were re-divided, and the Church in every case was the gainer. So high ran the feeling of militant Catholicism that Dreyfus himself was forgotten, while the nation ceased to interest itself in the misery inflicted illegally upon a mere Jew, and proclaimed that in condemning Dreyfus, of whose guilt it had no proof, it was fighting for the glory of the Church and the credit of the army.

Even the Church was surprised at her own influence. For two years she has prevailed against all the forces arrayed on the other side; and yet these forces include all that is unprejudiced in France. The Jews, the Protestants, the professors, who owe no allegiance to the Catholics who flout them, are united for a common end. But hitherto, though the whole weight of reason is on the side of the *intellectuels*, the Church has won the battle; and though there will doubtless come a day of reprisal, she will never sink again to her former impotence. The Catholic revival is assured; its friends have openly declared themselves. Such a policy as that pursued by M. Jules Ferry will, at least for some time, be impossible in France. But with their victory the Catholics have proved themselves, alas! violent and unscrupulous. Truly they have travelled far from the magnificent conservatism of Joseph de Maistre and the picturesque enthusiasm of Chateaubriand. Neither of these masters of eloquence would have stooped to the slanders of M. Drumont, to the coarse scurrility of M. Renauld. Neither would have endorsed the insolence of the many Leagues which have disgraced Paris, and which even M. Brunetière, almost the last of the old-fashioned Catholics, whose *Review* has changed its opinions in accord with the recent revival, cannot tolerate. Neither would have deigned to intrigue with Pretenders of all complexions.

The dignity and the tolerance of the *ancien régime* have passed,



passed, along with its aristocratic inequalities, away from France. The Church, in its opposition to the democracy, has taken to itself the baser methods of the democratic party, and, as all must admit who follow the controversy, has embellished these methods with a malice all its own. What the result will be it is impossible to foretell. Perhaps, when the agitation is finished, and the stoup is once more divorced from the sabre, the Church may revert to her ancient attitude of dignity. As the political press is only too apt to represent the worst side of politics, so ecclesiastical journalism often mirrors the worst side of the Church; and it may be hoped that, when the voice of agitation is hushed, the Church will again take up her quiet work of education and alms-giving, which she pursued, in the face of strenuous antipathies, throughout her evil days. Some good may come out of even the miserable Dreyfus case, if France comes to understand, by a bitter experience of ferocious fanaticism, that intolerance such as that devised by Ferry and preached by Gambetta is certain to be visited with a heavy and merited punishment.

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- ART. IX.—1. *Romantic Ballads, translated from the Danish, and Miscellaneous Pieces.* Norwich, 1826.
2. *The Zincali; or an Account of the Gypsies of Spain.* Two Vols. London, 1841.
3. *The Bible in Spain; or the Journeys, Adventures, and Imprisonments of an Englishman in an Attempt to circulate the Scriptures in the Peninsula.* Three Vols. London, 1843.
4. *Lavengro; the Scholar, the Gypsy, the Priest.* Three Vols. London, 1851.
5. *The Romany Rye: a Sequel to Lavengro.* Two Vols. London, 1857.
6. *Wild Wales: Its People, Language, and Scenery.* Three Vols. London, 1862.
7. *Romano Lavo-Lil.* Word-Book of the Romany. London, 1874.
8. *Life, Writings, and Correspondence of George Borrow.* By William I. Knapp, Ph.D., LL.D. Two Vols. London, 1899.

“Tachipen if I jaw 'doi, I can lel a bit of tan to hatch: N'tetist I shan't puch kekomi wafu gorgies.

“And, forsooth, if I go thither, I can choose a place to light a fire upon, and shall have no necessity to ask leave of these here Gentiles.”

‘The above sentence, dear reader, I heard from the mouth of Mr. Petulengro the last time that he did me the honour to visit me at my poor house, which was the day after Mol-divvus 1842.’\*

DEAR reader, do you recognise the spell and own it, or does it let you pass harmless by? If you do not care about Mr. Petulengro—and though the gypsy fire on the lonely heath may be romantic, ‘these here Gentiles’ is plainly vulgar—there is nothing more to be said. The gypsy fellow cannot wage his battle with you, as he compelled Lavengro to do, ‘with his naked mawleys.’

‘The tussle commenced, and when it had endured for about half an hour, Mr. Petulengro said, “Brother, there is much blood on your face; you had better wipe it off”; and when I had wiped it off, and again resumed my former attitude, Mr. Petulengro said, “I think enough has been done, brother, in the affair of the old woman.”’

Much blood is shed in the pages of ‘Lavengro’ and ‘The Romany Rye,’ the blood of braggart Coachmen and Flaming Tinmen, of jockeys and of bruisers, and quite enough has been done in this way in the affair of George Borrow. If you do not like him you can leave him alone. Nothing is easier in

\* ‘The Gypsies of Spain,’ ii., p. 145.

these days, when the new books of a single year would (were any one unfortunate enough to possess them) occupy all the shelves of a large library, than to leave a dead author alone. On the other hand, nothing is harder, if so be the dead author is one of 'the small transfigured band' within whose pages there still lives imprisoned a restless, breathing spirit.

'I now took up the third book; it did not resemble the others; the binding was of dingy calf-skin. The first object on which my eyes rested was a picture; . . . there was a human figure upon the beach, wild and uncouth, clad in the skins of animals, with a huge cap on his head, a hatchet at his girdle, and in his hand a gun; his feet and legs were bare, he stood in an attitude of horror and surprise, his body was bent far back, and his eyes, which seemed starting out of his head, were fixed upon a mark in the sand—a large distinct mark—a human footprint.'

There was no need for Lavengro to exclaim as he does, 'Hail to thee, spirit of De Foe!' Which of us does not remember that picture, and those most moving words, the sound of which will continue to murmur in Anglo-Saxon ears so long as the Atlantic surge breaks upon our coast?—'It happened one day about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen in the sand.' These are the things we love in literature, the print of a man's naked foot in the sand; and wherever we open 'The Bible in Spain,' 'Lavengro,' or 'The Romany Rye,' there we see very plainly a large distinct mark—the footprint, the naked footprint, of George Borrow. Poor Robinson, on his desert island, was terribly put about by the sight. 'I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition. Sometimes I fancied it must be the devil.' But in the pleasant realms of literature, of the book-shelf and the tobacco-jar, we are not easily scared, even at the witching hour of midnight, and we hail the naked footprint with a delight that permeates the marrow and expands the midriff; nor do we care a rap how the footprint came to be there, or anxiously enquire about the character of the man who was thus happily endowed by Nature with the one literary gift worth having, namely, the power of leaving it there. Enough for us that there it is.

George Borrow had naturally enough to put up with a good deal of hostile criticism at the hands of his contemporaries. The Lord Chief Justice of England observed the other day very forcibly in the course of an address to the jury in a libel case, that if a man chooses to publish a book in which he roughly  
assails

assails the character of Queen Elizabeth, he must expect to be hustled by those sturdy patriots who venerate the memory of the high-spirited Lady who founded our navy, re-settled our religion, and gave us a poor-rate. George Borrow attacked 'with his naked mawleys' many people and many things dear to the minds and memories of the men and women of his day; nor was he by any means a scrupulous fighter or a very perfect gentle knight. Indeed, it must be admitted he was somewhat of the bravo, and did not when angry spare age or even sex. True it is he seldom fails to bid us observe that he is a member of the Church of England, and even when in Wild Wales he would have nothing to do with Dissenters. But for all this he clearly did not belong to the respectable party within the Establishment; and although no doubt it was a fact that he spent nearly five years in *ventas* and *posadas* in Spain, 'whilst wandering through the country in the arduous and unthankful task of distributing the Gospel among its children,' it is none the less true that the fascinating record of his labours contains passages and employs a phraseology which gave serious umbrage to his staid employers, whilst on the other hand affording infinite comfort and delight to their half-starved children, searching their barren book-shelves for literary sustenance. With the quarrels of the quarrelsome no one need concern himself. George Borrow, after he had escaped from the clutches of the London publisher and had fought the Flaming Tinman in the Staffordshire dingle, still haunted by the stately shade of Isopel Berners, had no real cause to complain of the nature of things. 'Lavengro' and 'The Romany Rye' did not indeed meet with the success that made 'The Bible in Spain' the book of the season. But what of that? Between the first edition and the second of 'Sartor Resartus' there stretched long years. We dare say it was hard to be told by the 'Athenæum' that 'Lavengro' could scarcely be called a book at all, and by 'a rich Scotch dandy named Sterling,' in the pages of 'Fraser,' 'that the story of "Lavengro" will content no one'; but had Borrow been a true philosopher he would not have found such ineptitudes so intolerable as he did. His friend Dr. Thomas Gordon Hake, a man of marked originality, and by the testimony of his friends of rare humour, had the wit to see, and the sense to write, in the 'New Monthly' for April 1851, that 'Lavengro's roots will strike deep into the soil of English letters.' Never was prophecy better fulfilled, or a happy image more completely justified. 'Lavengro' has struck deep. At this time, when the newspaper-presses hum around us, and impart even to the library something of the damp atmosphere and

and noisy clatter of a Lancashire mill, and when every kind of artifice is employed both to gauge and to swell popularity, when books are 'listed' and writers 'run,' when publishers send forth their catalogues illustrated with portraits of their clients, and enriched with paragraphs impartially expounding the merits of their publications, it is sometimes easy to forget that these are not the channels down which the true literary tradition is transmitted, nor are these the moulds in which are cast the enduring reputations. Literature can take care of herself, and can well afford to bestow a good-natured smile upon the efforts, the legitimate efforts, of men who, having sunk money in the concern, naturally desire to get a good trade interest upon the capital so employed. Disraeli, in one of his delightful letters to his sister, letters which in our natural eagerness for a biography we sometimes overlook, says:—

'Washington Irving's works have been read of late only by the author, who is daily more enamoured of these heavy tomes. He demanded for the new one a large price. Murray murmured. Irving talked of posterity and the badness of the public taste, and Murray said that authors who wrote for posterity must publish on their own account.'

Nor is there anything in this, when you come to think about it, so remarkably unreasonable.

The fame of Borrow has come down to us by the legitimate channels: he has never been without his untaught votaries. True it is that some of his best books were left for years in the old editions to circulate themselves as best they could, even as once was the Bible in Madagascar, with such marvellous results. But 'The Bible in Spain,' at all events, has never suffered even a temporary eclipse. Separated, after the first gush, by decent intervals, as becomes a classic, edition after edition appeared, to satisfy an affectionate if not vehement demand. In quiet places and in noisy streets, in dull chambers in London, in pleasant country rectories and college gardens, in easy chairs beneath summer trees, at the bottom of boats, in ships on the sea, in both hemispheres, men and women, boys and girls, were to be found reading and re-reading 'Lavengro,' 'The Romany Rye,' 'The Bible in Spain,' and 'Wild Wales'; and as they read, and still more as they re-read, did they become the custodians of the Borrow tradition, the conservators of his fame, and the missionaries of the faith that, be Borrow's faults what they may, and saving all just exceptions, the man who had studied the Welsh Bards, translated Kœmpe Viser, and been under the tutelage of Mr. Petulengro and Tawno Chillno, had become a deathless British author.

For

For some years past Borrovians all the world over have been moved and stirred, first by the rumour and afterwards by the announcement, in Mr. Murray's List of Forthcoming Works, that a 'Life,' authoritative and exhaustive, of Borrow was being prepared by an American gentleman of erudition and boundless enthusiasm, in which we should learn many things we had long wanted to know, things which would enable us to annotate our copies of Borrow even as that spiteful book of the spiteful and Reverend William Beloe, 'The Sexagenarian,' stands annotated upon the shelf. The forthcoming 'Life' of Borrow was much talked about and a most befitting mystery long invested its author. We were told how for the love of Borrow he had abandoned college and university, home and country, sold his Lares and Penates, and like his hero taken to the road and the caravan. In our rambles through East Anglia we have come upon traces of this itinerant investigator. He had even been seen in Spain, so it was asserted: he had ridden by night, a dim figure, into Villafranca; he had been heard of at Valladolid; nor had he failed, on reaching our shores, to seek out in distant Cornwall 'the place called Tredennick, which being interpreted means the house on the hill.' East Dereham, though apt to pay scant attention to strangers, learned to know him; and, oddest thing of all, he became an authority as to the true boundaries of Dumpling Green, where was born in 1772 Ann Parfremment, 'the dame of the oval face, olive complexion, and Grecian forehead.' 'There is a reflection in the mirror behind thee, a travelling hat, a grey head, and a sunburnt face.' "My dearest son." "My darling mother." Ann Parfremment, Borrow's mother, was born at Dumpling Green, which, so this traveller from across the seas tells us, is bounded on the north by East Dereham, on the east by Badley Moor, on the south by the brook Tud, and on the west by the highway to Yaxham.

The Borrovian heard all this without surprise. Who should stir enthusiasm and make a Professor take to the road if not George Borrow? Was there not once an Augustine friar of Seville, called, if we mistake not, Father Manso, who passed every moment that he could steal from his clerical occupations in the company of the Gitáños, until he fell under the censure of the Inquisition? Did we not also know in Seville 'a highly extraordinary individual,' who came if you called Manuel, into whose hands in early youth a manuscript copy of *Lois Lobo* had fallen, which took such a hold of his imagination that he studied it night and day until he had planted it in his memory from beginning to end? Sad were the subsequent adventures

of



of Manuel, and they may be read in the same veracious history as told us of the Augustine friar, 'The Gypsies of Spain.' The company of George Borrow is—who will deny it?—at least as fascinating as that of any possible Gitáno, whether of Spain or England, be his name Jara or Brono, Lovell or Lee; nor can any compilation of Lois Lobo possibly contain anything quite so exciting as the tale that tells how the child Leonora tipped Lavengro a stave of the 'Song of Poison.' It was not, then, surprise we felt, but anxiety lest something should happen to prevent the publication of 'The Life of George Borrow' by Professor Knapp. Other 'Lives' have been promised, and somehow have failed to appear; Borrow has been dead nearly twenty years; and—who knows?

Happily the 'Life,' to employ stock phraseology, 'now lies before us,' and to its carefully composed and detail-loving pages we refer our readers, with perfect confidence that if they are Borrowians they will be grateful to Professor Knapp for the fruits of a lifetime's devotion. Like 'Clarissa Harlowe,' the 'Life' has been terribly cut down. The author's account of its origin and progress is very interesting. Professor Knapp's first acquaintance with Borrow's books (for the *man* he never saw) began in 1852 or 1853, when he first entered college; a long residence in Spain enabled the predestined biographer of 'Don Jorge' to tread many times the lines of travel of the marvellous colporteur. When Borrow died, in 1881, a more than half-forgotten man in what are sometimes called 'literary circles,' the Professor made a collection of all his books and fugitive pieces, and eventually secured (what cannot the born collector or predestined biographer secure?) his papers, the correspondence of half a century, his note-books of travel, his manuscripts, and the scattered remains of his library.\* Thus initially equipped, the Professor wrote a pamphlet at New Haven, U.S.A., in the year 1887, and pledged himself, were time only granted him, to produce a biography. But when he essayed this task it was brought home to him that the 'Life of Borrow' could only be written in Norfolk, and after a considerable sojourn in its most famous city. Professor Knapp made up his mind to go to Norwich, but he had to wait seven long years before he was actually free to do so.

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\* One budget of letters—those written to the British and Foreign Bible Society, the basis of 'The Bible in Spain'—Professor Knapp was unfortunately unable to get sight of. He made repeated attempts, but they could not be found. Strange to say, they have recently turned up, just where they were expected to be, but too late for the Biography.

'The termination of the septennate,' says this truly heroic biographer, 'found me domiciled in Norwich, exploring its mute memories and its treasures. The first year (1895) was devoted to a careful reading of the "Chronicle," the "Iris," and the "Mercury," from 1800 to 1833, in testing the "fictions" of "Lavengro" in the light of "the truth" of contemporary data, and in familiarising myself with the places and traditions, the abodes and haunts, of my hero.' 'The second year (1896) saw the composition of the "Life" half completed; but alas! on a scale much too minute and exhaustive, as the publishers were not slow to assure me. Bowing to their cooler judgment as the thermometers of opinion, the whole was rewritten in '97 and concluded in the present year on a more conservative scale. This is all I need to tell of the history of the book. "Con lo dicho basta y sobra!"'

A biography thus conceived, thus wrought, and thus brought forth deserves to be treated with the utmost respect.

There is one remark we feel we must make. Professor Knapp is an enthusiast who has kept his head. His judgments are cool and well considered; he is indeed singularly free from even the ordinary bias of the biographer. He is by no means unduly kind to his hero's virtues, and certainly he is not even a little blind to his faults. More than once we found ourselves marvelling at his moderation, and half inclined to kick against his impartiality. Even in the region of mere conjecture he leans to the side of severity. For example, he is prepared to attribute Borrow's fierce and savage but deeply suggestive and thought-provoking attack upon Sir Walter Scott, in the famous Appendix to 'The Romany Rye,' to the mere supposition that Borrow sent Sir Walter in 1826 a copy of the 'Romantic Ballads,' and that the sorely over-taxed author of 'Waverley,' who was perhaps more 'exposed to authors' (to use the great Duke's striking phrase) than any other man who ever lived, forgot to acknowledge it. If it was so, Sir Walter was indeed unlucky. How many fools did he suffer, if not gladly, yet civilly, whilst forgetting to acknowledge communications from two such formidable tonguesters as George Borrow and Thomas Carlyle! For our own part, we think there is more in the Appendix than mere wounded *amour propre*. Again, Professor Knapp, with an almost Levitical scorn, leaves the philology of Lavengro severely alone. He will have nothing to say to it. Perhaps it does not matter now. In heaven, we are told, there is but one language. The fact is that the amateur, however brilliant, is no longer allowed to gallop his Pegasus in the paddocks of Science. Borrow, it appears, was in the habit of applying to his wife, as a term of endearment,

a Spanish

a Spanish word which means 'dray-horse,' his presumable intention being to say 'Beloved one.' There is much to be said in favour of your mother tongue.

There is one question before all others that the Borrowian is eager to put. He may indeed seek to conceal his anxiety; he may profess an indifference by saying, 'What do I care whether "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye" be true or not?'—but he does care. It ought not perhaps to matter much; perhaps not at all: fiction is every bit as good as fact, and, indeed, who can tell the difference? 'Le Vrai n'est pas toujours le Vraisemblable,' as Borrow himself observes in the Introduction to the English translation of Vidocq's 'Memoirs' (4 vols., 1829), which we now learn for the first time—and sorry we are to know it, for the book is both dull and disreputable—was the handiwork of Lavengro. None the less, we all do want to know how much of Borrow's books is 'Wahrheit' and how much is 'Dichtung.' Professor Knapp's answer is, we hasten to say, as satisfactory as possible. 'You may believe as much of "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye" as you choose,' i.e., every bit as much as you would have believed had they appeared under the sober and convincing title, 'The Early Life of George Borrow, agent of the Bible Society.' The books are strictly autobiographical, and give as full, true, and particular an account of their author, from his birth on the 5th of July, 1803, at East Dereham, until the autumn of 1825, as it was possible for him, being what he was, to give to anybody. If you want an answer to the famous question, 'What is truth?' you must, of course, study the case of 'Derry v. Peek,' in the House of Lords 14 Appeal Cases 337; and there you will learn, among many other things, that it is almost impossible for any statement of fact to be absolutely true, and that truth in the mouth of any man is a thing not absolute, but relative to the belief of the speaker. How much of 'Lavengro' and 'The Romany Rye' did George Borrow believe to be true? Unhesitating is our answer: 'All or nearly all.'

It is well to get it into our heads, and it is no fault of Professor Knapp's if the fact does not permanently reside there, that the five volumes of 'Lavengro' and 'The Romany Rye' are but the record of twenty-three years, and indeed it would be more accurate to say of but sixteen years; for though it is true that the moving incidents of the visit to Hythe churchyard, where in a low-eaved pent-house lay ranged the skulls of the Danes, and of the reading of 'Robinson Crusoe,' belong to the first seven years of Borrow's life, the real grip of Lavengro is not felt, the  
naked

naked footprint does not appear in the sand, until 1810, when his father's West Norfolk regiment was ordered to Norman Cross, in Huntingdonshire.

Merely to attempt to recall all the scenes and incidents and 'extraordinary individuals,' all the odd adventures and scraps of conversation that he met with, from the viper hunter of Norman Cross to the horse fair at Horncastle, is to be bewildered. If ever man had the gift of describing a ramble or a road-side adventure, the changes of a summer's day or the fitfulness of moods, and of investing the most familiar surroundings, village inns, and commons, even Blackheath, with the mystery of the desert, it was George Borrow. His relapses into the commonplace are as full of craft as the knocking at the gate in 'Macbeth.' His method of importing into his narrative a sense of wonder and impending change is his own. It is easier to say what it is not than what it is. It is the very opposite of Hawthorne's, who, by his exquisite choice of words, his dreamy philosophy, his subtle humour, his sense of the infinite, makes New Salem and Miss Pyncheon's poor little shop swim in an atmosphere of romance. Compared with Hawthorne, Borrow is blunt and brutal, but he can produce his own effects in his own way. De Foe no doubt taught him never to be afraid of detail, even of apparently dull detail. Verisimilitude without detail is impossible. Clothe your lies in the garments of circumstance! Naked truths seldom gain admittance even to the households of Faith. The disreputable Vidocq may have suggested to Borrow's more artistic sense what excellent use can be made of conversations if skilfully reported. The conversations in Borrow are of the very first order. Fielding may have reminded him how effective in a narrative of constant movement from place to place are bursts of eloquence. Whatever be the theme, Borrow's eloquence is magnificently courageous: he is never afraid of an apostrophe. In the now forgotten language of the prize-ring the tongue, that 'little member,' used to be called 'the red rag.' Borrow was always ready to hoist his 'red rag' over any animating subject.

There was another secret he had completely mastered: how to move his characters on and off. Never does a new one appear—and they are always appearing—but the reader smacks his lips, knowing as he well does that the moment Borrow has done with the fellow off he will go without another word. There was once a Shakespearean enthusiast, we almost think it was S. T. C. himself, who maintained that the James

Gurney

Gurney who but once opens his mouth in the whole Shakespearean drama, and then only to say :

‘Good leave, good Philip.’ [*Exit Gurney.*]

was a creation of the finest art. For our part we think this is carrying things a little far, but the principle is sound. How effective in ‘Lavengro’ is the nameless but ‘dapper’ man who, when Borrow was standing at the corner of Oxford Street and the road to Tottenham Court watching Lord Byron’s hearse go by, observed: ‘Great poet, sir, but unhappy. Fate of genius, sir; I too am frequently unhappy.’

It was in the neighbourhood of Norman Cross in the year 1810 that Borrow, then a boy of seven, first met the gypsies, and was introduced to Ambrose Smith, the Norfolk gypsy, now known to the world as Jasper Petulengro. It is the first of the great scenes in ‘Lavengro,’ and to think of it is to hear once more in your ears the thundering hoofs of the horse of the fierce rider predestined to a violent death, whose sudden appearance scattered the gypsies and left the little boy alone in the lane gazing after the retreating company. ‘A strange set of people,’ said I, at last. ‘I wonder who they can be.’

When first we heard of Professor Knapp’s great undertaking, we own we did not envy him his task of pursuing in sober mood his wayward hero through the enchanted pages of his own *Dream or Life or Story*, call it what you like. It is easy enough to go to Edinburgh and sleep facing the Castle Rock; it is no great hardship to cross St. George’s Channel and take the train to Clonmel: but this is not to do what Borrow has told us he did. Better stay where you are, and, taking down ‘Lavengro’ from its place, read there how the boy lay on the bank of Tweed and wept, so stirred was he by the beauty of the scene, and how afterwards, with his father’s regiment, he marched into Edinburgh Castle, and was sent to the High School, where adventures befell him.

“Scotland is a better country than England,” said an ugly, bleary-eyed lad, about a head and shoulders taller than myself, the leader of a gang of varlets who surrounded me in the play-ground, on the first day, as soon as the morning lesson was over. “Scotland is a far better country than England, in every respect.”

“Is it?” said I. “Then you ought to be very thankful for not having been born in England.”

“That’s just what I am, ye loon; and every morning when I say my prayers, I thank God for not being an Englishman. The Scotch are a much better and braver people than the English.”

“It may be so,” said I, “for what I know—indeed, till I came here, I never heard a word either about the Scotch or their country.”

"Are ye making fun of us, ye English puppy?" said the bleary-eyed lad; "take that!" and I was presently beaten black and blue. And thus did I first become aware of the difference of races and their antipathy to each other.'

The famous account of the 'bickers' between the boys of the Auld Toon and the New, particularly the passage beginning 'A full-grown baker's apprentice was at their head,' is very much in the style of Fielding, though no doubt the latter author in such passages purposely intended the mock-heroic. David Haggart, of whose tragic fate Professor Knapp can tell us, perched above Edinburgh on the edge of a horrible crag, thinking of wight Wallace, from whose death he declared he would not flinch could he but be a great man first; the Papist gossoon Murtagh pining for a pack of cards in the place of those his Uncle Phelim stole when he went to settle in the County Waterford—what pictures are these! The landlord at Clonmel—the Irish Protestant—who can forget his eloquence?

"You never saw more elegant lodgings than these, captain," said the master of the house, a tall, handsome, and athletic man, who came up whilst our little family were seated at dinner late in the afternoon of the day of our arrival; "they beat anything in this town of Clonmel. I do not let them for the sake of interest, and to none but gentlemen in the army, in order that myself and my wife, who is from Londonderry, may have the advantage of pleasant company, a genteel company; ay, and Protestant company, captain. It did my heart good when I saw your honour ride in at the head of all those fine fellows, real Protestants, I'll engage, not a Papist among them, they are too good-looking and honest-looking for that. So I no sooner saw your honour at the head of your army, with that handsome young gentleman holding by your stirrup, than I said to my wife, Mistress Hyne, who is from Londonderry, 'God bless me,' said I, 'what a truly Protestant countenance, what a noble bearing, and what a sweet young gentleman. By the silver hairs of his honour—and sure enough I never saw hairs more regally silver than those of your honour—by his honour's gray silver hairs, and by my own soul, which is not worthy to be mentioned in the same day with one of them—it would be no more than decent and civil to run out and welcome such a father and son coming in at the head of such a Protestant military.' And then my wife, who is from Londonderry, Mistress Hyne, looking me in the face like a fairy as she is, 'You may say that,' says she; 'it would be but decent and civil, honey.' And your honour knows how I ran out of my own door and welcomed your honour riding in company with your son, who was walking; how I welcomed ye both at the head of your royal regiment, and how I shook your honour by the hand, saying, I am glad to see your honour, and your honour's son, and your honour's royal military Protestant regiment. And now I have you in the house, and right proud



proud I am to have ye one and all; one, two, three, four, true Protestants every one, no Papists here; and I have made bold to bring up a bottle of claret which is now waiting behind the door; and, when your honour and your family have dined, I will make bold too to bring up Mistress Hyne, from Londonderry, to introduce to your honour's lady, and then we'll drink to the health of King George, God bless him; to the 'glorious and immortal'—to Boyne water—to your honour's speedy promotion to be Lord Lieutenant, and to the speedy downfall of the Pope and Saint Anthony of Padua."

'Such was the speech of the Irish Protestant addressed to my father in the long lofty dining-room with three windows, looking upon the high street of the good town of Clonmel, as he sat at meat with his family, after saying grace like a true-hearted respectable soldier as he was.'

It cannot have been anything but difficult to follow prosaically in the wake of so phosphorescent a writer, but Professor Knapp abates neither heart nor hope, but steers right on; and as he goes he annotates, filling up dates and supplying names. How mysteriously does the grim, horrid, and hitherto unnamed figure of the murderer Thurtell (consult the 'Dictionary of National Biography' for the career of this worthy) cross the path of Lavengro! He is described in the twenty-fourth chapter: one of the two men who break in upon Borrow (then an articled clerk to a Norwich attorney) and the Norfolk magistrate, who, having pocketed the thousand pounds (secured on mortgage) which Borrow had brought him, was treating this amazing limb of the law to a glass of Madeira, the first the boy had ever had. The object of the visit of the two men, one of whom was slightly known to Borrow, was to obtain the use of a pightle (which is good East Anglian for a small enclosure of land) for a prize-fight. The magistrate refused, and thereupon Borrow's acquaintance flew into a passion and departed hastily.

'With a surly nod to me, the man left the apartment; and in a moment more the heavy footsteps of himself and his companion were heard descending the staircase.

"Who is that man?" said my friend, turning towards me.

"A sporting gentleman, well known in the place from which I come."

"He appeared to know you."

"I have occasionally put on the gloves with him."

"What is his name?"

Here the chapter ends. We now know the man's name. It was Thurtell.

But perhaps the most difficult feat even Borrow ever accomplished is connected with the name of the famous bruiser who

is called in 'Lavengro' Big Ben Brain, but whose real name, unless we have forgotten our lore, was Ryan, Mike Ryan, who was champion of England in 1790. Professor Knapp calls him Bryan, but whether Bryan or Ryan his name in the ring was Big Ben. Borrow's father was a gallant, hard-working, ill-paid Christian soldier, who had no luck in his profession, and whose one battle took place—

'neither in Flanders, Egypt, nor on the banks of the Indus or Oxus, but in Hyde Park . . . . The name of my father's antagonist was Brain.

'What! still a smile? did you never hear that name before? I cannot help it! Honour to Brain, who four months after the event which I have now narrated was champion of England, having conquered the heroic Johnson. Honour to Brain, who, at the end of other four months, worn out by the dreadful blows which he had received in his manly combats, expired in the arms of my father, who read the Bible to him in his latter moments—Big Ben Brain.

'You no longer smile, even *you* have heard of Big Ben.'

Captain Borrow, as his life went on, became a deeply religious man, and between him and his wayward, puzzling second son there existed but an imperfect sympathy. They were however held together by one strange link—their common interest in Big Ben. The name of this bruiser was as a kind of refrain in their lives, the only hymn in which both could join—his mighty chest, his skin brown and dusky as a toad's. It came to be the Captain's turn to die.

'Were those words which I heard? Yes, they were words, low and indistinct at first, and then audible. The mind of the dying man was reverting to former scenes. I heard him mention names which I had often heard him mention before. It was an awful moment; I felt stupefied, but I still contrived to support my dying father. There was a pause, again my father spoke: I heard him speak of Minden, and of Meredith, the old Minden sergeant, and then he uttered another name, which at one period of his life was much on his lips, the name of— but this is a solemn moment! There was a deep gasp: I shook, and thought all was over; but I was mistaken—my father moved, and revived for a moment; he supported himself in bed without my assistance. I make no doubt that for a moment he was perfectly sensible, and it was then that, clasping his hands, he uttered another name clearly, distinctly—it was the name of Christ. With that name upon his lips, the brave old soldier sank back upon my bosom, and, with his hands still clasped, yielded up his soul.'

But we are lingering by the way. On every side strange figures beckon us to hob-a-nob with them, dog-fanciers and coachmen,

coachmen, Armenians and publishers, country doctors and recluses; but we hurry on. Even Sir Richard Phillips, publisher, editor, and proprietor of the 'Monthly Magazine,' shall not detain us, though it is irritating to find the impartial Dr. Knapp taking his part, and actually asserting that the reason why Borrow's translation into German of the 'Philosophy' of this ineffable ass was a failure, was not because of the muddiness of the original composition, but because Lavengro did not know German! It appears that a subsequent translation of the same book by another hand is intelligible enough.

The compilation of 'Criminal Trials' which Borrow prepared for Sir Richard Phillips appeared in March 1825, and may still occasionally be had of the second-hand booksellers, a wily race, who ask a great deal more for it than its value, which intrinsically is nothing. But the question remains to be asked—is there resting anywhere on mortal shelves or buried deep in any human depository a book called 'The Life and Adventures of Joseph Sell, the Great Traveller'? Dr. Knapp believes that some such book exists somewhere, though it may be only in a magazine; but as he has not yet found it, the question is still open. There were Sells at Norwich, says Dr. Knapp: the well-known artist was John Sell Cotman; but one cannot quite forget that there is another kind of 'sell' beside the Sells of Norwich, and on the whole we are disposed to agree with Mrs. George Borrow, who always treated this 'Joseph Sell' with the scepticism of a Betsy Prig.

Of the Professor's skill in tracing the itinerary of his wandering hero it is only fair to give an example:—

'On the 13th of May, 1825, then, George Borrow begins to write the "Life of Joseph Sell," which he finishes on the 18th. On the 20th he disposes of the manuscript, and abandons London on the 22nd, after a little more than a year's residence (April 2nd, 1824, to May 22nd, 1825). From London he proceeds to Amesbury, in Wiltshire, which he reaches May 23rd; visits Stonehenge, the Roman Camp, and Salisbury. The 26th he leaves Salisbury and travels towards the north-west. On the 30th he had been walking four days in a northerly direction when he arrives at the inn where he meets the author, with whom he passes the night. On the 31st he purchases the pony and cart of Jack Slingsby, whom he saw at Tamworth when he was little more than a child. (The regiment was at Tamworth from April 28th to May 3rd, 1812.) June 1st he is on a dingle in Shropshire. On the 5th he is visited by Leonora, and on the 8th is "drabbed" with the *manrieli* (cake) of Mrs. Hearne. He is saved by the opportune arrival of Peter Williams. Passes Sunday, July 12th, and the following week with the Welsh preacher

preacher and his wife, Winifred. On the 21st he departs with his itinerant hosts towards the old Welsh border, Montgomery. Turns back with Ambrose Petulengro. Settles in Mumber Lane (Mumper's Dell), near Willenhall, Staffordshire. Borrow's fight with the Flaming Tinman must have occurred about the end of June. The horse-fair at Horncastle was held from the 11th to 21st of August.\*

But we cannot help adding that this sort of minuteness is apt to pall, even upon the most ardent Borrowian. At all events, we do not want to read it twice.

The question is more important, what can Professor Knapp tell us of 'Isopel Berners,' to whom he refers somewhat coldly as 'the remarkable character introduced into "Lavengro" and the "Romany Rye"'? 'Strange words they seemed of slight and scorn.' Almost as well might one speak of a remarkable character called Ophelia introduced into 'Hamlet.' We should be sorry to have to determine by some rule of thumb how much of the unbought popularity of George Borrow depends upon his portrayal of this unique and fascinating girl, who had managed to learn in the workhouse of Long Melford two lessons seldom taught in such places, to fear God and take her own part, and who tipped Lavengro the hint which enabled him to floor the Flaming Tinman. We forbear to rhapsodise, and regretfully add that the Professor can tell us nothing about the tall girl. Perhaps it is as well.

'We have a vision of our own,  
Ah! why should we undo it?'

After these early years there comes a gap in Borrow's autobiographical disclosures.

'The conclusion of the "Romany Rye" left George Borrow, just entered upon his twenty-third year, on the road from Spalding to Lynn and Norwich in the autumn of 1825. From that date the public heard no more of his movements till the "Bible in Spain" revealed him for an instant on the way to Russia. In his intercourse with Richard Ford he calls the interval of seven or eight years the "veiled period," which he intended to keep secret in his autobiography, then in preparation, and which he did keep secret ever after.'†

To lift veils is the duty of biographers. Professor Knapp has lifted this veil with the usual unsatisfactory result. There is not much to tell, and what is told is not as edifying as one could wish. The 'veiled period' was not spent, as Borrow would have had us believe, in romantic travels, but was divided, for the

\* 'Life,' vol. i., p. 104.

† Ibid., p. 110.

most part, between London and Norwich. It was occupied in translating Danish poetry and Vidocq's memoirs, and generally, to use words of his own, quoted by his biographer, 'in drifting on the sea of the world.' Borrow's tastes and habits, though not disreputable, were never what is called respectable; and there can be no doubt that during this uneasy yeasty period he was a head-strong young fellow who, though he had served his articles to a bald-pated and unusually respected Norwich solicitor, took no steps whatever to be admitted upon the roll of attorneys, but, 'instead of that,' lived an irregular life and translated 'romantic ballads.' It is plain Borrow kept odd company, and was not free from the twin taints of fishing in preserved waters and of Atheism. Nor was he averse from the liquor of heroes. See his ballad 'Six foot three.'

Such was the really dangerous condition of Borrow when the Bible Society came to his rescue, and, amazed by his linguistic attainments, turned him into a colporteur. Loud was the laughter of Norwich. The Martineaus rolled in their chairs. Miss Harriet records it thus: 'When this polyglot gentleman appeared before the public as a devout agent of the Bible Society in foreign parts, there was one burst of laughter from all who remembered the old Norwich days' (see passage quoted by Dr. Knapp, vol. i., p. 162). We dare say it was very amusing, but the 'Bible in Spain' is still more amusing, and those laugh best who laugh last. Norwich has ceased to snigger over the youthful indiscretions of George Borrow, and has long forgiven him for not becoming a junior partner in the highly respectable firm of Rackham and Simpson.

We owe the 'Bible in Spain' to the Rev. Francis Cunningham, the rector of Lowestoft from 1814 to 1830, who married Richenda Gurney, the sister of Joseph John Gurney and Mrs. Fry. You may read of him in Mr. Hare's book, 'The Gurneys of Earlham.' He had for a brother the still better known vicar of Harrow, of whom (so it is said) you may read in the best-remembered novel of Mrs. Trollope. The lady who afterwards became Mrs. George Borrow, then Mrs. Clarke of Dalton, probably introduced Lavengro to Mr. Cunningham, who in his turn brought him under the notice of Joseph John Gurney, by whom he was introduced to the Bible Society. There was something about Borrow which was at once attractive and alarming to this excellent Society. They admired his stature, his daring, his acquirements, but his phraseology startled them not a little. Nor were they wrong in their diagnosis. Thus does the Rev. Mr. Jowett, writing from the Society's premises in London in July 1833, admonish Lavengro:—

'Excuse

'Excuse me if, as a clergyman, and your senior in years, though not in talent, I venture, with the kindest of motives, to throw out a hint which may not be without its use. I am sure you will not be offended if I suggest that there is occasionally a tone of confidence in speaking of yourself which has alarmed some of the excellent members of our committee. It may have been this feeling, more than once displayed before, which prepared one or two of them to stumble at an expression in your letter of yesterday, in which, till pointed out, I confess I was not struck with anything objectionable, but at which nevertheless a humble Christian might not unreasonably take umbrage. It is when you speak of the prospect of becoming *useful to the Deity, to man, and to yourself*. Doubtless you meant *the prospect of glorifying God*, but the turn of the expression made us think of such passages of Scripture as Job xxi. 2, xxxv. 7 and 8, Psalm xvi. 2 and 3.

'Believe me, &c.,

'JOSEPH JOWETT.'\*

A most excellent letter, it must be admitted, so good indeed that Borrow was moved to reply to it after a fashion that won Mr. Jowett's heartiest approval.

Borrow's first job for his new masters was to go to Russia and to see through the press the entire New Testament in the Manchu tongue. The translation had been made by M. Lipóftsof, who was however prevented by a Government appointment from proceeding any further with the undertaking. It was a big thing to do, and Borrow laboured at it night and day, and whilst he laboured he loved to fancy himself, as soon as the book was ready, 'wandering, Testament in hand, overland to Peking by way of Lake Baikal and Kiakhta, with side glances at Tartar hordes.' But the 'Bible in China' is one of the books that never got itself written.

Borrow's Russian occupations engaged him from August 1833 to September 1835, when he returned home to his mother in Norwich. The colporteur was ever a good and affectionate son to a mother who seems always to have understood his despondent humours. Just before he left Petersburg for good she had written to him:—

'My dear George, do not be melancholy. You should rather rejoice and be thankful to God for assisting you to bring your work to a conclusion. I think the Bible Society will employ you; but if not, thank God you have a home to come to. I do not wish you to remain abroad. I am very lonely and shall be glad to see you. I have not spent the money you sent home.'

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\* 'Life,' vol. i., p. 161.



Mrs. Borrow was right, as mothers are apt to be. The Bible Society did employ her son again, first in Portugal and afterwards in Spain. The records of his labours in these fields, are they not written once and for ever in the 'Bible in Spain'?

The connexion with the Bible Society was finally severed in 1840, and on the 23rd of April in that year George Borrow was married at St. Peter's Church, Cornhill, to Mary Clarke, the widow of Henry Clarke, R.N., and a daughter of Edmund Skepper, a lady whom he had known for some years, and who, with her daughter, who still lives, had lately paid a somewhat mysterious visit to Spain in search, so gossips said, of Lavengro himself. The marriage was a fortunate one. Old Mrs. Borrow approved, the new Mrs. Borrow was delighted, the step-daughter was more than acquiescent, and Don Jorge apparently did not mind. By the marriage Borrow became possessed of a comfortable if unpretentious home in the county he dearly loved, and entitled to his share of an income which, though not large, was enough to provide him with the beef and ale in which his soul delighted. To say that he became a happy man would be a flat untruth. He was seldom happy; like Goldsmith, he was not at peace with himself; he was restless, ambitious, jealous; but he had his good times as well as his bad, his hours of exaltation as well as of depression. He was thirty-seven years of age when, his wanderings over, he and his wife and her daughter settled down at Oulton Cottage, Lowestoft, when he at once began to arrange the manuscripts and notes he had written in the Peninsula. The first result of these labours was the 'Gypsies of Spain,' which appeared from the presses of 'Glorious John' in April 1841, and did fairly well; the second result was the 'Bible in Spain,' which, lingering a little unduly in the press, came out in three volumes in 1843 and had a success 'instantaneous and overwhelming.' Borrow was very happy and exultant. Sir Robert Peel referred to him in the House of Commons. He was a great man in Albemarle Street. He felt too that he had that within him which was bound to come out, and which, when it did come out, would carry him still further. He had no pious Mr. Jowett by his side to remind him that it is good to be humble, and unwise to couple yourself with the Deity. Still, how natural to be proud of having written the 'Bible in Spain'! Edition followed edition in rapid succession—six in the first year!

The method pursued by Borrow in the preparation of 'The Bible in Spain' was this. He persuaded the Bible Society to lend him his original letters, which after some hesitation they did

did in June 1841. Mrs. Borrow was then set to work turning the correspondence 'into an unbroken narrative, connected here and there by a few strokes of the pen with the fresh composition of an episode or two not contained in the letters, such as life in the *Cárcel de Corte* and the journey to Tangiers.'\* Borrow then returned the original letters to the Bible Society, in whose hands they still are. It is a strange origin for so fascinating a work.

'Lavengro' was next taken in hand. Professor Knapp tells its genesis at great length. It is an interesting history. The book appeared in three volumes, with Mr. Phillip's fine portrait of the author as a frontispiece, in an edition of three thousand copies. But the wind of popular favour had shifted and no longer filled Borrow's sails, which flapped idly against the mast. The religious world looked coldly on. 'Lavengro' was not placed on the shelf with the 'Bible in Spain.' Many a youngster who knew pages of the earlier book by heart grew up to man's estate without so much as hearing of 'the scholar, the gypsy, the priest.' 'Lavengro' seems to have puzzled the public, which has no mind to be made a fool of by a mysterious vagabond. More than twenty years rolled by before a second edition was called for. This seems incomprehensible to us. It seemed monstrous to Borrow, who was furious. In 1857 'The Romany Rye' appeared, calmly taking up 'Lavengro' just where that book left off, without an explanatory word—an odd way of treating the book-market. Only a thousand copies were printed of 'The Romany Rye,' and though a second edition was published the following year, it was a small one. Then nothing happened until 1872. Such an experience is unusual and bewildering. We doubt whether it is fair to throw the whole blame on the book-buyers of Britain. 'Wild Wales,' with its striking motto from *Taliesen*—

'Their Lord they shall praise,  
Their language they shall keep,  
Their land they shall lose,  
Except wild Wales.'

—appeared in 1862, in three volumes, and in an edition of one thousand copies. In 1865 there was a second edition, and then nothing till 1888.

Old Mrs. Borrow died in 1858, in her eighty-seventh year. She at all events never complained of her son. Mrs. George Borrow died in 1869, aged seventy-three, well content with her

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\* 'Life,' vol. i., p. 383.

choice, and Don Jorge himself followed in 1881, on the 26th of July, aged, as Professor Knapp tells us with loving minuteness, seventy-eight years and twenty-one days. He and his wife are buried in the cemetery at West Brompton. Professor Knapp, in his preface, says, 'The time has not yet arrived when Borrow's place can be definitely assigned to him in English literature.' We have heard the phrase before, but are unacquainted with the precise process referred to by it. An author's 'definite place in English literature' sounds a little forbidding. Some allowance must be made for different gustos. George Borrow will always be able to take his own part, for, marred and scarred and seamed as his books may be by passion and by prejudice, they are aglow with feeling and with the glory of life and motion. So long as English books are read at all, Borrow's will be read.

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- ART. X.—1. *A Bill to make better provision for Local Government in London, 1899.*  
 2. *Speeches by the Right Hon. A. J. Balfour, M.P., on the Introduction and Second Reading of the London Government Bill, 1899.*  
 3. *Report of the Royal Commission on the Amalgamation of the City and County of London, 1894.*

IT is a remarkable fact that London should be the last part of the United Kingdom to receive from Parliament a comprehensive and complete system of municipal institutions. This is due rather to the inveterate indisposition of Londoners to take any effective interest in their own affairs than to any reluctance on the part of modern Parliaments to enact large measures of local government. All the principal modern Acts which deal with this subject are uniform in their provisions and comprehensive in their scope, except as regards London. The Municipal Corporations Act of 1835 applied to all municipalities, large and small, in England and Wales, except that of London, which was expressly excluded. The Local Government Act of 1888, which substituted popularly elected County Councils for the old Courts of Quarter Sessions, prescribed virtually the same model for the institutions of all counties of England and Wales, whether they contain sparsely inhabited agricultural communities or densely packed industrial populations; whether they be Home Counties, intersected by innumerable lines of railway, or the hill districts of Wales. But it hardly touched London, except to convert it into a county. The Local Government Act of 1894 gave District and Parish Councils to every part of England and Wales, but, in its original form, did not touch the local bodies in London. The Irish Local Government Act of last session dealt in like manner with all the towns and counties of Ireland.

To the uniformity of the system which Parliament has imposed upon our rural districts and towns the American practice is completely opposed. In the United States, as regards the non-urban areas, each State has its own system of local areas and authorities, created and worked under its own laws. As regards the towns, each city obtains its own distinct charter from its State Legislature, and the terms of any new charter may differ from those contained in the charter of the neighbouring cities, or from those of any existing charter. Mr. Bryce, in 'The American Commonwealth,' says: 'The laws which regulate municipal government are even more diverse from one another than those of rural local government,' and, 'so far as legal

legal arrangements go, no general description, such as might be given of English municipal government under the Municipal Corporations Act, is possible in America.' Not only do the original charters of cities in the United States differ from one another, but the charters of any particular city are frequently repealed or modified in conformity with the ideas of the party which happens to be dominant at the moment in the State Legislature.

In Great Britain, on the other hand, not only did the Municipal Corporations Act give one imperative model of city government to all urban communities, except London, but that model has in essence remained unaltered since that date. The boundaries of municipalities have been extended. Some changes in titular dignity, and in the relations between the greater cities and the counties, were effected by the legislation of 1888. But, in principle, Manchester and Liverpool and Birmingham are, at this moment, governed by the constitution established in 1836. Nothing like that constitution was made applicable to London, and every legislative alteration in metropolitan institutions since then has been partial and incomplete. This, as we have said, is remarkable, but perhaps it is still more remarkable that the institutions under which London (outside the City) was governed, until four years after the first Great Exhibition, were of a rural, and not an urban, character. Mr. Balfour, in introducing the new Bill for London government, said that down to 1855—

'Parliament had made no organised attempt to confer an urban organisation upon this great metropolitan area. At that time,' he proceeded, 'London was, and for more than two centuries had been, the largest city in Europe, and yet before then the organisation of London, if it can be called organisation, was in the main left to a series of local Bills, passed very much at haphazard, and, apart from these local Bills, was dependent upon the Common Law organisation of the vestries, which was the same for the most thinly populated parish in the moors of Yorkshire as it was for the crowded streets of the metropolis of the Empire.'

An 'organised attempt' was at length made by Sir Benjamin Hall's Metropolis Local Management Act of 1855.

In introducing the Bill to the House of Commons, Sir Benjamin Hall gave a most interesting account of the way in which London had been administered till then. His facts are as valuable to the antiquary as to the politician. They have been rescued from the pages of Hansard and made accessible to every reader by Mr. Lawrence Gomme, the accomplished statistical officer of the London County Council. In his  
'London

'London in the Reign of Victoria,' he gives copious extracts from this speech. Taking first the local administration of the metropolis—for even in 'that inchoate condition of things,' as Mr. Balfour has said, there were the germs both of central and of local institutions—there were in force (according to Sir Benjamin Hall's statement) about two hundred and fifty local Acts, besides the public general Acts, which were administered by three hundred separate and diversely constituted bodies. One hundred and thirty-seven of these bodies had made a return of the number of their members, which amounted to a total of 4,738 persons. If the same average of membership be allowed to the remaining bodies, which did not make a return, it would produce 5,710 more administrators; so that at that time London was governed by no less than 10,448 Commissioners. Sir Benjamin Hall gave an exhaustive description of the composition of the several vestries, and of the constitution and expenditure of the local administrative commissions and committees. It will suffice here to quote a few of his examples. In the Liberty of the Rolls the vestry was composed of the 'ancient inhabitants,' that is, of those who had served the office of overseer. In St. Botolph Without, Aldgate, it was composed of persons who had served all the parochial offices, namely, of head borough constables, churchwardens, and overseers. The vestry had existed in this form from time immemorial, and was not constituted by any local Act. There were in the Strand Union eleven miles of streets, over which seven different paving boards had jurisdiction. Each of these had its separate staff. One of their surveyors was, when appointed, a tailor, and another a law stationer. The Strand, from Northumberland House to Temple Bar, a little over three-quarters of a mile in length, was managed by seven different paving boards:—

First was St. Martin's, from Temple Bar to the centre of Cecil Street, a distance of about four hundred and eighty yards. From Cecil Street to opposite the centre of Burleigh Street the north half of the street was under that Board. The other half, to No. 107, belonged to St. Clement's. At No. 107 the district belonging to the Savoy commenced, and for a distance of about twenty-seven yards the street was divided between the Savoy and St. Martin's. From the centre of Burleigh Street to opposite the east side of Wellington Street, a distance of about eighty-three yards, the street was divided between the Savoy and St. Clement's, and from this point to Duchy Place, a distance of about twenty-five yards, it was divided between the Savoy and St. Mary's. From this point to the east end of St. Mary's Church, a distance of about two hundred and twenty-six yards, the whole width of the Strand belonged to St. Mary's, with the exception of



of a piece in front of Somerset House. This was repaired by the Somerset Place contractors. From the east end of St. Mary's Church to Temple Bar, a distance of about four hundred yards, the whole street belonged to St. Clement's.

Turning to a different topic, Sir Benjamin Hall showed that in Paddington six hundred and seven ratepayers, or one-seventh of the whole number, had 3,642 votes for the vestry, that is, a larger number than the total possessed by the other 3,582 ratepayers in the same parish:—

'The vestrymen thus elected appointed a committee of eighteen to manage the affairs of the parish: their decision might be overruled by the *ex officio* members, amounting to nearly forty. Every resident peer, Privy Councillor, and Member of Parliament, every judge and every magistrate, was an *ex officio* member of the governing body of the parish; and besides these the Connaught Trustees appointed a vestryman, and the Grand Junction Canal Company another. There was this peculiarity about the constitution of the vestry—no inn-keeper could be elected.'

Nor was the condition of matters affecting London as a whole more satisfactory. The Metropolitan Commission of Sewers was the germ of central institutions. This body had divided the area over which it had jurisdiction into seven separate districts, with a distinct Commission for each. These seven Commissions were composed of 1,065 Commissioners, exclusive of the Directors for the time being of the St. Katherine's Docks Company. 'Amongst the names of the Commissioners were the Duke of Wellington, the Lord Chancellor, the Prime Minister, and other noblemen and gentlemen, who could not attend to such matters.'

What, then, were to be the main lines on which the first 'organised attempt' to give London urban institutions was to proceed? The Government of the day had the Reports of two Royal Commissions to guide its action. Although London was excluded from the legislation of 1835, the Commissioners upon whose Report that legislation had been based made in 1837 a special report on the case of the capital. They made no specific or definite recommendations, but they came to the general conclusion that there should be a single municipality for London. 'We hardly anticipate,' they said, 'that it will be suggested, for the purpose of removing the appearance of singularity [of the City], that the other quarters of the town shall be formed into independent and isolated communities.' It must be remembered that the population of London was then but two millions. While they discountenanced the idea of the erection

erection of a series of municipalities, the Commissioners called attention to the peculiar conditions of the metropolis as the seat of the Legislature and of the Executive Government, and declared that 'the only real point for consideration was how far the duties for the whole metropolis could be placed in the hands of a metropolitan municipality, or how far they should be entrusted to the officers of his Majesty's Government.' In one passage they let fall the significant observation that possibly the magnitude of the change involved in 'making one municipality of the whole of London might be considered as converting that which would otherwise be only a practical difficulty into an objection of principle.' This Report led to no immediate practical results. Successive Governments ignored the chaos of London administration. At length, in 1853, another Royal Commission was appointed to enquire specially into the affairs of the City Corporation. The members of this Commission were Mr. Henry Labouchere, Sir George Cornewall Lewis, and Sir John Patterson. In their Report, which was presented in 1854, they made various suggestions for the reform of the City Corporation. Beyond this, they dwelt at length upon the general question of the government of the metropolis, and suggested that the seven Parliamentary boroughs, into which it was then divided, should be created municipal boroughs and combined with a central Board of Works, the members of which should be elected from each municipality. Their criticisms upon the proposal to create one municipality for the whole metropolis are so cogently expressed and so perfectly relevant to present conditions and controversies that it is worth while to quote them at some length. They said (p. 14 of the Report):—

'If the procedure of the Legislature in the Municipal Corporation Act were taken as a precedent, absolutely and without discrimination, in reforming the London Corporation, it would be necessary, not only to alter its constitution, but to advance the present boundaries of the City until they surrounded the entire Metropolis; a process by which an area of 723 acres would be converted into an area of 78,029 acres—by which a population of 129,128 would be converted into a population of 2,362,236—and an assessment of £953,110 would be converted into an assessment of £9,964,348. A change of this magnitude would not only alter the whole character of the City Corporation, but it would, as it seems to us, defeat the main purpose of municipal institutions. London, taken in its full extent, is (as it has with literal truth been called) a province covered with houses; its diameter from north to south and from east to west is so great that the persons living at its furthest extremities have few interests in common; its area is so large that each inhabitant is in  
general

general acquainted only with his own quarter, and has no minute knowledge of other parts of the town. Hence the two first conditions for municipal government, minute knowledge and community of interests, would be wanting if the whole of London were, by an extension of the present boundaries of the City, placed under a single municipal corporation. The enormous numbers of the population, and the vast magnitude of the interests which would be under the care of the municipal body, would likewise render its administration a work of great difficulty. It may be added that the bisection of London by the Thames furnishes an additional reason for not placing the whole town under a single municipal corporation. . . . These considerations appear to us decisive against the expediency of placing the whole of the metropolis under a single municipal corporation, without adverting to those more general questions of public policy which naturally suggest themselves in connection with the subject.'

The Commission of 1853 had been appointed by Lord Aberdeen, but the Government of his successor, Lord Palmerston, decided to follow the spirit of their Report. The Metropolis Local Management Act of 1855 did not, indeed, create the seven municipalities, nor did it venture to touch the City Corporation. But it took the existing parishes as the units for local administration : it constituted the vestries of the larger of these parishes Administrative Vestries, directly elected : it grouped the remainder of the vestries of the smaller parishes : and it enacted that each of the component vestries should by secondary election send representatives to a District Board, which should be the local authority for each group of parishes. It also created a central Metropolitan Board of Works, composed of representatives sent to it by every administrative vestry and district board, and to this body assigned the control and management of all matters common to the whole of London. Mr. Balfour thus described this important change :—

'The central authority before 1855 was the Commissioners of Sewers, and the local authorities were the products of the various local Acts. The heir-at-law of the Commissioners of Sewers was the Metropolitan Board of Works, and, in place of those bodies constituted by the various local Acts, were established administrative vestries, or groups of parishes forming district boards, which had conferred upon them the same powers which the administrative vestries were endowed with. So that after 1855 the constitution of London was of this kind. There were administrative vestries of which the governing bodies were directly elected ; there were groups of parishes of which the governing bodies were indirectly elected ; and there was the Metropolitan Board of Works, itself the product of double election in so far as it was elected by the administrative vestries, and of treble election in so far as it was elected by the district boards.'

In respect of its central feature, this is the system under which London was governed until 1888; and, with regard to the local authorities, it is the system which has continued till now. But in the interval many Select Committees of the House of Commons have enquired into and reported upon London administration. Some of the recommendations of the Committee which reported in 1867 are so suggestive and pertinent as to be worth quoting now. They suggested: (1) that the metropolis should be constituted a county of itself; (2) that the Metropolitan Board of Works should contain, besides representatives of the several vestries and district boards, a number of metropolitan justices, to represent the owners of property, and a further number of members elected directly by the ratepayers in each district; (3) that, the powers and duties of the Metropolitan Board of Works having been much enlarged since its first establishment, its name should be made more conformable to its present and future condition, and that it should be called 'the Municipal Council of London'; (4) that its powers should be still further extended as regards gas and water supply and railways, and for securing uniformity of assessment; (5) that the existing divisions of the metropolis for the purpose of local government should be re-adjusted, and divided into convenient wards, the ratepayers of which should directly elect the members of the district governing bodies; (6) that the governing authority for each district should be called the Common Council of the district.

Still, no Government attempted to touch the subject until 1884. In that year Sir William Harcourt, the Home Secretary in Mr. Gladstone's Ministry, introduced a Bill to create one single municipality for the whole metropolitan area. The Corporation of London was to be completely merged in this body, and the new Corporation was to be composed of two hundred and forty representatives elected by the several divisions of London, of which the City was to be one. It was to be endowed with all the powers and duties of the Metropolitan Board of Works, of the vestries and district boards, and of other smaller administrative bodies. Local councils were to be re-created in each district: they were not, however, to enjoy any original or inherent powers, but merely to have such derivative authority as might be delegated to them by the Corporation. This measure naturally met with strenuous opposition, not merely from the City, but from the local authorities. It had no general motive power at its back, and, under the pressure of the discussion over the Parliamentary Reform Bill, it was allowed to drop. Next year, the Penjdeh  
affair

affair and the Redistribution Bill occupied the attention of the Government until its defeat in June 1885; after which Ministerial changes and the Home Rule crisis naturally pushed such comparatively unexciting problems as that of London administration into the background.

As has happened not infrequently, it was reserved for a non-Radical Parliament and Ministry to effect a drastic alteration in the very bases of London government. Lord Salisbury was the head of the Ministry which in 1888 revolutionised the central institution of the metropolis and substituted the County Council for the Metropolitan Board of Works. The manner in which this great change was effected was not less astonishing than the easy acquiescence of Parliament in the proposal itself. London questions did not enter materially into the contests which were fought in the newly-formed metropolitan Divisions either in the General Election of 1885 or in that of 1886. In 1885 Conservative candidates achieved a wholly unexpected measure of success by attacks upon Mr. Gladstone's foreign policy and by vague flirtations with 'Fair Trade.' In 1886 the wave of feeling against Home Rule swept all but eleven Gladstonians from their seats. London Radicals no doubt were eager to abolish the Board of Works, and had long dreamed of a single municipality; but the bulk of the electorate was serenely indifferent to the subject.

It is true that such feeling as did exist in partisan breasts against the Metropolitan Board had been somewhat inflamed by the publication in 1887, in a financial newspaper, of allegations affecting the integrity and business character of certain members and officials of the Board. Lord Randolph Churchill was then in his later free-lance days, sitting behind the Treasury Bench, and anxious for every opportunity for asserting himself in an independent and democratic fashion. The influence of the Gladstonian atmosphere of the Treasury was still strong upon him, and just as, during his brief tenure of the Exchequer, he had been able to induce his Government to abolish the Coal and Wine Dues, so now it was he who on the 16th of February, 1888, moved in the House of Commons for the appointment of a Royal Commission 'to enquire and report upon the working of the Metropolitan Board of Works and into the irregularities which are alleged to have taken place in connexion therewith.' The Government assented to this motion, and a small quasi-judicial Commission was appointed. It is remarkable that in the course of the discussion that took place that night no speaker declared himself in favour of the abolition of the Board, and there was not a single

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expression

expression of a belief or a hope that the Government would deal with this question in their promised Local Government Bill.

Even when the Government, in the Queen's Speech at the commencement of the session of 1888, had announced that 'your attention will be invited to the subject of local government in England,' it was not generally supposed that London would be included in that legislation. London questions had always hitherto been dealt with specially. The practice had rigidly prevailed that such matters should be within the purview of the Home Office, but here was a Bill in charge of the President of the Local Government Board. In fact, it was not until Mr. Ritchie had spoken for over an hour in introducing his great measure that it dawned upon the House of Commons that London would be included in its scope. 'What about London?' suddenly interpolated a metropolitan Member. 'I shall devote a separate portion of my remarks to London,' quietly rejoined the Minister, and then plunged again into the vast scheme of county government. Almost parenthetically, after another long period, he said:—

'Well, an honourable gentleman has asked me what we propose to do with regard to the metropolis. Some think that London ought to be left alone, and I have been astonished at seeing more than one statement that London was not to be touched in the Bill.'

He then very briefly stated how London would be touched. Amid a general murmur of approval he said: 'The Metropolitan Board of Works will cease to exist'; and in the vastness of the design of the whole Bill the House of Commons at the moment, and indeed till the end of the session, entirely failed to recognise the pregnancy of that announcement and the grave significance of the accompanying statement that the Board would give place to an elected County Council. The clauses which gave effect to this revolution came late in the Bill. They were not reached in Committee till the 10th of July. The vast majority of Members were primarily interested in the other portions of the Bill. The House was getting weary: the Government was eager to make progress: no opportunity presented itself for what might be termed a second-reading discussion on the principle of the constitutional change involved in the London clauses. The bulk of the London Unionist Members were new to Parliament, and, as has been pointed out, had won their elections in 1885 and 1886 on totally different issues. At that time there was no coherent and formed opinion amongst their supporters which could guide



guide their action on the subject, and they were therefore, for the most part, docile followers of their whips, and subjected the proposals of the Government to but little independent criticism. There was perhaps a further reason for their supineness. At the time the Government assured them that this was but an instalment of their whole scheme, and that they intended to supplement it by the creation, alongside of the central Council, of powerful district councils. In his speech on the first reading Mr. Ritchie used these words :—

‘ We do not, as I have said, put this forward as a complete settlement of the great problem of London government. We have our own proposals to make, and I hope we may be able at some future time to make them. They are on the lines, not of creating separate municipalities throughout London, but of amalgamating within certain defined areas in London the existing vestries and district boards, and constructing in London district councils—having in the various areas in the county district councils with large and important administrative functions. But we have felt that the introduction of such a proposal as that into our Bill would have unduly overloaded it.’

As a matter of fact, eleven years were to pass before a Government sought to make ‘ a complete settlement of the great problem,’ and to create the admittedly necessary local governing bodies. During that interval the County Council, outside the City, has towered above the vestries, by its inherent powers, by the size of the area over which it exercises jurisdiction, and by the publicity which has been given to its elections and proceedings. It has, perhaps, never been sufficiently recognised how democratic is the system on which the Council is elected. Each of the Parliamentary divisions, except the City, returns two Councillors: the City returns four. These divisions vary greatly in population, and also in rateable value. On the whole, the divisions which are below the mean both in population and rateable value are Progressive, while those which are in both respects above the mean are Moderate. For instance, there are seven divisions of the Tower Hamlets, each returning two Councillors. The combined electorate of these seven divisions numbers 49,409, and they return to the Council 14 Progressives. Compare with this representation that of some of the still growing districts in the outskirts of London. Let us take seven divisions: Dulwich, with an electorate of 13,502; Clapham, 15,376; Fulham, 15,757; Hammersmith, 13,974; Lewisham, 15,431; Wandsworth, 20,758; and Woolwich, 14,230. This gives a total electorate of 109,028, which returns 14 Moderates to oppose the 14 Progressives who  
represent

represent the 49,409 electors of the Tower Hamlets. We may turn for a moment to rateable value. St. George's in the East, with a rateable value of 216,646*l.*, has the same representation on the Council as St. George's, Hanover Square, with a rateable value of 1,981,679*l.* The only difference between them is that the members for the former district are Progressives, while those for the latter are Moderates. Bethnal Green returns four Councillors, all Progressives; its rateable value is 453,520*l.* Kensington has the same representation; but its rateable value is 1,787,390*l.*, and its representatives are Moderates.

Then, the suffrage on which County Councillors is elected works, in London at all events, disadvantageously to Conservatism. It differs from the Parliamentary franchise in that it includes women voters, who, when Conservative, show a marked disinclination to record their votes; and in that the service-franchise and lodger voters, both of whom in London are predominantly Conservative, are omitted from it. Beyond this, while in Parliamentary elections a man who possesses the requisite qualification in two or more separate boroughs may give his vote in each, in the County Council elections he can only record his vote in one division.

At this point a comparison with the systems which prevail in some Continental capitals may be instructive. The Municipal Council of Paris, like that of all other French towns, is elected on an equal manhood suffrage. This Council votes or withholds the necessary grants of money. 'But Paris is still actively governed by the Prefect of the Seine and his colleague the Prefect of Police, both of whom are appointed by the general Government and are amenable directly to the Minister of the Interior';\* and, although the eight or ten standing Committees of the Municipal Council 'are at pains to acquaint themselves with all the departments of practical municipal activity, they have no immediate authority over the administrative machine. . . . The Prefect of the Seine is, in fact, the Mayor of Paris, with complete executive authority.' In Belgium, under a law of 1895, no man can vote at municipal elections unless he has reached thirty years of age. To entitle him to a vote he must then have been a resident of the town for three years. An additional vote is given to men with families, who are above the age of thirty-five, and who have houses of a certain assessment. A third vote is given to owners of property who derive an income of at least one hundred and fifty francs a year from real estate. In Holland the municipal

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\* 'Municipal Government in Continental Europe,' by Albert Shaw.

franchise

franchise is limited to men of over twenty-three years of age, who are paying a land-tax of at least ten guilders, or direct personal taxes of an amount which varies according to the population of the towns. These limitations reduce the electorate to about one voter for every fifteen people. The Mayors, or Burgomesters, are appointed by the Sovereign for six years. In Italy illiteracy is an absolute disqualification for the municipal franchise, and this in effect deprives fifty per cent. of the adult male citizens of their votes. In Prussia the system is not uniform. Changes are frequent in the urban constitutions; but on the whole the main principles which characterised Stein's legislation in 1808 are retained. The voters are divided into three classes according to the amount of their contributions to the taxes. 'At a Berlin election in 1893, held in one-third of the districts, for the renewal of one-third of the Council, there were registered as qualified voters 111,637 men, of whom 2,045 were in the first class, 13,049 in the second, and 96,543 in the third.' Of these classes 976, 4,858, and 25,596 appeared respectively at the poll. 'But each class chooses its third of the municipal council, regardless of the force it musters at the poll.' In Vienna a tax-paying qualification has always excluded the great mass of labourers. The minimum was reduced in 1885 to five florins. In addition voters must be twenty-four years of age. More than three-fourths of the adult men are excluded from the franchise by these restrictions. Independently of the tax-paying qualification the vote is given in respect of professions. All clergymen, all teachers, and indeed all those whom we should call the professional class, receive votes. An electorate of sixty thousand is thus produced, out of a population of nearly one million and a half. This is sub-divided into three classes. The first class is composed of the tax-payers who pay a tax of at least 200 florins, the second of those who pay one of not less than 30 florins, and the third of all others. The vote of members of the first class is worth three times as much as that of those in the second, and nearly nine times as much as that of those in the third class.

Compare with these restrictive systems the democratic system of our metropolis. In the County of London the one apparent check upon the power of mere numbers in the electorate is the presence on the Council of nineteen selected Aldermen. But this institution, though it has certainly brought to the service of the Council some men of distinction and of special knowledge, has not in fact helped the minority there. The majority has made use of its power of selection to strengthen

strengthen its own ranks, and so to give even a cumulative importance to the primary results of the popular vote. And yet the interests that have been entrusted to the administration of the Council are vastly greater than those of any of the cities whose constitutions have been sketched. A reference to some of the details of its administrative functions will perhaps give some idea of the extent of its necessary labours. The County Council transacts its immediate work through twenty-six Standing Committees. In addition it nominates twenty of its members to the Technical Education Board, and sends six Councillors to the Thames Conservancy and one to the Lea Conservancy Board. The Chairman, in his annual review of the Council's work for the year ending on March 31st, 1897, stated that the Standing Committees had 'held more than 1,600 meetings during that year.' But this bald statistic fails to give any adequate idea of the vastness and variety of the necessary administrative work of the Council. Its Finance Committee is directly concerned with a gross debt amounting to 39,377,883*l.*, which is reduced by the sum of 15,710,726*l.*, loans to other bodies, and various assets, to a net liability of 20,093,773*l.* During the nine years ending on March 31st, 1898, it has expended on capital account a total sum of 7,475,638*l.*, which has been laid out on the following objects:—

	£
On Main Drainage . . . . .	1,154,835
Parks and Open Spaces . . . . .	629,162
Blackwall Tunnel . . . . .	1,292,607
Housing of the Working Classes . . . . .	790,094
Lunatic Asylums . . . . .	1,097,680
Tramways . . . . .	808,243
Street Improvements . . . . .	665,353
Miscellaneous . . . . .	1,137,664
	<hr/>
	£7,575,638

No statutory limitation, it will be understood, has been placed, as has been done even in some of the cities of the United States, on the amount the Council may spend, or the rate it may levy. The estimated expenditure for 1897-8 was 2,700,499*l.* The ground rents and surplus lands belonging to the Council on December 31st, 1897, were valued at 2,534,419*l.*

To give some idea of the administrative work carried out by the Committees, certain facts may be stated. Last year the Fire Brigade Committee controlled a staff of 1,056 men; its disbursements on maintenance account amounted to 162,807*l.* One Committee in the same year was responsible for the care  
of

of 14,000 insane persons; another had charge of two great industrial and reformatory schools. The Building Acts Committee, amongst a mass of detailed supervision of new buildings, dealt with 4,032 dangerous structures. The Highways Committee is now directly working important lines of tramways in South London. The Improvements Committee, besides many minor local improvements, has obtained Parliamentary powers to widen the Strand, and is seeking power to construct the long-desired great thoroughfare between Holborn and the Strand. It is needless to expatiate upon the importance of the duties which devolve upon the Main Drainage, the Bridges, the Public Health, and the Housing of the Working Classes Committees. Their titles sufficiently explain the character of their functions. The Technical Education Board has just been recognised by the Education Department as the authority in London for secondary education. It expends something like 120,000*l.* a year, principally in grants in aid of some 100 science and art institutions, and on scholarships. In addition, it maintains its own Central School of Arts and Crafts in Regent Street, and there conducts very successful classes in glass-work, lead-work, enamelling, book-binding, and kindred practical arts. It has a similar school in Camberwell. Another school—Bolt Court—is devoted to lithographic and photographic trades; and a fourth school in Hackney has been specialised for the teaching of building arts. To many minds, the business entrusted to the Parks and Open Spaces Committee will appear the most attractive of all the manifold duties to which Councillors may give their time. This Committee last year expended 99,303*l.* in the maintenance of the eighty-seven open spaces under its control, the total acreage of which was 3,742. Few Londoners have any knowledge of the charm of some of these gardens. Everyone, of course, knows Battersea Park and its sub-tropical garden. Most people are probably aware that the gardens on the Embankment are kept up by the Council. In each near suburb there are the actual inhabitants of the district who make use of such purely urban open spaces as Kennington or Finsbury or Southwark Park, or spots like Telegraph Hill, just saved from the attack of encroaching builders, and laid out in the conventional pattern of an artificial town public garden. But how many Londoners realise that, besides these not too alluring resting-places, the Council is the keeper of some old country gardens, of some old and aristocratic country homes, still unchanged and unspoilt, and rich with all the characteristic charm of such ancient haunts? In the north of London,  
Clissold

Clissold Park, at Stoke Newington, and Waterlow Park, near Highgate, are delightful specimens of English country gardens. The former is remarkable for the variety of its bird-life. In the west, Ravenscourt Park, near Hammersmith, is of the same character, and is particularly distinguished by its fine timber. In the south, Brockwell Park, at Herne Hill, possesses—alone amongst the parks of London—an old walled-garden, with its fruit-trees, and ancient flower borders. In the south-east, different in kind, are Bostal Heath and Woods, of 132 acres. This is still a piece of wild woodland, covered with bracken, and deeply shaded by firs, oak, birch, and hollies. In the north again, beyond Hampstead, Golder's Hill has just been added to London's estate. This was the much cared-for home of Sir Spencer Wells. In 'The English Flower Garden' Mr. William Robinson selects the lawns and shrubberies of this place as his typical illustration of the natural style of garden. It is indeed a lovely spot, adorned with rare trees and shrubs, but yet in places a wild garden, and still visited by nightingales and cuckoos.

This inadequate summary of a few only of the duties which the Committees of the Council are called upon to discharge may yet give some idea of the weight of the burden which the Legislature imposed upon what Lord Randolph Churchill would have called a 'frankly democratic' body. Had the creators of this body any ground for believing that so great and novel an experiment in administration would be justified and saved by the character of the men who would guide and work this huge administrative machine? In every other county of England there was a class of resident and popular gentlemen, with whom the faithful discharge of local public duties had become an hereditary and recognised obligation. There was no such class in London. Notoriously, the vestries always laboured under the difficulty of securing the services of leisured Londoners of repute and position. Even in the City, with all its historical fame and its present splendour, the Corporation had for years past failed to attract to itself the merchant princes or the leading citizens of London. In some respects, it must be granted, the Council has been fortunate. It has as yet always obtained the services of a considerable number of Councillors who have worked with genuine zeal and true unselfishness. It has been served by an exemplary staff. But the number of its really working members has always been too small, and from the beginning too many of its Councillors have been induced to enter its walls by political motives, and for political objects. Of the members of the Council which was elected in

March



March 1895, thirty-four stood for Parliament at the General Election in the same year. Twelve were peers—political peers, having, with the exception of Lord Cadogan, no special or distinct London interest—and seven were labour members, chosen to represent certain advanced views of social and class politics. Thus no less than fifty-four members of that Council were active political partisans. At the elections to the next Council in 1898 a smaller number of peers and members of Parliament came forward as candidates; but their places were taken by active young members of the two party propagandist clubs, the Unionist United and the Gladstonian Eighty Club. In truth there could be no more striking and melancholy illustration of the practical working of representative institutions in the metropolis than was afforded by the incursion into all the poorer divisions of these budding politicians as candidates for admission to a purely administrative body. The secretary of each of these organisations, and many of the members of the committee of each club, together with a host of their colleagues, took the field, and pretended to be profoundly interested in the local affairs of parishes which they had never entered before, and in the solution of administrative problems of whose existence they had just learned from the leaflets of the London Municipal Society and the London Reform Union.

At the same time, while the County Council was assuming this great position and exercising these vast powers, the local authorities of huge parishes were still condemned to be known by the unattractive and misleading title of vestry, and still hampered by the co-existence of the secondarily elected district boards, and by the excessive number of their own members. Even Londoners do not realise the size and importance of some of the parishes governed by vestries. Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham are the only towns in England which exceed in population and rateable value the largest of these vestry-governed parishes. Islington has a population of 340,000; and its rateable value is 1,799,633*l*. This valuation is higher than that of Leeds or Sheffield. In respect of both population and valuation, it stands above Preston and Salford put together, above a doubled Portsmouth, or a trebled Southampton. Lambeth, with a population of 295,033, and a valuation of 1,701,786*l*., exceeds in both respects Brighton and Croydon, or Cardiff and Derby, combined. Kensington, with 170,165 souls, reaches the enormous rateable value of 2,107,901*l*., while St. George's, Hanover Square, with its comparatively small area, has a valuation of 1,988,437*l*. The vestry of St. Pancras administers the local affairs of 234,379 people, or a larger  
population

population than that of Bradford, Bristol, Hull, or Nottingham. That of Hackney provides for 213,644 inhabitants, or a larger population than that of Newcastle-on-Tyne or Leicester. Again, to compare some of these London parishes with English counties, Battersea has a larger population than Buckinghamshire, in which a County Council and three municipal corporations conduct local affairs; and the Camberwell vestry administers the business of more inhabitants than in Oxfordshire are governed by a County Council and five municipal corporations, besides District and Parish Councils.

Nevertheless, precipitate as was the action of the creators of the London County Council, and little as they apparently appreciated the full gravity of the experiment they were making, when with light hearts they substituted a popularly elected body for the Metropolitan Board of Works, the step then taken was one that could not be retraced. Any subsequent development of London local institutions was bound to proceed on lines consistent with a recognition of this central and dominant fact. Whatever else may be said against the London County Council, it is certainly not a negligible body. Indeed, for an administrative body, it has been almost too interesting. It immediately arrested public attention. At first it evoked a warm burst of civic enthusiasm, but it soon spread deep political alarm. Latterly, its action has tended to provoke local and non-political jealousies. But, whatever else it has done, it has, from its very birth, forced Londoners to think more than they ever had thought before about the administration of their local affairs.

It will be well to sketch in rough outlines the movement of London opinion on this subject since 1888. This will show how by degrees there has shaped itself out of various elements a widespread consensus of judgment in favour of the essential provisions of the Government's new Bill.

The first elections for the Council were held in 1889. London Unionists as a body, following the express advice of their leaders, did not fight these contests on strict party lines, and did not invoke the formal aid of their party organisations. No doubt Conservatives, when they took the trouble to go to the poll, voted for those candidates who with doubtful wisdom had christened themselves Moderates; but these candidates, as a rule, made rather an ostentatious display of the fact that they were not political nominees, and that, if returned, they would, apart from all party considerations, do the administrative work which Parliament had delegated to the Council. Very different were the temper and the conduct of the other side. Everywhere the Radicals by their associations  
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and clubs gave an enthusiastic support to the policy and candidatures of those who came forward with the specious description of Progressives. The result might have been foreseen. A large Progressive majority was returned, including in its ranks many direct representatives of organised labour, many avowed or virtual disciples of the Fabian Society, and many preachers of municipal socialism. Much the same thing happened at the next elections in 1892, when the tide of public opinion in London was ebbing away from the Unionist Government, which had been in office nearly six years. But, beyond this, the Progressives had struck a really responsive chord in the minds of the working classes. Their promises included everything that was positively attractive to a non-ratepayer in the domestic programme of the Radical party. They could and did omit all reference to any item in its foreign or general policy which was of disputable popularity. Their Works Department, their sanguine schemes for appropriating the undertakings of the water and gas companies, encouraged hopes of a labour Paradise, to be managed in the most sympathetic spirit by trade unionists for trade unionists. Apart from this, the genuine zeal and hard work of many of the Progressive Councillors was unquestionable. The practical results obtained in several non-partisan departments—such as that of the Parks—were admittedly admirable. In Lord Rosebery the Progressives had a spokesman who could express their aspirations with eloquence, and who yet had the sobriety and detachment occasionally to repress the excesses of his followers. On the other side there was no eloquent leader: in truth, there were no ideas to be eloquent about. Perhaps it was inevitable that in opposition to the ambitious proposals of the Progressives the attitude of the Moderates should have been a negative one; but it was not necessary that they should display so little enthusiasm for the vastness and the variety of the functions entrusted to them. It was gratuitously repellent that they should be constantly carping at and depreciating even the solid and good work which was being accomplished by themselves and their colleagues on many of the Council's Committees.

Mr. Gladstone's second Home Rule Government took office in the summer of 1892; and the concurrence of a Radical majority at Westminster with a Progressive majority at Spring Gardens stimulated the activity of Progressive wire-pullers. It had always been a darling dream of the Progressives to get rid of the City and its Corporation, to transfer its endowments to the Council, and to transform the latter into the one all-powerful municipality for the whole County of London. In

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the spring of 1893 they induced the Government to appoint a Royal Commission 'to consider the proper conditions under which the amalgamation of the City and County can be effected, and to make specific and practical proposals for that purpose.' In other departments of what may be called their political or Parliamentary action, the Progressives were less successful. Indeed, in their Parliamentary methods they disclosed an intemperate zeal and a mistaken sense of their importance, which offended the general sense of the House of Commons, and exposed their procedure to some sharp rebuffs there. They had a pet theory for giving effect to the principle of betterment in making street improvements: but because Committees of both Houses refused to sanction it, they constantly refused to undertake the execution of the most necessary of public works. They sought to evade the Standing Orders of Parliament, and to saddle the owners of property with an entirely new tax by means of a Private instead of a Public Bill: and when the London Owners' Improvements Rate Bill was thrown out on this point of order, they found in this mishap a fresh reason for refusing to proceed with street improvements. Into their Bills for purchasing the undertakings of the water companies they inserted terms of purchase so manifestly unfair as to excite the opposition of those who on general grounds might have favoured the equitable acquisition of the companies' property. So much for the Parliamentary action of the Progressives in those days.

The publication by one of their leaders, Mr. Sidney Webb, of his 'London Programme,' disclosed the ultimate aims of the logical collectivists. In it he wrote:—

'It is probable that public ownership of the means of enjoyment will, for a long time, outstrip public ownership of the means of production. But when London's gas and water and markets are owned and controlled by its public authorities; when its tramways and perhaps its local railways are managed, like its roads and parks, not for private profit, but for public use; when the metropolis at length possesses its own river and its own docks; when its site is secure from individual tyranny, and its artisans' dwellings from the whims of philanthropy; when, in short, London collectively really takes its own life into its own hands, a vast army of London's citizens will be directly enrolled in London's service. The example of short hours of labour, adequate minimum wages, and regularity of employment set by this great employer of labour will go far to extinguish the "sweater," as it will have done to supersede the demoralising scramble for work at the dock gates.' (Pages 212, 213.)

Mr. Webb was examined before the Labour Commission, and in answer to the question what limit he would put to the extension

extension of municipal taxation, he replied: 'I have no limit to the possible extension'; and when asked, 'Supposing it had to go as far as twenty shillings in the pound?' he said: 'That is a consummation I should view without any alarm whatever.' The earlier opposition of the Moderate party to the Progressives gained strength from these illustrations of the ulterior hopes of their leaders. Even indifferent London electors began to see that they must make some effort to check these far-reaching designs. The pendulum, too, of general political opinion had begun to swing back. The feeling of London had veered strongly against the policy of the Government. Apart from the political and economical fears which the Progressives had aroused, their centralising tendencies had seriously provoked local sentiment and offended the members of local governing bodies.

In this state of things, a stimulus was given to the growing feeling in many districts in favour of decentralisation by the Report of the very Commission which had been appointed, at the instance of the Progressives, to draw up a practical scheme for the amalgamation of the City and County of London. The reference to it was mandatory and simple. It was directed 'to consider the proper conditions under which the amalgamation of the City and County of London can be effected, and to make specific and practical proposals for that purpose.' Mr. Leonard Courtney was Chairman of this Royal Commission, and its other members were Lord Farrer, Mr. R. D. Holt, ex-Mayor of Liverpool, and Mr. E. O. Smith, Town Clerk of Birmingham. This was certainly not a body that could have been led astray by any ulterior Tory designs. In fact it faithfully discharged its mandate. It elaborated an ingenious scheme by which the City should be virtually merged in the County Council, and the Chairman of the Council should become the Lord Mayor of London, and should, with the Council, perform all those ceremonial functions which have gradually devolved upon the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London. But the Commissioners did much more. They deliberately travelled outside the strict limits of their reference, and made some most suggestive recommendations in favour of 'enhancing the status' and increasing the powers of the local authorities.

They recommended, to quote the words of the Report,—

'that everything possible should be done to maintain the strength, authority, and dignity of the local bodies of London: and that in the partition of functions between the central authority and the local authorities, the former should be relieved of all administrative details  
for

for which its intervention is not really necessary, and the latter should be entrusted with every duty they can conveniently discharge. In the case of doubt our inclination would incline to the allotment of functions to local bodies.' (Paragraph 48.)

Again—

'They think it important, for the sake of the dignity and usefulness of the local bodies, whose status should be enhanced as much as possible, as well as for the sake of the central body—where a continuous increase of work may be expected, requiring relief from needless administrative detail—that no duties should be thrown on the central body that can equally well be performed by the local authorities.' (Paragraph 106.)

Further, they declared that in nineteen specified areas—

'the vestries might be at once styled councils and invested with the privilege of choosing a mayor, so that within each of these areas the mayor and council should be the governing body'; (Paragraph 116.)

and in indicating some of the guiding principles on which the delimitation of the rest of London into areas, to be managed by similar governing bodies, should be carried out, they said:—

'Considerations of local feeling and of historic development would have to be weighed in conjunction with those of administrative convenience in extending this organisation to the rest of the metropolis.' (Paragraph 118.)

Not long before the publication of this Report, in the summer of 1894, the London Municipal Society was started, to stimulate and educate opinion on municipal matters amongst London Unionists. It announced that its first object was 'to extend and complete the policy for the reform of London government initiated by the Unionist Ministry of 1886-92, in the creation of the London County Council, by the establishment of district councils or corporations, and their endowment with adequate authority.' In all its subsequent propaganda this Society has steadily insisted upon the importance of this object. At the elections for the County Council which took place in March 1895 this policy was expressly and universally adopted by the Moderate party, and formed a prominent part of the programme adopted by Moderate candidates. These elections resulted in the return of fifty-nine Progressive and of fifty-nine Moderate Councillors. At a bye-election which occurred soon afterwards the Moderates won another seat, and thus secured an actual majority of the elected members of the Council. This turnover, and the overwhelming victories which the Unionists subsequently gained in London at the General Parliamentary Election



Election of 1895, gave the Moderate party in the Council great moral influence, although the surviving Aldermen, who had been nominated during the Progressive predominance, still assured to the Progressives an actual working majority down to March 1898.

The elections of 1895, proving, as they did, that the Progressives could not be sure of having popular opinion constantly on their side, produced a steadying effect upon them. Partly from this cause, and partly because of the actual strength of the Moderates on the Council, they did little between 1895 and 1898 to alarm or irritate the electors. Mr. Sidney Webb devoted himself to the admirable work of the Technical Education Board. The county rate actually fell. By the time of the elections in March 1898, the Progressive leaders were using much the same language in favour of decentralisation, and of increasing the dignity of the local authorities, as was in the mouths of responsible Moderates. On the other hand, some Conservative politicians, in their ignorance of the working of London institutions, and of the true London sentiment, began to cherish vague hopes that their party would effect some change in the popular constitution of the Council, and would in consequence cripple and degrade it. No Conservative administrator, no one who knew anything of London opinion outside West-end clubs, did, or could, encourage this idea. But some casual and inexplicable words that fell from Lord Salisbury's lips at the Albert Hall in the autumn of 1897 enabled the Progressives to echo and re-echo, from then till the following March, the cry that it was the intention of the Government 'to smash the County Council.' It was impossible to undo the effect produced by this charge. In March 1898, the Progressives gained twelve seats, and won a substantial majority on the Council. Many causes, of course, contributed to this unexpected result; but the Progressives owed their victory principally to the general desire amongst the bulk of the electorate that no material change should be made in the position or essential powers of the Council. In its effect upon the chances of a wise settlement of the problem of London government this was a fortunate result. It convinced the most reactionary and blind of London Tories that any direct attack upon the status of the Council would be impolitic. Consequently, while the leaders of the Progressives at these elections had committed themselves to reasonable decentralisation, and to an increase in the dignity of the local bodies, all responsible Conservatives now agreed that no material change should be made in the constitution or powers of the central body. Thus there was obtained, after ten years of discussion, an approxima-

tion of opinion between the contending parties as to the general lines on which the further development of London municipal institutions should proceed.

The growing concurrence of opinion had been further manifested by the spontaneous action of many of the vestries between 1895 and 1898. In January 1896 some of the larger of the Schedule A vestries forwarded a memorial to the Prime Minister, praying that effect might be given to the recommendations of the Royal Commission, and that in some way or other their parishes might receive charters of incorporation. In 1897 the united parishes of St. John and St. Margaret, Westminster, and the parish of Kensington, presented petitions to the Privy Council praying for charters of incorporation. But it was announced by Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons that the Government was advised 'that there is no legal power to transfer to any municipality created by charter within the area of London the right to perform municipal duties.' Legislation, therefore, of some kind was necessary before any of the existing local authorities could obtain municipal attributes. The next step taken by them was this. Twenty of the larger vestries under Schedule A of the Metropolis Management Act, representing in all a population of 2,600,413, and a rateable value of 20,638,260*l.*, agreed upon the terms of a memorial to the Prime Minister. This was presented to him and the Duke of Devonshire in February 1898, by a deputation from these vestries. In it they urged the Government to introduce a Bill in the coming session to confer on their respective districts 'greater civic dignity, at least commensurate with that possessed by numerous provincial boroughs of far less importance,' but 'subject to such qualifications as, in the peculiar circumstances of the metropolis, shall reserve to the existing central authorities the management of such matters as shall affect London as a county.' In the Queen's Speech of that year it was announced that 'a measure for facilitating the creation of municipalities in the administrative County of London will be brought before you.' In spite of this, however, the promised measure was not introduced. In the meantime the twenty allied vestries were not resting on their oars. Acting partly on suggestions made to them by the Duke of Devonshire, they continued their conferences at Westminster. In March 1898, they sent to the Duke a statement of the powers which they thought should be transferred from the central to the local authorities, with other practical recommendations for the details of the proposed legislation. In August of the same year they concurred in a Draft Bill. This Westminster Conference,

Conference, as it was termed, was held under Conservative auspices. Subsequently the vestry of Islington, a Radical body, thought it well that a supplementary conference should be convened, to which should be invited representatives from the smaller vestries and district boards, which had not taken part in the proceedings at Westminster. This conference met at Islington. There were present at it the representatives of nineteen localities which had been omitted from the summons to Westminster. Although this second conference was held under distinctly Radical inspiration, it is important to note that the conclusions at which it arrived did not differ on any material point from those which were embodied in the Westminster Draft Bill.

From this sketch of the development of public opinion since 1888, it will be seen that the conditions are more favourable for legislation on the question of London government now than they were ten years ago. The Government has had ample time to consider the problem. Public opinion has been educated by County Council campaigns, and by the chronic propaganda of rival Municipal Societies. Local opinion has been shaped by conferences, by organised efforts to obtain charters of incorporation, and by the publication of Draft Bills. Many of the London Unionist members are now comparatively old Parliamentary hands; and even those of them who have safe seats have been forced by the untoward results of County Council elections in their own divisions to pay some heed to the flow of London opinion on municipal questions.

On its side the Government has happily decided to take full advantage of these favouring conditions. The Bill to make better provision for Local Government in London occupied the first place in the Queen's Speech. It was introduced immediately after the conclusion of the debate on the Address. It has passed its second reading before Easter. It has been prepared by, and is in charge of, the First Lord of the Treasury. In undertaking the heavy task of legislation on this subject, Mr. Balfour has given further proof of his versatility, and also of his industry and energy. The task lay quite outside the necessary duties of his office and position. But, both by his speeches on the first and the second reading of the Bill, and by the Bill itself, it is clear that he has obtained a real grasp of the problem he is seeking to solve.

The main lines of the London Government Bill are these. It recognises the fact that there always has been, and that there must be, in London a dual system of administration—that, in other words, there must be a central authority to discharge

central duties, and that ranged round this there must be local authorities to perform local duties within their respective areas. Following the precedent of 1888, the Bill leaves the Corporation of the City alone. It takes, in fact, the legislation of 1888, and the policy of which it formed but an instalment, as the starting-point from which the new proposals shall proceed. It retains the central County Council, and does not touch its existing constitution, or interfere in any hostile spirit with its essential powers or status. But it does propose to establish the supplemental local bodies which it was always the intention of Mr. Ritchie to set up. It gives full effect to the recommendations of Mr. Courtney's Commission, that these bodies shall be dignified, and invested with as many powers as can conveniently be transferred from the County Council to them. Its primary object then, it may be said, is to put on a proper basis the duality of London institutions—to establish the due relation and balance of powers between the central and the local authorities. Since 1888, as we have seen, the County Council has been relatively too prominent and exalted, because (with the exception of the City) the local bodies have suffered from unattractive titles, from an excessive number of members, from the co-existence of the secondarily elected district boards by the side of the administrative vestries, and from the unmerited disrepute which has clung even to the largest and best-managed vestries, because of the misdoings of some of the smallest and most backward of those bodies. The local bodies, therefore, have failed to attract a sufficient number of good administrators, and have not stimulated, or even represented, the full local feeling and life of their own districts. Respectable as their management of local affairs has generally been, they have been comparatively inefficient since the Act of 1888 gave to the central body its popular composition, its large powers, and its huge electorate.

The Bill abolishes all these existent local bodies. It provides that the whole of London (except the City) shall be divided into metropolitan boroughs. In each of these boroughs there will be established a Council, consisting of a mayor, aldermen, and councillors. The total number of the whole Council is not to exceed seventy-two. The Councils are to have all the powers of the vestries, and of such bodies as Commissions of Libraries and of Baths and Washhouses. Certain 'agreed' powers will be at once transferred to them by the County Council, and provision is made for future transfers of powers.

Since the revival of interest in the development of London government there has been much debate amongst reformers as

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to how, and on what principles, the areas of the new local authorities should be defined. At one extreme of thought it was contended that the existing areas should nowhere be disturbed. No doubt, if this advice were adopted, all local irritation would be avoided; but, admittedly, many of the existing districts are most awkwardly constituted. The smallness and insignificance of some of these areas have operated against the granting of powers to the larger and more important districts, which otherwise would have been ungrudgingly conceded, and the same attributes would seem to make them unfit for municipal incorporation. At the other extreme of thought were those who favoured what was labelled 'tenification,' or the arbitrary carving up of London into ten huge and artificial areas. By this course, it was argued, municipalities of real importance would be created, attractive to the best citizens by reason of their obvious and imposing power. But, on the other hand, this capricious destruction of old landmarks must necessarily have produced a widespread opposition, and have wiped out many a parish in which there now exists a genuine local patriotism, together with the germs of that local life which it is hoped the new municipalities will foster and expand.

Mr. Courtney's Commission took a middle line between these two extremes. Its members thought that nineteen of the present parishes were fit for immediate incorporation, and recommended that a Boundary Commission should delimit the rest of London. In effect, the Government's proposals are in harmony with these recommendations. The areas of thirteen administrative vestries, and of two district boards, will by the Bill itself become municipal boroughs. By it too all the component parishes which make up the ancient City of Westminster will be united, and together, as a greater Westminster, form one municipal borough. Boundary Commissions will draw up schemes for the division of the rest of London into similar boroughs. It is laid down that each of these new boroughs must have either a rateable value exceeding 500,000*l.* or a population between 100,000 and 400,000.

The Bill contains many obviously good reforms, and certain fiscal and other administrative proposals against which much criticism has been directed; but these are only details of a great measure. Mr. Balfour thus summed up the essential principles of the Bill:—

'I feel confident that we are proceeding on safe and permanent lines, because we are taking full advantage of the experience of the past. We recognise to the full that there must be a great central authority in London. We recognise to the full that there must be  
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these great municipalities, subordinate in point of area, but not subordinate in point of dignity. We think the whole lesson of the past points to this as the true method of dealing with this enormous aggregate of human beings, unequalled in the whole history of the world.

The most thoughtful Liberals have committed themselves to a concurrence in these general views. Mr. Asquith, speaking as Home Secretary before the County Council elections of 1895, said: 'We propose to extend' to the new local bodies 'that large common corporate life which brings with it the dignity of responsibility'; and 'we propose to give to them the stimulus of more attractive titles, and of conspicuous position, that will create a more fruitful field for the best energies and the best efforts of the best men of the localities.' Lord Rosebery took up a similar attitude when, in June 1895, he said: 'Although we believe that London should be one, we believe that unity will be best attained and strengthened by maintaining local spirit, by encouraging local spirit, and by developing local spirit. We desire to see London united, but not a unit.' What, then, is the meaning of the bitter opposition of the extreme Radical press to this Bill, of the formal amendment to its second reading, and of the party division thereon? It emanates from the County Council. It has been stirred up by the most ambitious of the Progressives there. Their jealousy has been aroused; their fears, their groundless fears, have been excited. The Bill will, therefore, be strenuously opposed in Committee. In matters of detail it may undergo considerable alterations; but, in all its main and essential features, it will become an Act of Parliament. And when this Act has come into full operation, there is every reason to believe that it will commend itself to the general good sense of the vast majority of Londoners, who will recognise that it provides for the development on historical lines, and in the right direction, of the institutions necessary for the government of their vast and heterogeneous city.

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- ART. XI.—1. *Velazquez*. Par A. de Bernete. Paris, 1898.  
 2. *The Art of Velazquez*. By Walter Armstrong. London, 1896.  
 3. *The Complete Work of Rembrandt*. By Doctor Wilhelm Bode. Paris, 1898.  
 4. *Catalogue—Rembrandt Exhibition, Amsterdam*, 1898.  
 5. *Catalogue—Rembrandt Exhibition, Burlington House*, 1899.

THE dawn of the seventeenth century saw a vast change in the course of European art. For three centuries and a half it had flowed on in Italy, a mighty river, fed by tributary streams from Florence, Siena, Rome, Milan, Perugia, Venice, and many other cities. Great schools of painting arose in other lands, in Flanders and on the Rhine; but during these centuries Italy was the Mother of the Arts. This pre-eminence was now to pass away. The death of the aged Titian in 1576, and of Tintoretto in 1594, mark the end of Italian supremacy; the quickening power of Italy was dead. Art, it is true, lingered on in a tame academic manner in the eclectic school of Bologna, but Guido, the Carracci, Maratti, and others were but feeble successors of the giants of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

But Art never dies. The torch which has fallen from the hands of worn-out runners is taken up by younger and fresher men, and is carried on in new directions. New influences are at work, other nations assert themselves, and the scene changes. The brilliant Rubens, born in 1577, led the way in the Netherlands, followed closely by his pupil the courtly Van Dyck, born in 1599; and the Flemish School leaped into fame. The master dazzled the world by his splendour and fertility, while his pupil charmed by his grace and style. It was seen at once that new stars had risen on the horizon, beside whose brilliancy contemporary Italian art grew pale. Nor in the estimation of lovers of art has their light become dim, for it has burned steadily for nearly three centuries.

It is not, however, to Rubens and Van Dyck that, during the past generation, the attention of the art-world has been chiefly turned, but to two of their contemporaries, born in countries far apart. It is to Spain and Holland that men have been directing their thoughts, and it is from their two great painters, Velazquez and Rembrandt, that artists have been deriving their stimulus and their inspiration. Nor is this absorbing interest confined merely to painters. The ordinary visitor to galleries finds himself arrested before the works of  
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these men by the directness, simplicity, and modernity which pervade their work. The change has come somewhat suddenly; indeed it is almost a resurrection from the neglect of two centuries, during which time the painters and their works lay forgotten or despised. But this neglect has been amply atoned for during the past forty years by the eager study of lovers of art in every European country. Archives have been ransacked for light on the lives and works of these painters, and we are now in possession of much valuable information.

In the case of Rembrandt the reader may be referred for details to the works of Bürger, Vosmaer, Dr. Bode, Michel, Dr. Bredius, Dr. Hofstede de Groot, Mr. Walter Armstrong, and others. If Vosmaer laid the foundation, Dr. Bode has crowned the edifice. Every student of Rembrandt must turn to him with the highest respect, if not always in agreement, yet with admiration for his prolonged study of the master, his remarkable insight and fine judgment. The fruit of his labours is now being given to the world in the monumental work published by M. Sedelmeyer of Paris in eight folio parts, which will eventually include reproductions of more than five hundred and fifty paintings by Rembrandt, arranged in chronological order, with descriptions and particulars as to *provenance*. The two parts already issued must delight every friend of Rembrandt. Each volume is to be furnished with an introduction by Dr. Bode, bearing on the contents, while the concluding volume is to contain a biography, with transcriptions of many original documents, from the accomplished pen of Dr. Hofstede de Groot. Germany, France, and Holland are thus to share in the honour of this magnificent work, published simultaneously in French, German, and English.

As regards Velazquez, the student must turn for information respecting his life and work to Sir William Stirling-Maxwell, Professor Justi, Mr. Armstrong, Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson, and others. Last of all comes Señor de Beruete, a Spanish painter and critic of a high order, whose beautiful work is inspired by a profound admiration for his countryman, but displays a perhaps excessive tendency to reject every painting which he considers unworthy of the master. Iconoclastic indeed he is, for he would fain destroy our belief in the great 'Admiral Pulido Pareja' (National Gallery), finding fault with its drawing and its want of connexion with other recognised works of Velazquez. Now, great as the Spaniard was in his draughtsmanship, might not a corresponding fault be found with the early full-length portraits of Philip and his brothers, in which the heads are small in proportion to the tall figures? The close affinity of the

the Admiral to the young Dutchman in the foreground of 'The Surrender of Breda' ('Las Lanzas'), painted about the same year, 1639, seems to Mr. Armstrong and to us to form a connecting link, in its strong firmly painted face and general tone. Nor is the Spanish tradition that the King mistook, or pretended to mistake, the painting for the Admiral himself, to be lightly passed over. Traditions of this sort have generally some basis of truth. If Bautista del Mazo painted this portrait he was a much stronger man than we know him to have been: indeed, another Velazquez would in that case appear on the field. Mazo, still in his early youth, had in 1634 married a daughter of Velazquez, and had only recently got a subordinate place in Philip's Court. It is hard to believe that he could have painted this superb picture when only about twenty-five years of age, or that Philip would have entrusted him with the portrait of a favourite when he had beside him his trusty Court Painter Velazquez. Mr. Armstrong gives, as the high-water mark of Mazo, the portrait of 'Don Tiburcio' (789, Prado), a commonplace piece of work, which de Beruete declares to be by Juan Rizi: but Mazo nowhere gives proof of possessing such virility as the 'Admiral' shows, nor can we believe, with Mr. Armstrong, that the Hamilton Palace 'Philip IV.' (National Gallery) is in any important part the work of the son-in-law.

While de Beruete has added to the list of genuine works by Velazquez some hitherto unknown works in Spain, he cannot be said to have exhausted those in England. He makes no reference, for example, to the 'Lady with the Fan' of the Wallace collection, a splendid picture, glowing with restrained passion. It is one of the few portraits of ladies, outside the royal family, painted by Velazquez; for the Spaniards, unlike some northern nations, did not wish their beautiful women to be 'the talk of the town.'\*

Roughly speaking, the 'manners' of Velazquez are separated with sufficient accuracy by his visits to Italy in 1630 and 1650. It must be remembered that Velazquez rarely signed or dated a picture; we have therefore to fall back on the archives of the Court, historical data, and internal evidence. The searching criticism of the present day will doubtless give fuller light, but for practical purposes the work of his life readily unrolls itself in its stately progress, from the unflinching realism of his

\* Philip IV., in his frivolous wisdom, issued an edict requiring ladies to veil their faces, that the gallants of his court might be saved from the danger of their beauty. The king was great in trifles. A religious service commemorated the introduction of the *golilla*, the stiff linen collar almost universally seen in the portraits by Velazquez. His Majesty set his face against the extravagance of lace and ruffs.

early 'Adoration of the Magi' of 1619 (Prado),\* and the 'Bacchus' of 1628 ('Los Borrachos'), onwards to the 'Maids of Honour' ('Las Meninas'), and 'The Spinners' ('Las Hilanderas').

The *bodegones* (tavern pieces) which Velazquez painted before he settled in Madrid show how earnest was his study of nature and of expression. Conspicuous examples of this early manner are to be found in the 'Martha and Mary' (National Gallery) and in 'The Aguador' of Apsley House. He vexed the soul of his master and future father-in-law, the dull Pacheco, by refusing to follow Raphael and the Italians, declaring that he would rather be first in his own line than second in any other. Ultimately he won the praise of Pacheco, whose daughter he married before his apprenticeship was out. Invited to Madrid by his constant patron, the Prime Minister Count-Duke Olivares, he gained the favour of the King and became painter to the Court. But it must be admitted that his early work in Madrid is somewhat tame. The change was too sudden from rustic scenes to courtly life, and he required time to 'find' himself: indeed the great picture of his first period shows a natural return to his early love. In the 'Bacchus' of 1628 ('Los Borrachos,' 'The Topers,' as the common people more truly called it) the rude peasants, in roystering mirth, pay their mock homage to the vine-crowned god sitting on a barrel of wine. About the time when this picture was painted, Rubens, then in the height of his fame, visited Madrid on a diplomatic mission; and the King handed over the brilliant Flemish painter to the care of Velazquez for nearly a year. But the dull Spanish writers tell us nothing of the intercourse which must have taken place between these two great men, and the world is so much the poorer. We know only that Rubens advised Velazquez to visit Italy and that the King gave his consent.

The chief picture of the second manner of Velazquez is the famous 'Surrender of Breda,' which is perhaps justly claimed by de Beruete as the finest historical picture in the world. Velazquez had sailed some years before with General Spinola, and had heard the story of the siege from the lips of the victor. He chooses the moment when the brave Nassau hands over the keys of the city to Spinola, who, laying his hand

\* 'The Adoration of the Shepherds' (National Gallery) seems to Mr. Armstrong and to us a finer work than 'The Magi,' but it is now attributed by Señor de Beruete and the authorities of the National Gallery to Zurbaran. We would fain see proof that Zurbaran ever painted a head like that of the Divine Child. The rest of the picture recalls the early Seville manner of Velazquez in the style of Ribera.

courteously on the shoulder of his fallen foe, refuses to receive them. Sir William Stirling-Maxwell and Mr. Armstrong see some malice in the painter's mind, but there is not a trace of this. The Spaniard may be cruel, but he is chivalrous; and Tennyson, with deeper insight into Spanish character, paints in noble verse a somewhat similar scene in 'The Revenge,' when the brave Sir Richard Greville dies,—

'And the stately Spanish men to their flag-ship bore him then,  
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last,  
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace.'

Velazquez indeed takes special pains to show his Spanish courtly breeding, for the brightest spot in the picture is the white silk doublet of the Dutch page, richly decorated with flowers, and he gives to Nassau the very charger on which he painted Philip about this time, easily recognisable by the white splashes on its face and by its angry eye. 'The immeasurable breeches' of Nassau are also more costly in their gold-work than the dresses of the Spanish nobles, and in their way as handsome.

The crowning works of Velazquez, in his third and greatest manner, after his second visit to Italy in 1650, are 'The Maids of Honour' and 'The Spinners.' The former may be styled a glorified de Hooghe, perfect in its truth, in its refinement of colour, and in its harmonious values and tones. Velazquez seems to paint space and air in this room, with its mysterious background. Here he gives us also his own noble portrait, as, with palette in hand, he surveys his work, a calm, penetrating, self-reliant man. In 'The Spinners' he rises to his full height as draughtsman and colourist.

Fate, on the whole, dealt kindly with Velazquez. Entering the King's service as a youth, he was advanced step by step in his favour until he became Marshal of the Court (*apostentador mayor*) and Knight of Santiago. But though fortune smiled on him during his thirty-six years' residence at the Court, and though the King mourned, and is said to have wept, on the death of his favourite, his life was not without serious drawbacks. His first emoluments were on the scale of the barbers and buffoons; and though his pay rose, it was always in arrears, for the royal exchequer was ever empty owing to the disastrous wars and the extravagance and corruption of a frivolous Court. Instead of money he got successive steps of promotion, a beggarly reward for the fruits of his genius; while the tedious duties of his high office, which might have been discharged by the dullest courtier, doubtless robbed the world of several masterpieces. His greatest works were produced under these adverse conditions,

conditions, while at the same time the courtiers charged him with laziness. His office was indeed no sinecure. He had to provide for the King and his numerous suite on their long and frequent journeys, and finally undertook the charge of the great ceremonial of the betrothal of the Infanta Maria Theresa to Louis XIV. On this occasion, in the swamps of the distant Bidassoa, the admired of all observers, he contracted the fever of which he died (1660), 'sacrificed,' as Richard Ford says, 'on the altar of upholstery.' He deserved all his good fortune, for we know that he befriended the young Murillo and guided his studies for three years, without rivalry or jealousy; and that he stood by his constant patron Olivares, and braved the anger of the King when the all-powerful Prime Minister fell in 1643.

The fortunes of Rembrandt were widely different. A brilliant morning, an over-clouded afternoon, and an evening of storm—such is the epitome of his career. Coming to Amsterdam in 1630 from his native Leyden, his conspicuous talent at once put him at the head of the Dutch school, and brought him many pupils and hosts of friends. A happy marriage brought him joy—a joy apparent in many of his early pictures. The death of three children and of his much-loved mother, followed all too soon by that of his beloved Saskia, proved the beginning of many troubles. He developed his art, but he gradually lost his patrons. His affairs became embarrassed, and bankruptcy followed. His treasures were sold to pay his debts, and when he died in 1669 he owned nothing but his clothes and his paint-brushes. Research has failed to find in him any such moral defects as led to the ruin of so many Dutch painters. Michel,\* in his admirable life of Rembrandt, says that the painter was the architect of his own misfortunes. He refers to the heedless indulgence with which Rembrandt lent money to his wife's cousin, to the generous help he gave to his brother Adriaen, to his extravagant purchases of jewels for Saskia, and of Italian pictures by the great masters, and, last of all, to the debts he had incurred in the purchase of his house in the Breestraat in 1639. But these were the times when Rembrandt was making money; and we must look deeper for the causes of his disaster. A large share in his misfortunes must, in truth, lie at the door of the Dutch people. As Rembrandt's art grew stronger the Amsterdamers liked it less. The 'Company of Captain Banning Cocq' (the so-called 'Night Watch,' 1642) had scarcely been painted when a reaction set in; and the Captain, dissatisfied with his portrait, went off to be painted by

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\* 'Rembrandt,' by Émile Michel (London, 1894).



Rembrandt's rival, the commonplace Van der Helst. Public taste was now changing; the national school was losing favour; and Frans Hals, Ruysdael, Hobbema, de Hooghe, Vermeer of Delft—the glories of Holland—were neglected and suffered to fall into poverty. The malign influence of the superficial and frivolous art of France was beginning to affect Holland as well as the other countries of Europe. Tame, smooth, conventional work was now the rage; the advent of the younger Mieris and of the Chevalier Van der Werff was close at hand. About sixty short years saw the rise and fall of the Dutch school, whose supremacy almost exactly synchronised with the political greatness of Holland.

The works of Rembrandt remained in large numbers unsold in his possession. Pupils and commissions fell away, and no money came in. He was forsaken even by Maas and Govert Flinck, who, to their own ruin as artists, went over to the fashionable side. But Rembrandt kept on his own lonely way, executing his greatest works, with poverty staring him in the face. The last indignity was put on him when the city of Amsterdam, in 1662, rejected his '*Claudius Civilis*,' the Batavian hero who fought against Rome. He is represented as administering the oath to the chiefs at a midnight banquet (as described by Tacitus) and pledging them to free their country from the yoke of the invaders. A noble fragment of this great picture, unfinished as it is, is now the ornament of the Stockholm Gallery. About eight by ten feet, it is but a small part of the work designed by Rembrandt; for a drawing exists at Munich, showing the painter's full scheme, which included a great vaulted roof filled with the mysterious gloom he loved so well. The work was intended for the great staircase of the Palace on the Dam, but its imaginative power and bold treatment were too much for the then prevailing insipid Dutch taste, and the commission was given to a feeble renegade pupil of Rembrandt, a Holsteiner by birth, Jurian Ovens.

The catalogues of the picture sales in Holland during the last century show the disrepute into which the greatest of Dutch artists had fallen. Even within twelve years of his death, portraits of Rembrandt by himself were selling for ten florins: the Glasgow '*Man in Armour*' subsequently went for fifty florins, the Queen's '*Adoration of the Magi*' for one hundred and fifty-two florins, and the '*Nicolaes Ruts*' (Amsterdam, 18) for eighteen florins.\*

\* During the eighteenth century the brilliant Frans Hals fell into equal disfavour, for we read of his works selling by auction at ten, twenty, and thirty florins a-piece.

But time brings its revenges, and to-day 'Rembrandt' is the name in every one's mouth. Holland led the way last autumn, and England followed with the exhibition of her treasures. Those who have seen these two exhibitions, and the two superb (de Saumarez) portraits just added to the National Gallery, can say that they now know something of the wide range and tremendous power of this giant in art. Yet, when all is seen and said, this mysterious painter baffles us by his surprises. In some of his earliest works, as in the 'Young Lady' (Amsterdam, 14), painted in 1630, and the 'Zacharias' (Amsterdam, 19), he shows an unexpected maturity of power, and in his 'Old Woman' (National Gallery) he makes a sudden leap forward; while in Lord Colborne's 'Young Woman' (National Gallery), signed and dated 1666, he returns to his manner in 'the forties.' But in spite of these diversities or caprices of genius we can trace his steady onward march. Changed indeed is our knowledge of his work since the comparatively recent days when our National Gallery refused to accept as a legacy the early Rembrandts belonging to Mr. Wynn Ellis, and about the same time gave seven thousand pounds sterling for the spurious 'Christ Blessing Little Children,' which few students of Rembrandt, even of that time, believed to be genuine.

The collection at Amsterdam had the great advantage of showing the 'Night Watch' and the 'Syndics of the Cloth-workers' Guild,' the former seen for the first time in a favourable light.\* Darkened by careless treatment, and mutilated by having been ruthlessly cut down to suit a prescribed space, it took the world by surprise with its brilliancy and power, and disarmed the hostile criticism of former writers. It is true, as the admirable French critic and painter, Fromentin, has said, that the stiff attitudes of the captain and his lieutenant fail to harmonise with the movement of the rest of the company of shooters.† But in spite of this drawback, and of the studio effects of some of the heads, we have here, for the first time in Dutch volunteer-soldier life, animation and movement. Van der Helst and Frans Hals had splendidly painted the officers as they sat at the banquets, drinking from their costly cups or feasting on rich plate, but Rembrandt gives us the bustle and confusion of the open air. It is a new conception. The explanations of the meaning of the picture usually given are not coherent with its salient features. Mr. Armstrong

\* It seems impossible to get rid of the incorrect title of 'The Night Watch,' given to the picture by incompetent French critics in the end of last century. The true name is 'The Sortie of the Company of Captain Banning Cocq.'

† Eug. Fromentin, 'Les Maîtres d'autrefois,' Paris, 1876.

interprets it as a real night-watch which has just been relieved, and suggests that the shooters on their way home are met by their daughters. To this view there are many objections. The eye of the picture is the brilliantly-lit girl (clearly Saskia), splendidly dressed, wearing a gold ornament like a crown, and carrying on her girdle a bird and a purse of gold. What does all this mean? Gorgeously dressed young women are not in the habit of attaching dead birds to their splendid raiment. The bird is clearly the popinjay, painted or real, which is to be shot at for the prize—the purse of gold—to be awarded by the queen of the sport. This picture shows no military parade, for the company is coming out of the club-house pell-mell, and the captain and lieutenant are in holiday attire. The dwarf, wearing foolscap and bells, carries off a powder-horn; and 'the fool' (for each company had its fool), with oak leaves on his helmet, makes an idiotic stride forward and fires off his musket in a random way in front of the queen. That the popinjay was an old game in the Netherlands we know from Motley, who tells us that Charles V. shot at the bird with the burghers of Antwerp. It may have fallen into disuse during the wars, but reminiscence of the sport was still the occasion for merry-making. Is it too far-fetched to suggest that, as a Dutch *rebus*, 'le Tir au Cocq' may have had some special interest to the company of Captain Banning Cocq, for this is the Captain's real Dutch name?\*

In the London Exhibition we miss another of the great treasures of Holland—the 'Syndics,' the life-like presentation of those wise administrators of the Clothworkers' Guild. Painted in 1662, when his friends Jan Six and Tulp were high in office, this picture shows Rembrandt at his best, with a comprehensive grasp of the scene in its diffused light and encircling air. Studio effects have disappeared from his work, and the shadows are warm and luminous. Expression of life can go no further. We miss also in London the 'Polish Officer' (Amsterdam, 94), a new revelation of Rembrandt's versatility, as the horseman advances, bathed in light, mounted on his grey charger. We miss perhaps still more the small Darmstadt picture (Amsterdam, 122), the 'Flagellation,' or the 'Fettering.' Though one of the last works of the aged master, it displays the delicate work of the small full-length religious pictures of his early days, and in its conception may well be compared with the 'Christ at the Column' (National Gallery), by Velazquez,

\* The interpretation of the 'Night Watch' in connexion with the popinjay was given perhaps for the first time in the article 'Rembrandt,' in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' in 1888.

in which the Spaniard gives the agony of the man, while the Dutchman reveals the resignation of the Son of God. Except Leonardo in his 'Last Supper,' no painter has succeeded so completely as Rembrandt in giving the long-suffering expression of the God-man; and it is not a little remarkable that the Milan picture was a favourite of Rembrandt's, for we know that he made a copy of it with variations.

But London could show treasures which hardly yield to those of Amsterdam. If Amsterdam was specially interesting from some of the early pictures, such as the 'Samson and Delilah' (2), the 'Zacharias' (19), with its jewel-like colour, the 'Actæon' (32), the 'Joesepof' portraits and others, London replied with its astonishing 'Isaac and Esau' (9), its pathetic 'Tobit and his Wife' (56), its 'Adoration of the Magi' (66), and the later works of the 'Merchant' (74), the 'Lady with the Parrot' (75), and Lord Rutland's 'Man' (97)—all comparatively unknown pictures. It is remarkable that in both collections it is the large pictures which excite doubt. Thus in 'The Woman taken in Adultery' (Amsterdam, 62), attributed to 1644, we see no internal grounds for its authenticity. The face of Christ is weak in conception; the bystanders present none of Rembrandt's types, and the brush-work on the hair betrays another hand. Is it possible to believe that this picture comes from the brush of Rembrandt, when we recall the Christ in the National Gallery picture of the same subject, painted in this very year 1644? The 'Belshazzar's Feast' (London, 58), attributed to 1636, with which year it has little affinity, must be looked at with the mental reservation which arises from the fact, proved by Dr. Bode and Sir Seymour Haden, that in those early years Rembrandt retouched his pupils' works and signed them. Again, 'The Deposition' (London, 94) excites suspicion from the want of the Rembrandt type and handling. It is altogether unlike the splendid workmanship and colour of 1650, which date it suspiciously bears. Further, be it observed, it is signed 'Rembrant,' not 'Rembrandt,' and Dr. Bode has made it clear that Rembrandt never signed his name without the 'd' after the year 1638.\* Nor can we accept the 'Ephraim Bonus' (London, 62), differing as it does so conspicuously from the well known etching

\* The catalogue of the London Exhibition erroneously says: 'Signed and dated Rembrandt, 1650'—with the 'd.' It may be mentioned also that in the index there are several mistakes, and, what is worse, that the chronology of the index does not always agree with that of the text. The Dutch catalogue, if not immaculate, has the advantage for the student that it is compiled in chronological order.

and the small portrait in the Six Collection at Amsterdam. Nor, making due allowance for the exaggerated expression given by Rembrandt in the years of his 'Sturm und Drang' early period, as Dr. Bode calls it, can we look with favour on 'The Return of the Prodigal Son' (London, 89). Even in these years Rembrandt was always strong, if extreme. In this picture there is inherent weakness and want of grasp in the faces, while the landscape and the silly sheep indicate another painter. Compare it, for example, with the contemporary 'Actæon,' the landscape and animals of which are admirable in detail and effect; and our doubts are confirmed.

But it is time to compare the two painters, Velazquez and Rembrandt, and to indicate wherein they agree and wherein they differ in their work and spirit. They have much in common in their early training and in their close study of the human features, both inclining to exaggeration in their early days, both arriving at absolute mastery over facial expression.\* But they display different conceptions of the aim of portraiture, perhaps different conceptions of character.

Both Velazquez and Rembrandt paint what they actually see, but Velazquez leaves us alone with the sitter. The painter has withdrawn; he is impersonal: he seeks not to impress his own private and particular interpretation on his work. Rembrandt, on the other hand, seems present at the interview: his personal influence is distinctly felt. He is the creator of the man, or at least his interpreter, perhaps his judge. The subject is no longer merely what he seems to all the world: he is like a ray of light split up by passing through a lens, the lens of an analytical mind. One of the acutest of critics, the French painter Fromentin,† remarks of Rembrandt's portrait of Martin Daey (now in the possession of Baron Gustave de Rothschild, Paris) that 'it is a Dutch Velazquez, but more profoundly conceived, more close to the inmost life.'

Closely connected with this difference is another. Velazquez fixes his attention upon what is permanent alone; Rembrandt has attention to spare for what is not less real but is transitory. Take, for instance, the bust portrait of 'Philip IV.' (National Gallery), the 'Olivares' (Dorchester House and Dresden), or the 'Pope Innocent X.' (Apsley House), and we find that we get at the essential character of the sitter, his abiding constant habit of mind as he is known in the pages of history. The weak pleasure-loving king, vacant and immobile in expression,

\* Leonardo seems to have reached the same goal by his studies of normal and abnormal expression.

† Fromentin, 'Les Maîtres d'autrefois,' p. 373.

lives before us—the man that never smiled. The pride and haughtiness of the Prime Minister who posed as a Field-Marshal and ventured to contend with Richelieu in diplomacy, are depicted just as he is described in ‘Gil Blas.’ The Pope, stern, cruel, calculating, inscrutable as the Sphinx, conforms to his portrait by historians. But no passing thought is traceable in those impassive faces: no emotion or changing mood plays upon their features. Rembrandt, on the other hand, adds to the deeper basis of character something of the passing phase of mind. From ‘The Shipbuilder’ (London, 67) to ‘The Merchant’ (London, 74) and ‘The Lady with the Parrot’ (London, 75), his portraits indicate the fancy, the excitement, the aspiration of the moment, no less than the pre-occupations of years.

This distinction between the two painters is as old as Aristotle and Plato. The Greeks were subtle in their analysis of the difference between the *ἦθος* and the *πάθος*, between the *habitual character* and the *emotions*. It entered into their conceptions of life, art, and oratory. It distinguishes the sculptors of the fifth century B.C. from those of the fourth. In the former we are told that Pericles ‘preserved a fixed posture of countenance,’ which we know so well in his bust—calm and restrained. Along with this characteristic portrait we have the gods and heroes of that century, with their abiding expression, dignified and free from passing emotion, as befits the moral conceptions of that age. It is true that we may have lost the key to the interpretation of their special attributes; and absence of expression has been charged as a great defect against the art of the Greeks by some eminent critics.\* But we know from Greek authors that the Greeks recognised, and were profoundly impressed by, the special qualities which Pheidias gave to his gods, his Zeus being to them a visible manifestation of power and goodness. The sculptors of the fourth century followed the changed sentiment of the people, and infused into the countenances of the minor gods more sentiment and more of the passing phase of thought. Praxiteles, as we are told, introduced the pathetic or emotional into his statues.† His ‘Hermes’ is lost in some dream of thought, and is as different from the Elgin marbles and the frieze of the Parthenon as Euripides ‘the human, with his droppings of warm tears,’ is from the stern Æschylus and the self-restrained Sophocles. In

\* Ruskin, ‘Aratra Pentelici,’ *passim*.

† ‘Ὁ καταμύξας ἄκρως τοῖς λιθινοῖς ἔργοις τὰ τῆς ψυχῆς πάθος. (Diodor. xxvi., Ecl. 1.)



a word, the fifth century chose the interpretation of the *habitual character*, the fourth that of the *passing phase*.\*

But to return to our painters. The habitual character which Velazquez naturally impressed on his Spanish grandees has led some writers to say that he gives us nothing but empty masks, an unjust criticism when we consider his aims and the habits of his exalted sitters, who deliberately refrained from that manifestation of feeling which we moderns permit, and which we find so abundantly in Rembrandt. Unconsciously Velazquez was a Greek of the Greeks, for, just as the sculptors of the old days deny fleeting expression to their gods and demigods, but give it in overflowing measure to their Satyrs, to their Fauns, and to the barbarian Gauls, creatures beneath the dignity of the Greek ideal, so did Velazquez to the buffoons and drolls whom Philip required him to paint. There was no quality of mind or of heart in these wretched adjuncts of his Court, no individual character to express, nothing for him to tell about them except to show how they amused the friivolous King. Hence he gives mock dramatic expression to the ranting actor 'Pablillos,' and a cynic pleasure to 'Menippus,' just as he has launched his bitter gibe.† It is not, then, to be wondered at, that artists turn to the 'Menippus,' ugly as he is, with the same enthusiasm as to the 'Marsyas,' to 'The Dancing Faun,' and to 'The Dying Gaul,' of the Greeks. The ancient sculptors and the modern Spaniard were in this case dominated unconsciously by the same idea. It seems to us that Michel and de Beruete misunderstand 'Menippus' and 'Æsop' when they speak of them as gaol-birds and ruffians. They were rather privileged beggars of clever biting tongue, hangers-on about the palace, getting alms like Edie Ochiltree, whose jests amused some by stinging others. With these privileges we see them among the courtiers in the foreground of the 'Boar Hunt'; indeed, one of the latter wears the tall hat of Menippus, and is wrapt in his cloak.

In all these tendencies Velazquez was unconsciously working under the influences of his race and temperament.‡ It is not

\* Quintilian sums up the difference admirably when he says (reading with Spalding): 'Adjiciunt quidam perpetuum *hōs*, *πᾶς* *temporale* esse.' (Book vi., ch. ii. 8.) See also C. O. Müller, 'Ancient Art,' and Miss Jane Harrison's 'Studies in Greek Art.'

† The Spanish court was nothing if not classical and pedantic. Spain remembered the traditions of Greece and Rome; hence the names, so aptly chosen, of 'Menippus,' the cynic, and of 'Æsop,' the teller of droll stories. For the same reason the great picture known to the Spanish people as 'Los Borrachos,' 'The Topers,' was called the 'Bacchus' by the Court.

‡ 'Don Quixote' is full of classical allusions which were understood by the people. Cervantes alludes to the less known Latin poets, as well as to Homer.

surprising to find a statuesque aspect in many of the works of Velazquez. These might be translated into marble or bronze, and the influence of Velazquez the painter would still be paramount. A well-known portrait represents the King mounted on a rearing horse, in a moment of arrested action dear to the sculptor. Of the fine statue of Philip in this attitude in the Plaza de Oriente, Madrid, executed by Tacca in Florence, Richard Ford, so incisive in his criticisms, so exact in his phrases, says that it is 'a solid Velazquez.' The 'Crucifixion,' by Velazquez, has no historical significance; it has no connecting links with the narrative of the Gospels. There is no view of Calvary or of the distant Jerusalem, and no troubled sky, merely a background of jet black, like a funeral pall. Hence the 'Crucifixion' suggests rather a devotional crucifix in silver or ivory, and, commissioned by the King for a convent, seems almost designed for adoration. It is such a picture as the sculptor Montañes, the intimate friend of Velazquez, would have executed in wood in his own superb manner. This affinity to the sculpturesque is seen also in the 'Christ of the Column' (National Gallery), in which sympathy with the great school of Spanish carvers in wood is clearly to be traced. Even the 'Surrender of Breda,' so calm and reserved in its action, so balanced in its symmetry, might be executed as a bas-relief without loss of importance. It recalls the spirit of the painter-sculptor Ghiberti's great panels on the door of the Baptistery at Florence. As to the 'Venus' (of Rokeby Hall), lithe and supple in its graceful outline, Apelles might have signed it, while the 'Mars' (Prado) is obviously largely borrowed from the 'Ares' of the Ludovici Gallery at Rome. In fine, as the work of Velazquez in its whole range fills the mind, there rises in our thought a glorious Greek temple, exquisite in its proportions, strong in its symmetry, serene and fair.

But with Rembrandt all is different. He has a unity equal to that of Velazquez; he gives us a whole scene, but into that whole he pours infinite variety. A fixed supreme moment is chosen, but there is nothing sculpturesque in the treatment. A drama is being enacted; movement and life are given. Take, for example, 'The Good Samaritan' (Louvre), and note the helpless anguish of the wounded man as his arm hangs listless and his head falls feebly; observe the benevolence of the Samaritan and the interest of the innkeeper. The boy stands on tiptoe to see all; a maid-servant looks from a window with idle curiosity. The horses turn their heads from the food in the stalls, disturbed by the noise: a hen with raised wings drives her chickens out of harm's way. We have in all this a wealth

wealth of incident and a richness of varied expression, both working together to make a complete pathetic whole. Again, in the 'Joseph's Bloody Coat' (London, 98),\* what amazing variety of expression goes to build up the profound impression of this picture, every one of the twenty figures acting his part in the drama, from the anguish-stricken Jacob to the tender children and the deceiving elder brethren with their affected calm! Life is given in all its varied manifestations, as if by a Shakespeare. As we think of the scope of Rembrandt's work, its significance and its spirit, we are reminded of a great Gothic cathedral, full of unexpected beauties, rich in the details of a fertile imagination, harmonious in its variety, and stirring the soul of the beholder with emotional suggestions. If Velazquez is severe, symmetrical, classic in his fibre, Rembrandt is a Teuton of the Teutons, mysterious, vague, passionate, tender.†

Teuton though Rembrandt is, to his inmost core, there is one marked strain of Greek influence to be seen in him, namely, in his love of Homer. 'The sovran poet,' unknown, alas! to Dante except through Latin, was deeply studied in Holland by scholars after the revival of letters, and the unlearned part of the community knew him by translations into their own tongue.‡ Rembrandt's closest friends were learned men, and in their portraits a bust of Homer sometimes figures in the background. In one case a Dutch poet (is it Hooft?) lays his hand reverently and lovingly on Homer's head.§ Among the effects of Rembrandt mentioned in the inventory of his sale in 1656 there was a bust of Homer; and, in his old age, when he had few sitters except himself, he painted the noble picture of 'The Blind Old Bard Reciting his Poems,' a recent discovery of Dr. Bredius, which surprised the art-loving world at Amsterdam (117). Love and profound sympathy are here expressed. The lips move and the right hand beats time to the measured cadence of the verse. Further, in one of the drawings belonging to

\* The London catalogue gives the date of this picture as 1647. To us this is inconceivable. The Dutch editors more wisely point to about 1660. From internal evidence we incline to give the date as about 1656.

† In a remarkable but somewhat extravagant book, 'Rembrandt als Erzieher' (Leipsic, 1890), the painter is held up as the truest and best type of the German character. Its object is to prove that, in a new Renaissance of German art, literature, and life, public as well as private, Rembrandt must be the exemplar, the ideal of reform.

‡ Dutch translation of Homer: 'Homerus, Ilias, in Niederdeutschen Dicht vertaeld door Karel van Mander,' Haarlem, 1611; 'Homerus, Odyssea, verduytscht door Dieriek Coornhert,' Amsterdam, 1561, 1598, 1607.

§ 'Oud. Holland,' xv., eerste afl., 'De Homerus van Rembrandt,' door Jhr. Dr. J. Six.

the same collection, he gives us 'The Lay of the Net' in a truly Homeric spirit. Vulcan brings the culprits to Olympus in the net, and with flashing eyes points towards them. Aphrodite looks down, smiling demurely at having been caught, while Ares hangs his head. Hera stands indignant, while the other gods cover their mouths with their hands to hide 'the unextinguishable laughter.' The head of Zeus had been at first deferred for further consideration, for the ink is different. He looks on gravely as a judge. Again, in the 'Actæon' (Amsterdam, 32) the hunt is given in the manner and spirit of Homer. The bristles stand erect on the back of the boar fighting with the dogs, while from a dark lair another boar looks out with eyes surrounded by rings of fiery red. This treatment, unique in art so far as we know, seems to point with much emphasis to the grand word-picture of Homer's lines:—

'Round him a noise of dogs and feet there came.  
He from his lair straight forward, with the spine  
Well bristled, and his fierce eyes glaring flame,  
Rushed, and made halt before the huntsmen's line.' \*

Still further, in regard to this Homeric aspect of Rembrandt's work, no painter that can be named has realised the splendour of the flash of armour under the action of light as Rembrandt has done. To him, as to Homer, this coruscation of light seems like a passion. It appears on the gorget which he wears in the early portraits of himself, again in the Glasgow picture (London, 85), and, still more splendidly, in the Berlin Gallery portrait in Amsterdam (75), which seems to have been painted solely for this effect. The face of the man, his brother Adriaen, is quite unimportant, but his casque flames and sparkles like 'Hector's flashing helm.' It recalls many passages in Homer, especially the description of the movement of the Greek army:—

'As when a wasting fire, on mountain tops,  
Hath seized the blazing woods, afar is seen  
The glaring light; so, as they moved, to Heaven  
Flashed the bright glitter of their burnished arms.' †

Velazquez also felt the beauty of the play of light on armour and gold, as it wanders here and there over the surface, enriching and enlivening. The effects are generally more sober, more

\* Odyassey, xix. 445—

ὁ δ' ἄντιος ἐκ ξυλόχοιο  
φρίξας εὖ λοφίην, πῦρ δ' ὀφθαλμοῖσι δεδορκώς.

† Iliad, ii. 457—

ὅτι τῶν ἐρχομένων ἀπὸ χαλκοῦ θεσπεσίῳ  
ἴγλη παμφανόωσα δι' αἰθέρος οὐρανὸν ἵκεν.

restrained, as we see in the helmet of his 'Mars' (Prado). Yet his brush plays with unerring touch on the gold-work of the sash of 'Olivares' (Prado) as it floats on the breeze and is caught by the sun. His armour, steel inlaid with gold, gives back the gleam which Velazquez has noted with his keen eye. Rembrandt, revelling in the dazzling effect, seems further to enjoy the inconsistency of placing the helmet on the head of his unwarlike brother.\*

One essential point of likeness between Velazquez and Rembrandt is their marked individuality. Each, undisturbed by contact with great painters and foreign influences, was himself and no other. Velazquez marked out his own path in close observance of nature, and kept to his development on his own lines, not influenced by his intercourse with Rubens, nor allowing himself to be diverted by his admiration for Titian and Tintoretto. In his 'Forge of Vulcan,' some writers see the influence of Guido. This may be true, but the signs of the coming change are to be seen in the colour and style of the figure of 'Bacchus,' the tone of which is quite unlike that of the surrounding peasants. He grew out of himself, passing from his early analytic work to the synthetic grasp and bolder brush-work of his later days. Rembrandt displays the same strong personality, advancing on the same lines as Velazquez, always true to himself. While many of his intimate friends based their work on Italian traditions under the influence of the *naturalisti* and of Elsheimer, he adhered to the older Dutch Schools of Ravesteyn and de Keyser.

Both painters were realists, in their absolute truth to nature; but both rose far above mere imitation. Both succeeded in adding to their work that indefinable *something* which gives the abiding charm—that mysterious gift of genius which, as Coleridge says, converts the *passing* into the *permanent*. In their work realism and idealism meet in happy union.

Both Velazquez and Rembrandt passed, in their forty years of labour, through the several stages of first, second, and third manner: the first, scrupulously and analytically careful in detail; the second, more matured in knowledge and freedom of hand; the third, broad and masterly in full and assured workmanship, the eye seeing more comprehensively and truthfully, and the hand representing more synthetically. In the case of both painters, studio effects, as regards lighting, gradually disappear, the shadows become less harsh, the light

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\* An excellent reproduction of this picture is to be found in 'The Magazine of Art,' March 1899.

is better diffused, and air circulates all round the figures. The scene is given as a whole. In the case of Velazquez, Mr. R. A. M. Stevenson claims this ultimate development as distinct 'Impressionism'—that much abused word.\* But Mr. Stevenson forgets that this result came, as Impressionism at its best always comes, by the natural law of development, which is to be seen in full force in every great painter that has lived to a good age, such as Titian, Reynolds, Corot, and Millais. 'Yes,' said Sir John to the writer, 'yes, I feel that I am now entering on my full development, when all my knowledge will be at my service': but unfortunately nature denied to our English painter the necessary health and strength. Compare the 'Lesson in Anatomy,' by Rembrandt, with his 'Syndics,' and note the long strides that have been taken during the thirty years which separate these works. Or look at the early 'Bacchus' of Velazquez and observe how the harsh shadows and the isolation of the figures have disappeared in the unity and the completeness of 'The Maids of Honour.' In the case of both painters the identical result came by a natural growth.

Both painters used few and simple colours. On the palette held by Velazquez, in his portrait in 'The Maids of Honour,' only five colours are to be seen. Both used positive blue very sparingly, while both employed black almost as a colour, that of the Spaniard having in it somehow a feeling of warmth, with the glazing of grey so dear to Velazquez. The Dutchman, on the other hand, makes his blacks beautiful by the whites and greys with which he enriches the surface where the light falls. The general tone of Velazquez is silvery, that of Rembrandt golden, though at times he takes us by surprise, as in the lovely 'Portrait of a Boy,' the so-called 'William III.' (London), in which he rivals Velazquez on his own ground.†

But the painters used their colours differently. Velazquez fuses them in a way that baffles painters. They melt into each other by imperceptible gradations as he deals with plane after plane in his subtly modelled faces. They seem placed on the canvas by the will rather than by the hand, as Raphael Mengs said. In the bust portrait of 'Philip IV.' (National Gallery), observe the action of light on the pallid face of the worn-out King, giving to the skin the breath of life in

\* 'The Art of Velazquez,' by R. A. M. Stevenson, London, 1895.

† It is interesting to know that this delightful portrait was painted about the very year, 1655, in which Velazquez was painting his equally marvellous 'Infanta Margareta' (Louvre). These pictures markedly display the difference in expression on which we have already dwelt. Velazquez presents the dignified and impassive little princess, while Rembrandt gives us the inmost heart of the lad pleased with his toy.



its delicate transparency. Paint can go no further in this direction; it disappears and becomes living flesh. As a colourist Velazquez excels in his knowledge of the relations of tones and values in their harmonious completeness. Rembrandt, on the other hand, at least in his latter days, works more by what painters call 'broken colour'; he gets his results by the juxtaposition of complementary or even opposing colours, producing to the spectator at a fair distance a new resultant colour which vibrates in the eye and in the brain more keenly than any palette-mixed tone. Hence the well-known humorous saying of Rembrandt that the smell of paint was bad for the health, and that his pictures should be hung moderately high. Take, for example, Lord Wantage's 'Old Lady' (Amsterdam, 113), or Lord Iveagh's portrait of the old Rembrandt (London, 20), and note with what cunning skill Rembrandt introduces on the face threads of yellow which at a moderate distance are lost in the red, but by their influence give the appearance of quick breathing life. By this mysterious method of work Rembrandt, with his instinctive feeling for fine colour, has anticipated the discoveries of modern science. It has been well said that Rembrandt seemed to paint with pounded jewels, so magical are the results. Look at the crowns of the 'Magi' (London, 66) and the robe of 'Zacharias' (Amsterdam, 19). Jewels were the passion, perhaps the ruin, of his life.

As to drawing, there is a marked difference between the painters. In academic drawing Velazquez is generally supreme. Who can rival the exquisite lines of the arm of the girl in the foreground of the 'Spinners,' or surpass the sweetness of the contours of his 'Venus'? His figures, firmly posed, stand instinct with accurate knowledge of form. Rembrandt can claim little in regard to academic drawing. As Taine has well pointed out, the *milieu* of his surroundings was against him: for the same reason Holland has produced no sculptor of note. But there is another sort of drawing besides the academic, namely, the *expressive line*. In this respect Rembrandt stands alone in art, as his etchings abundantly show. Take, for example, the 'Death of the Virgin,' or the 'Christ healing the Sick,' and note the unerring sureness of line in its obedience to the mind of the master in expressing his every idea. Unfortunately, owing to Spanish carelessness, we have scarcely an example of Velazquez in black and white; and thus we can hardly compare him in this respect with Rembrandt, whose drawings and etchings form a precious part of the art treasures of the world. Rembrandt's mind was fertile in ideas and open to every impression; and as this solitary genius wandered alone  
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in his old age, he filled his note-books with hasty sketches of the flat fields and canals round Amsterdam, the landscape which he loved so well, and always charged with his own individuality. In his early landscapes in oil one can easily see that the backgrounds were treated in the somewhat conventional manner of Elsheimer, to support and tell the story of 'The Good Samaritan' or 'The Flight into Egypt.' In these cases, especially where mountains—which he did not understand—were concerned, he availed himself of the sketches of his Italianising friends, as may be seen in No. 29 and No. 33 (London). But he gradually renounced this fantastic treatment and fell back on nature, as seen in his great 'Windmill' (London, 40). Even here we find the poet as well as the realist, for he invests the picture with his own profound sentiment and inspiring imagination. The backgrounds of the 'Tobias and the Angel' (London, 87), and of the 'Polish Officer' (Amsterdam, 94), display the same characteristics. They leave much to the feeling of the spectator as he looks at these landscapes full of dreamy suggestion. The great etching of the 'Three Trees,' executed in the year after Saskia's death, gives the impression of sadness and of gloom. Here Rembrandt looked at nature with a troubled mind.\*

If Holland loved landscape for its own sake, Spain had no favour for it, and we know Velazquez as a landscape painter only as it were accidentally. But what we do know makes us regret deeply that Philip shut his eyes to this gift of his Court Painter. The King loved his fine gardens at Buen Retiro and Aranjuez, laid out in the French taste, formal and decorative, and Velazquez knew that he could give pleasure to his royal master by sending him from Rome the two brilliant sketches taken in the Medici Gardens (Prado). They seem to have been thrown off in the pure delight of artistic production, so light and facile is their manner, so joyous is their impression. The figures move with the grace of Watteau, and the trees sparkle with the freshness of Constable.† We see the

\* The splendid display of Rembrandt's etchings at the British Museum gives convincing proof of his unique position in this art. It shows his gradual development from the fine detail and pure etching of his early days to the bolder and more vigorous effects, reinforced by the use of the graver, of his later work. C. Vosmaer was the first to point out that in his etched work Rembrandt advanced *pari passu* with his growing breadth and power in oil-painting.

† The brightness of these pictures gives us the touchstone by which, with de Beruete, we reject several of the landscapes in the Prado and assign them to the imitative and commonplace Mazo. In judging of the landscape and trees of the 'Boar Hunt,' allowance must be made for the injuries and re-paintings which, as is well known, this great picture has undergone.

power of Velazquez also in the backgrounds of his portraits, taken as if in the open air. These are superb in colour and treatment. Fresh air breathes everywhere. The blue skies with their white clouds are not merely decorative in the highest degree, but they are as truthful as Corot's. The sunlight wanders over the mountain range, giving masterly breadth to the receding background. All is radiant; silvery blue pervades the air. The landscape of Rembrandt, on the other hand, has passed through the alembic of his mind, it is part of himself; it is a subjective view of nature. But Velazquez is objective. He sees nature frankly face to face, as, for example, in the great rolling plain in the background of the 'Breda,' and he renders it with a grand simplicity entirely his own. No wonder that Sir David Wilkie was lost in equal admiration of the landscape in the 'Anchorites' and of the expression of the peasants in the 'Toppers.'

When we come to consider the two painters from the emotional point of view there is indeed a wide difference. The Court of Spain gave little scope for tenderness or sympathy with suffering. Such feelings might indeed have been evoked by the subject of Velazquez's great picture, 'The Expulsion of the Moors,' which, with many others, was destroyed in the burning of the Alcazar in 1634; but the habitual self-restraint of the painter seems not to have deserted him here. From the description of Palomino we gather that his treatment of the subject was, like that of the 'Breda,' stately and calm. The majesty of Spain was represented rather than the sorrows of the Moors. But we have sufficient proof of the gentleness of Velazquez in his sympathetic handling of the dwarfs and idiots that hung about the Court. In his presentation of these unfortunates there is none of the brutal treatment of Frans Hals, who obliterates every trace of humanity in his hideous 'Hille Bobbe.' It seems to us that all recent writers have been somewhat hard on Philip when they speak of his 'human menagerie.' These deformed beings were not all idiots nor by any means devoid of intelligence, distorted though it may have been. In some cases it was their bodies that were deformed rather than their wits that were deficient. Look at the stunted 'El Primo,' with his lofty forehead and mild eye, as he plays with his great book, and one can understand how this dwarf may well have diverted the melancholy king on his long journeys. For the function of these creatures was to make the court laugh—*hombres de placer* was their name. And this at least must be said for the King, that they were well cared for, and received wages and a new suit of fine clothes every year. There is no symptom of  
depression

depression about the richly-dressed 'Don Antonio,' with his strange nickname 'El Inglese,' though he is not much taller than his mastiff, his constant companion and care. Had we not our own Sir Jeffery Hudson, who was served up in a pie-dish, fought duels, was sent on a peculiar mission to Paris, and was knighted for his qualities as dwarf by our own Charles I. ? \* In Scotland, down to the end of last century, a 'fool' was attached to many a laird, doing menial service about the castle, and amusing the neighbourhood by happy retorts and bright sallies of wit. Their stories are still remembered in many a Scottish village. Least of all should stones be thrown at Philip by those who crowd in their thousands to gaze at Barnum's 'freaks,' and throng the nightly music-hall to enjoy the jokes of professional buffoons. It must be said further, in defence of the Spanish custom, that these monstrosities were favourites in the royal nursery, for the sickly Infante Don Prosper was never happy out of the arms of his dwarf. In the imbecile smile which passes over the vacant face of 'El Bobo de Coria,' it is possible to detect a gentleness of disposition which may have fitted him for a nurse's duty. Again, the 'Don John of Austria' seems to us to be generally misunderstood. A well-made man, possibly an old sun-struck soldier, plays with his cannon-balls and his armour as he talks garrulously about 'the wars,' and gets the nickname of the hero of Lepanto. But Velazquez makes no sport of the veteran, decked out for the witless delight of an idle Court; his portrait, slight as it is, is one of the finest works of the painter. All honour to Velazquez for his tender recognition of our common humanity.

But if Velasquez had little opportunity of displaying his heart, Rembrandt enjoyed it in abundance. He scans the face of old age, and in its wrinkles he reads the record of a long life seen by his sympathetic eye. Pathos we have in overflowing measure in his scenes from the story of 'Tobit,' so dear to him through his whole life; in 'The Bloody Coat'; in 'The Flagellation,' and many other pictures into which he pours his great heart. His large humanity is seen in the magnificent etching of 'Christ healing the Sick,' in which he tenderly treats the sufferings of the poor. The deep reverence of his nature is to be seen in his 'Adoration of the Magi' and in the divine face of Christ in the 'Emmaus' (Louvre). Scorn and abhorrence he painted in his early 'Judas returning the Pieces of Silver.'

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\* Walpole's 'Anecdotes,' vol. i.

'The Young Man' (London, 72) is overflowing with the excitement of anger as he is about to speak, while gentle love and the sweet joys of domestic life are the motives of his 'Holy Families.' What passion of the soul has he not made his own, what depth of feeling has he not fathomed? The mind of this great creator was truly of a Shakespearean comprehensiveness. In a remarkable conversation on this subject the painter Ary Scheffer, as if painfully conscious of his own inherent failing, said to Pastor Ath. Cocquerel:—

'C'est qu'au lieu de prendre l'abstraction pour point de départ et d'inventer ensuite une forme afin d'en revêtir une idée, Shakespeare commençait par observer le réel, l'étudier à fond, s'en rendre maître; et c'était ensuite la réalité agrandie, éclairée, transformée à son gré, qui s'idéalisait dans son imagination. Cette marche est celle que Rembrandt a toujours suivie; c'est par ce chemin qu'il est arrivé si haut.'\*

Endowed with such gifts, a religious man and a Protestant, Rembrandt approached every Biblical subject with the freshness of an original mind. He illustrated the Old and New Testaments in all their fulness, for he knew his Bible well. It is a remarkable proof of his sympathy with its spirit that Sir David Wilkie wrote from the Holy Land that Rembrandt, more than any other painter, was constantly recurring to him.

Velazquez, on the other hand, painted only four pictures that have even a religious title, and these were painted by order of the King, as presents for churches or convents. The 'Christ at the Column' shows the influence of the Jesuits: we may remember that Pacheco, the father-in-law of Velazquez, was employed by the Order as their Censor in Art matters. Then, as now, this influence was unfavourable to Art, for it made the sufferings of the Saviour the aim of the artist, in order to awaken sympathy by the exhibition of physical pain.† The 'Coronation of the Virgin,' one of the late works of Velazquez, has no more religious feeling than similar works produced in Italy in the same century, but the fine colour and the charm of the cherubs, painted with that dry crumbly touch which Velazquez sometimes adopted towards the end of his life, offer sufficient attraction to the art-lover. For the same reason, and for its noble landscape, artists turn to his last work, 'St.

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\* 'Rembrandt,' Ath. Cocquerel *ŷils*, Paris, 1869.

† The same motive, about the same time, introduced into Germany 'the Stations of the Passion,' which still disfigure so many Catholic churches.

Anthony visiting St. Paul'; but it has no religious significance. It is merely an ancient legend taken as a subject for a picture.

If Velazquez has left but three portraits of himself, and if we know little of his inmost nature either in history or in art, Rembrandt is known to us as is no other painter. He has left fifty or sixty portraits of himself, from his boyhood to old age. We know him in his joyous days, as his much-loved Saskia sits carousing on his knee, and as he adorned himself and her with earrings and jewels; we know him when the death of three children in infancy and of his dear mother brought sorrow and anxiety into his manly features; we are acquainted with him after the death of Saskia in 1642, when, with strong grave face, he sits drawing at a window. Time adds an expression of austerity and reserve, almost of defiance, in Lord Iveagh's portrait (London, 20);\* but care has not yet depressed him, for in Lord Ilchester's great picture (London, 61), painted in 1658, the year of his catastrophe, we see him still looking out undaunted on the world. Ere long, however, years and poverty tell their tale; deep wrinkles furrow the brow, the flesh hangs pendent, and the eye, which flashed with hidden fire in the Buccleugh portrait (London, 6), becomes dim and watery in the portraits of his extreme old age (National Gallery and Louvre).

Never did a painter throw more of himself into his painted and etched work. We can detect the motives, even the circumstances, which led him to choose certain subjects. 'The Death of the Virgin' comes into his mind as his house is made desolate by the death of his infants and the illness of his mother, and the reverent prostration of 'Manoah and his Wife' (Dresden) on the announcement of the coming birth of Samson, is the expression of his gratitude to God for the birth of Titus, in 1641 (the year of the 'Manoah'), to cheer the desolate household. Then comes the series of the 'Holy Families' (Louvre, Cassel, &c.), inspired by Saskia with her child, and the 'Infant Samuel,' seen in the curly-haired Titus kneeling at his prayers (Bridgewater House); later comes the boy Titus idling over his desk (London, 23). A fresh period of domesticity appears in the 'Hendrickje Stoffels' series, till trouble again penetrates his home and heart. In these later years his

\* In the London Catalogue Lord Iveagh's picture is described as painted in 1660-1665, a date which seems to us to be much too late. The Dutch authorities say 'about 1656,' which seems more correct.



thoughts turn to prayer, as in Mr. R. Kahn's picture, and to Christ, even to 'The Risen Christ' (Amsterdam, 112), with its halo of the crown of thorns, while, last of all, 'The Return of the Prodigal Son' (Petersburg), is the final cry of a stricken soul. In his portraits and in his works Rembrandt has given us his autobiography. It is the story of the life of a self-contained, self-willed, strong man, who fell a martyr to his independence of character, true to himself and to his art in the midst of a perverse generation.

Between two such giants as Velazquez and Rembrandt likenesses and differences may be studied with advantage. But the wise lover of Art will refrain from setting the Spaniard against the Dutchman, or the Dutchman against the Spaniard. The calm and stately Velazquez, living under the ceremonial influences of the Court of Spain, was an entirely different man from the impassioned Rembrandt, who passed his years amid the bustling, vigorous and varied society of bourgeois Amsterdam. But, diverse as were the conditions of their lives and fortunes, each acted out his life in perfect unity and with thorough sincerity, giving to the world his best, pure and unalloyed.

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- ART. XII.—1. *Life of Archibald Campbell Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury.* By Randall Thomas Davidson, D.D., and William Benham, B.D. Vol. II. 1891.
2. *Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Constitution and Working of the Ecclesiastical Courts, with Minutes of Proceedings, Evidence, Returns, Abstracts, Historical and other Appendices, &c.* Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty. Vols. I. and II. 1883.
3. *A Summary of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission's Report; and of Dr. Stubbs' Historical Reports; together with a Review of the Evidence before the Commission.* By Spencer L. Holland, B.A. 1884.
4. *A Bill intituled an Act for amending the Procedure in Ecclesiastical Cases touching the Doctrine and Ritual of the Church of England (The Lord Archbishop of Canterbury).* Ordered to be printed March 2nd, 1888. Submitted to the Convocations by the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, February 1899.
5. *Charge delivered at his First Visitation.* By Frederick, Archbishop of Canterbury. 1898.
6. *'The Present Distress': An Advent Pastoral addressed to the Clergy of his Diocese.* By William Dalrymple, Archbishop of York. 1898.
7. *Lawlessness in the National Church. Reprinted from the 'Times.'* By the Right Hon. Sir William Vernon Harcourt, M.P. 1899.
8. *A Bill for the better enforcing Discipline in the Church of England.* (Brought in by Mr. David McIver, Mr. Charles McArthur, Colonel Sandys, Mr. Channing, and others.) Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 10th February, 1899.

ON March 7th, 1881, the Archbishop of Canterbury (Dr. Tait) moved the House of Lords to address the Crown with a prayer that a Commission might be appointed to inquire into the construction and working of the Ecclesiastical Courts. Such a motion, made by the Primate of All England at the unanimous request of the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury, with the general approval of the Bishops and other Churchmen, and the expressed approval of the Prime Minister on one side and Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury on the other, marks the very serious height and volume to which the periodic wave of disturbance in the Church of England had then attained. It will furnish a convenient starting-point from which we may survey

survey the recurring movement, and consider how it may be wisely controlled to the advantage of both the Church and the State.<sup>1</sup>

The motion of the Archbishop was the more remarkable because it was practically a confession that previous legislation had failed. Just seven years before, the same Archbishop had introduced to a crowded and expectant House of Lords 'An Act for the better administration of the laws respecting the Regulation of Public Worship,' and though the form in which the Act finally emerged from Parliament differed in important particulars from that in which the Archbishop had introduced it, it was regarded, and rightly so, as the Archbishop's Act. It is easy to be wise after the event; and many at a later stage expressed the opinion, which perhaps the Archbishop shared, that it would have been better to withdraw the Bill as modified by Lord Shaftesbury's amendments, which *inter alia* transferred to a single lay Judge the office and authority of the two existing Provincial Judges. It might have been better, as many men think now, to have welcomed Lord Selborne's amendments, which laid stress—we shall have occasion to recur to the subject hereafter—on the principle, present in the original Bill, but absent from the Act, of appealing to the Bishop for the 'appeasing of doubts.' But it was a time of passion and panic. It was impossible to resist amendments which were moved by Lord Shaftesbury, but were inspired from the woolstack. We all know this now, for Lord Shaftesbury's diary has told us—

'Cairns besought me—*promising me privately the whole support of the Government*—to bring forward as an amendment a large portion of my former Ecclesiastical Courts Bill.'

But the secret was well kept then, and even the Archbishop did not know, until the evening of the debate, the course which the Lord Chancellor thought it right to follow. To have opposed the Evangelical leaders in the Lords would have been to seal the fate of the Bill, and to make way for more drastic measures which were known to be in readiness.

The Act did not become operative till July 1st, 1875. Meanwhile the storm, which had attended every stage of its passage through Parliament, grew into a hurricane on the outer seas of public opinion. Men remembered how it had divided parties and separated friends. Sir William Harcourt had burst forth in a vehement attack upon Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Disraeli had called Lord Salisbury 'a master of gibes and flouts and jeers,' and had stamped the Bill as intended 'to put

down Ritualism.' Lord Salisbury is said to have declared that the Bill was carried in the Commons by a 'blustering majority, and even the gentle Bishop Harold Browne of Winchester was constrained to stand firmly against his Primate, in favour of the finality of the episcopal veto. It came to the outside world, then, as the petrel rather than the dove. The men whom it was intended to coerce took from the first a firm stand. They had never fully acknowledged the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council as a spiritual Court of final appeal. The Provincial Courts were now, they thought, destroyed. For two spiritual Judges they had now one secular Judge; and, as though nothing was to be wanting to make the scheme unworkable, the Judge chosen by the two Archbishops had what they deemed the questionable qualification of judicial experience in the Divorce Court, and declined to add the personal qualification of subscription and declaration according to the Canon.

Folkestone, Hatcham, Wolverhampton, Bordesley—Ridsdale, Tooth, Bodington, Enraght—soon became watchwords in the heat of the controversies which followed. An association which Bishop Magee of Peterborough called the 'Church Persecution Company, Limited,' and which was said to employ paid agents, without being too scrupulous as to their antecedents and character,\* while warmly supported by the extreme men of one party, created feelings of deep resentment among those whom it attacked. Partisans on either side ranged themselves in hostile camps, while the great bulk of peace-loving members of the Church, who cared for her spiritual work, and saw it marred by these disputes, became alienated from the party of attack. Many, who knew little and cared less about the minutiae of ritual, were shocked when they saw clergymen of self-denying lives dragged from their work and cast into prison. Persecution always recoils; martyrdom always attracts. Priests in prison provided a moral force greater even than their work in parishes.

By good fortune, arising from accidental circumstances, several of the earliest prosecutions fell in their first stages into the hands of the Archbishop himself; and the Church is greatly indebted to the present Bishop of Winchester for unveiling in part at least the Archbishop's inner life at this period, and allowing us to see the working of the Act and the thoughts of its author. If any man has ever doubted the practical wisdom, the tender sympathy, the absolute fairness, the magnanimous spirit, and above all the deep religious feeling of Archbishop

\* Cf. 'Minutes of Evidence,' Q. 5777 *sqq.* and 7711 *sqq.*

Tait, we commend to him a perusal of the chapters in the 'Life' which cover these years.\*

In not a few letters written during the present controversy he has been represented as the typical statesman among Bishops—the ideal layman's Archbishop, the legal mind that would have graced the woolsack even better than the primatial throne, the robust Scotsman whose common sense would stand no dallying with Romanisers in any form. With a good deal of this estimate we should be prepared to agree, and we do not know where we could find in moderate compass a more definite non-ecclesiastical, not to say anti-ecclesiastical, view of the Ecclesiastical Courts than in the 'Preface,' written by the Archbishop, and the 'Introduction,' written under his direction by his friend and chaplain the present Dean of Ripon, to Brodrick and Fremantle's 'Ecclesiastical Judgments of the Privy Council.' But let us note that it was this statesman-like Archbishop, the author of the Act of 1874, who became convinced that his own machinery, at least after being amended by others, would not work, and, unwilling to allow others to use it for their own purposes, did not shrink in 1881 from action which must be accepted as acknowledgment that fuller wisdom is gained by wider experience.

The Royal Commission which was thus asked for was at once granted, and was formally issued on May 16th, 1881. It was—

'to inquire into the constitution and working of the Ecclesiastical Courts, as created or modified under the Reformation Statutes of the 24th and 25th Henry VIII., and any subsequent Statutes, and with as little delay as possible to report to Her Majesty thereon.'

In such a Commission everything depended upon the *personnel* of the Commissioners, and it would probably be impossible to name a more distinguished or more impartial body of men than the eleven clergymen and the fourteen laymen who consented to serve. The Episcopate was represented by the two Archbishops and the Bishops of Winchester (Harold Browne), Oxford (Mackarness), and Truro (Benson); Deans were paired in the persons of Dean Lake of Durham and Dean Perowne of Peterborough; the learning of Oxford and Cambridge was prominent in Professor Stubbs and Professor Westcott, both of whom had also the experience of cathedral and of parochial cures; Mr. Ainslie was a prominent member of the Lower House of the Canterbury Convocation, and if Chancellor Espin's dignified position in the York Convocation

\* 'Life,' vol. ii., pp. 186-267.

was as yet in the future, he was already well-known as a scholar whose special attention had been given to ecclesiastical subjects, and whom the wise Bishop Jacobson of Chester had chosen for the now unique position of clerical Chancellor. Of the laity, the Judicial Bench was represented by the Chief Justice (Coleridge), Lord Penzance, Judge of the Provincial Courts, and the learned Sir Robert Phillimore, still Dean among ecclesiastical lawyers, though he had ceased to be Dean of Arches; while of eminent members of the Bar there were Dr. Deane, Mr. Charles, and Mr. Jeune—who had appeared on one or other side in all the great ecclesiastical suits of this generation. Lord Bath, Lord Devon, and Lord Chichester were known to take different sides in ecclesiastical politics; lay learning abounded in Lord Blachford and Mr. E. A. Freeman; and the practical politician was present in Sir Richard Cross, Sir Walter James, and Mr. Samuel Whitbread.

Nor was the selection of the witnesses less satisfactory than that of the Commissioners. Fifty-six persons, chosen as experts in historical and legal knowledge, as representing different sections of ecclesiastical opinion, as concerned in one or more of the prosecutions which had taken place, or offering themselves to give evidence on some special point, appeared before the Commission. Mr. John Kensit had not then made himself as notorious as he is now, and Lady Wimborne had not appeared as an expert in theology. Sir William Harcourt's ecclesiastical lore, though it astounded the House of Commons and probably himself in 1874, as it has astounded the readers of the 'Times' since, was probably not of the kind which would have stood the test of cross-examination by, say, Dr. Stubbs or Dr. Freeman, Mr. Charles or Mr. Jeune. But no possible source of valuable information and no shade of important opinion was unrepresented.

Nor did the Commissioners confine themselves to living witnesses; they received petitions and statements of facts and opinions from both public bodies and private individuals. More important, however, than any volunteer statements were the full replies to an elaborate paper of questions on ecclesiastical procedure which the Commissioners themselves prepared. Replies were received from the Anglican Churches in Ireland, Scotland, Canada (six different dioceses), Australia (seven different dioceses), Cape Town, United States of America (thirty-one different dioceses); and from non-Anglican Churches in Scotland (Established Church and Free Church), Austria, Belgium (Protestant Churches and Roman Catholic Church), France, Prussia (Cassel, Wiesbaden, Kiel, Older Provinces,



Provinces, Hanover), Russia, Norway, Sweden, Greece. To these are to be added Patents of Provincial and Diocesan Officials Principal, and Returns of Rules of Procedure in the Diocesan Courts of England and Wales.

Finally, the learned researches of Dr. Stubbs and other members of the Commission were embodied in a series of 'Historical Appendices,' containing a mass of information, the importance and accuracy of which—though certain details have aroused vigorous controversy—have been universally recognised by historians.

The Commissioners had before them, then, abundant materials for their sittings on forty-two days, in addition to the thirty-three days on which they received evidence. Their labours, which necessarily involved much private investigation and informal conference of which there is no record, were completed on July 13th, 1883, and the Report was issued in the following month.

Coming then to the Report which was the outcome of this very minute and extended process of enquiry and judgment, we may confine our attention for the most part to that portion of its recommendations which deals with cases of heresy and breach of ritual. Two subjects which Archbishop Tait and Archbishop Benson had much at heart—discipline in morals, and patronage—have been successfully dealt with by Acts of Parliament. The latter Act came into operation only at the beginning of the present year; but those who are most competent to form an opinion are full of hope that it will amply repay both to the Church and to the Government all that the Parliamentary struggle of last year cost. It was the third subject which caused the unrest of 1874, and which led to the Public Worship Regulation Act of that year, to the Commission of 1881, and to the Bill of 1888. As this Bill is based upon the Report, it will be convenient to consider them together, following the clauses of the Bill. Let it be premised only that the Bill is dated 1888 and was introduced in the House of Lords by Archbishop Benson along with another Bill dealing with immorality and neglect of duty on the part of clergy. The reason for its not being pressed forward was the Archbishop's anxiety that the graver evil of criminality and neglect should be dealt with first. The Bill comes, then, from a period of calm between two storms, and from the judicial mind of an Archbishop for whose opinions Churchmen generally—High Churchmen especially—should have grateful reverence. The present Archbishops and Bishops have wisely resolved not to modify legislation during a period  
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of excitement, and have fallen back upon this Bill, which they have submitted to both Convocations, not necessarily for adoption, but simply as a convenient basis of discussion. The Lower House of the Canterbury Convocation unanimously, and the Lower House of York with only one dissentient, thanked the Archbishops and Bishops for taking this course. These votes should not be understood to express any opinion on the contents of the Bill, but they show a conviction that the time has come for endeavouring to secure satisfactory Ecclesiastical Courts, and a desire to co-operate with the Bishops for this purpose. If the variety of the elements which constitute the two Lower Houses of Convocation be considered, their practical unanimity in desiring such legislation, combined as it is with that of the bench of Bishops, is a fact of great weight.

The Archbishop's Bill commences with the enactment that :—

‘A complaint against a clerk for having been guilty of an offence against ecclesiastical law any in matter of doctrine or ritual may be made to the bishop of the diocese, . . . and the bishop on inquiry shall entertain or dismiss the complaint according as he is or is not satisfied that proceedings ought to be taken thereon. . . . The decision of the bishop dismissing a case shall be final. . . .’

This disposes of the ‘three aggrieved parishioners’ of 1874, but maintains the episcopal veto, and is exactly in accord with the Report, which finds reason for not restraining the general power of complaint in the fact that the Bishop's decision is to be final. The question of the episcopal veto is one on which there has been much difference of opinion, and of which we are likely to hear more in the immediate future. The Commissioners were by no means of one mind about it, and no less than seven of them (Archbishop Thomson, Lord Chichester, Lord Coleridge, Dean Perowne, Dr. Deane, Chancellor Espin, and Mr. Jeune), thought it important to record their dissent from the Report on the ground, as stated by the Archbishop, that—

‘except with this [the bishop's] permission the Courts will be closed entirely to a layman, who will have no right of appeal from their absolute decision, however great the wrong which he may conceive himself to have sustained.’\*

Nor has the objection been expressed only by that section of the Church which is represented by these names. In a petition to Parliament against the Bill of 1874, which was promoted by High Churchmen, one of the objections was that,

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\* ‘Report,’ vol. i., p. lxi.

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'instead of providing that all and every clerk complained against should be brought to trial in due form of law, the Bill leaves within the absolute and unfettered decision of each Bishop whether or not such complaint shall be proceeded with.'\*

On the other hand, we find no less eminent an authority than Lord Grimthorpe, Chancellor of York, differing from his Archbishop, and declaring in favour of the veto, though with an important distinction, which has in the discussion of this subject been too seldom observed:—

'I think the Bishop's veto on prosecution is quite right. . . . It is not quite right as it is exercised, I am afraid. It was intended by the Public Worship Act, and probably by the other Act too, that the Bishop's refusal should have real reference to the special case, and should not be founded on general grounds. Now, I have read in the newspapers that some Bishops have said they will allow no more prosecutions. I consider that distinctly taking on themselves to say that the Public Worship Act shall not be enforced, which is very nearly as bad as clerical disobedience. On the other hand, if a Bishop says, "I will not allow this suit because it is trivial, or mere persecution," or that sort of thing, it is perfectly right he should have that power, but the veto should be directed to the special circumstances of the case. Acts of Parliament are not passed for a Bishop to strangle throughout his diocese. . . . He has only to say, in particular cases, "From the circumstances of this case, I think this prosecution ought not to be allowed. It is frivolous, or spiteful," or anything he likes to say; and I think strongly that he ought to have the power of doing that; otherwise, you would have all sorts of trifling and perhaps malicious prosecutions.'†

The words of the Act of 1874, 'after considering the whole circumstances of the case,' seem to admit no other interpretation than that of Lord Grimthorpe, and the first veto, in the Wolverhampton case, by Archbishop Tait, closely follows this line.‡ When the returns which have been moved for in both

\* Cf. 'Life of Archbishop Tait,' vol. ii., p. 211.

† 'Report,' vol. ii., p. 266. Cf. Lord Grimthorpe's Draft Bill, § 14, *ibid.*, p. 495, and his note on it. 'The "three aggrieved parishioners" are an absurdity, and were only got in to make difficulties. . . . Filing reasons for refusing to allow a suit in the diocesan registry, under the Public Worship Act, is as absurd as it would be to require Justices to file reasons for refusing a summons with the clerk of the peace.'

‡ 'Life,' vol. ii., pp. 259, 260. So the House of Lords, while deciding that the Bishop's discretion is absolute, interpreted the Act of 1874 in *Allcroft v. The Bishop of London* (the St. Paul's reredos case), L. R. A. C. 1891. See especially Lord Herschell's opinion, in which he said: 'When the statute prescribes that the bishop's opinion is to be formed after considering the whole of the circumstances of the case, I think it must mean that the bishop is to consider all the circumstances which appear to him, honestly exercising his judgment, to bear upon the particular case, and upon the question whether he ought, in that case to prevent proceedings being taken' (pp. 680, 681).

Houses of Parliament become accessible, it will probably be found that in most cases of veto this example has been closely followed. Meanwhile the remarkable speeches on this question made by the Bishop of Winchester in the House of Lords are not likely to be forgotten; \* nor will men fail to be struck with the fact that the Liverpool Bill † now before the House of Commons, of which one main object is the abolition of the veto, is promoted by the Church Association and two kindred organisations, while the only Bishop on the Bench who has expressed his general intention to veto prosecutions is the Bishop of Liverpool. 'Nothing,' said this venerable prelate, speaking in the York Convocation on June 8th, 1898,—

'would induce me now to institute a prosecution. I gave consent to a prosecution in the case of one clergyman, but knowing what a bad effect it has had, I have made up my mind that I would never do anything again to promote a prosecution in a court of law.'

The strength of the argument against the episcopal veto lies in the legal maxim that 'there is no wrong without a remedy'; but much confusion has arisen from failing to distinguish between private and public wrong. The individual cannot claim in all secular matters to set the law in operation for the public good. The discretion of the Bishop is not greater than, or different in kind from, that of the Attorney-General or the Public Prosecutor who may refuse a *fiat*, or the Grand Jury which may throw out an indictment, or the Judge who may refuse leave to appeal, or the magistrate who may refuse to grant a summons. The Bill of 1888, like the Act of 1874 and the Act of 1840, claims for the Bishop of the diocese, in the public interests of the Church of England, this power of initial veto against the prosecution of any of his clergy. Eminent lawyers and the Privy Council were of opinion that the Bishop had this power previous to either Act, ‡ and the method in which prosecutions have been manufactured from without is in itself sufficient proof that to abandon it now would be to imperil rather than to establish the peace of the Church.

The constitution of the diocesan Court § follows closely upon the lines of the Report, and is based upon—

'the principle that the judicial authority in the court of the bishop resides in and should be exercised by the bishop himself, and that the diocese has a full right to assert this claim upon his superintendence.' ||

\* The 'Times,' February 10th, and March 4th, 1899.

† The 'Record,' March 8th, 1899.

‡ Phillimore, 'Ecclesiastical Judgments,' pp. 9 and 10.

§ Bill, § 3.

|| 'Report,' vol. i., p. lii.

The Bishop is to have the assistance of a theological assessor, to be chosen by himself after consulting his natural council the Dean and Chapter, and of a legal assessor, who is to be the Chancellor of the diocese or other person learned in the law. The obvious desirability of these provisions secured the adherence of all members of the Commission, and they are not likely to meet with serious objection. The Bill passes over suggestions providing for the inability or incapacity of the Bishop, but it will probably be found necessary to find room for them in some form. Nor is provision made for the very important suggestion of Hearing and Judgment by consent, in which case the decision of the Bishop, who shall have power to hear the matter in such manner as he shall think fit, is to be final; or for that of the Bishop's sending the case direct, if he thinks proper and both parties consent, to the Provincial Court. For this last omission much may be said, as the practice of sending cases by Letters of Request to the Court of the Province has in most dioceses done much to destroy the diocesan Court; but the Bishop's power to hear a case by consent and determine it without recourse to public litigation is surely much to be desired, and if it be thought that the power of appealing—to which we shall refer more fully hereafter—is provided by the rubric, it must be remembered that in so far as that power is exercised by means of a Court it is subject to appeal, and in so far as it is not, it cannot be generally binding.

The power of the diocesan Court\* introduces an important principle which appears again in the following section, where the appeal is to be dealt with 'in accordance with ecclesiastical law.' There is no such phrase in the Report, and it will be necessary to add a clear definition before it is placed on our Statute Book. As it stands, and in the light of recent utterances, this may be understood to include or to exclude the decision of the Privy Council, or to rehabilitate such portions of the Canon Law as are not contrariant to English Statute Law, and are therefore held to be binding. We shall doubtless have some authoritative exposition of the phrase in Convocation or elsewhere, and meanwhile it will be carefully watched. Another provision of this section, which directs that—

'in such case and under such conditions as may be prescribed the bishop may direct a case to be reheard by the diocesan court,'

is also one on which further information will be desired. The uninformed mind will wonder what condition can be

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\* Bill, § 4.

prescribed under which the Bishop should have visitatorial power over his own decision in his own Court.

The regulations for the Provincial Court\* follow closely the recommendations of the Commissioners, which on this point also were unanimous. The old power of the Official Principal is restored, the Judge of the Provincial Courts disappears, and the appeal is to be heard by the Archbishop in person, with the Official Principal, unless he directs the Official Principal to sit for him; and, in either event, with or without theological assessors not exceeding five in number, who are to be named from the Bishops of the Province or the Professors of divinity or ecclesiastical law in one of the English Universities. We have already pointed out that this is not in the terms of the Bill to be a Court of first instance, though the Report recommended that it might be so at the instance of the Bishop and with the consent of both parties.

Here then we have a restoration of the ecclesiastical Courts of the country as they existed in theory, if not in active practice, down to what every one admits to have been the unfortunate Act of 1874, with emphasis placed on the personal jurisdiction of the Bishop of the diocese and the Archbishop of the Province, and provision made for theological experts. To such a restoration no intelligent Churchman could, we think, object. Any clergyman against whom a charge might be made of error in doctrine or ceremony, would first have the decision of the Bishop of his diocese that there is a *bonâ-fide* case to answer; and without this no steps could be taken. If the complainant and defendant could agree to submit the matter to the decision of the Bishop there would be an end of the matter. If either declined this obviously desirable method of avoiding the scandal of litigation in matters pertaining to religion, there would be the diocesan Court, composed of the Bishop in person, together with a legal and a theological assessor. If either declined to accept the decision of this Court there would be the Provincial Court with the Archbishop or his Official Principal, or both together, with expert theological assessors. So far the Courts are undoubtedly spiritual, with an unimpeachable composition and history. The clerk would have every opportunity of being fully tried by the chief officer of the society to which he belongs, and late experience suggests that it would be possible to contemplate joint action of the two Provinces. We do not think that any spiritually-minded clerk would claim the right of further appeal, nor do we think that any complainant should

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\* Bill, § 5.



necessarily be allowed it. If there is lack of justice, or if any constitutional question arises as between Church and State, let the *fiat* of some officer of the Government—say, the Lord Chancellor or the Attorney-General—be required for further proceedings; for the question would no longer be one of individual right, and should not be one for the action of any individual or association of individuals.\*

The Final Court of Appeal, which is dealt with in the next section,† will naturally be the subject of much difference of opinion, and upon the conclusions which are arrived at with regard to it will depend the fate of the present Bill—not to say, to a large extent, the Establishment of the Church of England. The solution offered by the Commissioners is that ‘the Crown shall appoint a body of lay judges learned in the law, to whom such appeals shall be referred’;‡ but they place so much stress upon the connexion of this lay Court with the antecedent spiritual Courts that their statements ought to be quoted at some length:—

‘Passing on to speak of the necessary final appeal against the decisions of Ecclesiastical Courts, we desire to state that the scheme which we present on this subject should be regarded as a whole. It is not a series of disconnected propositions, such that it might be possible, consistently with the principles we consider essential, to select one portion to be carried out, whilst another is neglected or reversed.

‘The scheme is framed on the assumption that every subject of the Crown who feels aggrieved by a decision of any such Court, has an indefeasible right to approach the throne itself with a representation that justice has not been done him, and with a claim for the full investigation of his cause. No Ecclesiastical Court can so conclude his suit as to bar this right. But when we recommend that his appeal to the Crown should be heard by an exclusively lay body of judges learned in the law, this recommendation rests mainly on the fact that we have provided in earlier stages for the full hearing of spiritual matters by spiritual judges, i.e., by judges appointed under recognised ecclesiastical authority, and unless we could assume that such ecclesiastical hearing could be assured, we should not have recommended a purely lay hearing in the last resort.

‘The function of such lay judges as may be appointed by the Crown to determine appeals is not in any sense to determine what is the doctrine or ritual of the Church, but to decide whether the impugned opinions or practices are in conflict with the authoritative formularies of the Church in such a sense as to require correction or punishment. Considering how widely different a matter the legal

\* Cf. the ‘Guardian,’ January 8th, 1898, and January 25th, 1899.

† Bill, § 6.

‡ ‘Report,’ vol. i., p. lvii.

interpretation

interpretation of documents must often be from the definition of doctrine, we hold it to be essential that only the actual decree as dealing with the particular case should be of binding authority on the judgments hitherto or hereafter to be delivered, and that the reasoning in support of those judgments and the *obiter dicta* should always be allowed to be reconsidered and disputed.

'We have duly provided (in accordance with the policy of the Reformation Statutes, as it may be gathered from the preamble of the Statute of Appeals) for the obtaining on the part of the lay judges, by answers from the archbishops and bishops to specific questions, evidence as to the doctrine or view of the Church of England on questions before them.

'And whilst a limited number of our body are of opinion that such references should be made in all cases of doctrine or ritual, we have on the whole judged it expedient to recommend that this obligation should only exist where one or more of the lay judges present at the appeal should demand it.'\*

Working out these principles on the lines of the Report, Archbishop Benson and his advisers proposed that the defendant and the complainant, under such conditions as may be prescribed, should have the right of appeal from the Provincial Court to Her Majesty in Council, and that the appeal should be referred to an Ecclesiastical Appeal Committee, to be named by Order in Council, and to serve according to rota, not less than five being a quorum. They are all to hold or to have held high judicial office, to be members of the Privy Council, and to declare that they are members of the Church of England. They are not obliged to state reasons for their decision; but, if they do, each member of the Committee is to declare his opinion separately.†

The Bill further provides ‡ that questions of doctrine or ritual shall be referred by the Appeal Committee to an assembly of the Bishops and Archbishops of both Provinces, just as a reference is now made by the House of Lords to the Judges. In this assembly not less than eighteen are to form a quorum. It may desire the attendance of experts, and hear arguments and opinions before sending its opinion to the Appeal Committee. In establishing a reference to the Bishops, as to the Judges, the Bill follows the Report, which furnishes this explanatory note:—

'The judges are summoned by order of the House of Lords to attend the hearing of any particular appeal, and arrange among themselves which of them are to come. At the close of the arguments specific questions are proposed to them. Upon this they deliver

\* 'Report,' vol. i., pp. liii-liv.

† Bill, § 8.

‡ Bill, §§ 6 and 7.

their opinions in writing, by which, however, the House of Lords is not bound.\*

But there is this essential difference between the Report and the Bill—that the Commissioners, as a whole, require the reference to be made to the Bishops only if this is demanded by one or more of the Appeal Committee, whereas the Bill directs that it shall be made in every case, thus referring every question of ritual or doctrine to the Bishops.

This important difference had arisen in the Commission itself; and five of the Commissioners thought it right to record their dissent from the majority, and their opinion that the reference ought to be made in every case.† The chief points in the discussion will be before us if we quote two important amendments which were considered and rejected by a majority of the Commission at their sixtieth meeting, April 5th, 1883:—

The Earl of Devon moved, and the Bishop of Oxford seconded the following:

‘That if, and so often as, in the hearing of any appeal by the said Court, any question arises affecting the doctrine or ritual of the Church of England, it shall be lawful for such Court, and they are hereby required, to refer such question of doctrine or ritual for their opinion to the archbishops and bishops of the Church of England in manner hereinafter provided, and the opinion of such archbishops and bishops upon such question, when duly certified to the said Court as hereinafter provided, shall be taken by such Court as conclusive evidence of the doctrine and view of the Church of England upon the point submitted to such archbishops and bishops, and shall be adopted and acted upon by such Court so far as may be necessary for the purposes of such appeal.’

And upon the general question of the appeal, Canon Stubbs moved, and the Marquis of Bath seconded, this principle:—

‘That for lack of justice at or in any of the Courts of the archbishops of this realm, it shall be lawful to the parties grieved to appeal to the Queen’s Majesty in Council; and that upon every such appeal the petition of the appellant shall be referred to the Lord Chancellor to examine into the same and report his opinion thereupon to Her Majesty at that board; and that, if the Lord Chancellor certify that, on consideration of the petition and having heard parties by their counsel, he considers the points of law which arose on the proceedings so important that it is fit that they should be heard and determined in the most solemn manner, he shall further report what those points are and whether they are points concerning temporal rights or spiritual law, and thereupon it shall be ordered that the

\* ‘Report,’ p. lviii.

† ‘Report,’ vol. i., p. lxii.

points defined to be of temporal or civil right be determined by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council [or by the House of Lords, if Her Majesty, with the advice of the Privy Council, shall so please], and the points defined to be of spiritual law by the archbishops and bishops of the two Provinces, who shall for the purposes of these appeals be constituted and recognised as a Court of doctrine.\*

Those who have had occasion to follow frequently in the footsteps of the present Bishop of Oxford know how fully they can trust the accuracy and firmness of his tread, and the main principle which he asserts here is one which underlies all English ecclesiastical legislation, at least from the Conquest onwards—secular causes to secular courts, spiritual causes to spiritual courts; while the implied principle that questions of doctrine or ritual, having often a secular side (as when tenure of property depends upon them), must in the long run be subject to an appeal to the supreme civil power, is equally incontrovertible. Sooner or later every spiritual society, conforming or dissenting, established or free, understands that it lives in a community which is subject to material conditions.

It is not surprising that Dr. Stubbs' amendment did not approve itself to a majority of the Commissioners, for in the form in which it appears it created a third possibility of appeal with a third submission of arguments, and added to complexity and delay and expense which had already become excessive. But this additional wheel, which mars the simplicity of the mechanism without adding to its power, is not necessary to the amendment. Such reference to the spirituality might be made simply on the *fiat* of the Lord Chancellor or by the Appeal Committee itself without arguments or delay. Whether a question which has been argued and formally decided in two inferior Courts does or does not involve any matters of doctrine ought to be capable of simple decision; and we have unearthed this amendment from the 'Minutes of Proceedings' in which it has been buried, because it presents, with all the weight of a great authority, the principle of our English constitution, that while an appeal lies in all causes and over all persons, ecclesiastical as well as temporal, to the Crown as supreme, the exercise of this supremacy is in causes spiritual through the spirituality. That this was so before the Reformation cannot be questioned; witness the Constitutions of Clarendon and Magna Carta, the 'Corpus Juris Canonici' and the pages of Lyndwood; witness the striking essays of Professor Maitland,†

\* 'Minutes of Proceedings,' pp. 13 and 14.

† 'Canon Law in the Church of England,' 1898.

which

which go far to show that Dr. Stubbs puts too low an estimate on the force of the Canon Law in mediæval England. That this was felt to be so during the Reformation settlement is proved by a comparison of the Acts, which are reprinted at the close of the first volume of the 'Report,' and by contemporary history. But it may be useful to direct attention to two documents which give evidence of the general state of opinion on ecclesiastical appeals during the sixteenth century. One of these is the 'Reformatio Legum,' which was the result of the labours of Commissioners originally appointed under Stat. 25 Henry VIII., cap. xix. (the 'Act for the Submission of the Clergy to the King's Majesty' of 1533-34), and continued under Edward and Elizabeth. That their stringent regulations never became law is a matter of thankfulness, though by this fact the ancient Canon Law, in so far as it is not 'contraryant or repugnant to the Kynges prerogatyve royall or the customes lawes or statutes of this realm,' still occupies the ground which the reformed Canons were intended to take. Framed under the influence of Cranmer, with such helpers as Peter Martyr and Rowland Taylor, printed under the care of John Foxe, the 'Reformatio Legum' was of the essence of the spirit of the Reformation; and probably neither sovereign nor subject, cleric nor layman, would have thought of questioning the following Canon:—

'From Archdeacons, Deans, and others who are below the dignity of a Bishop and have ecclesiastical jurisdiction appeal may be made to a Bishop, from a Bishop to an Archbishop, but from an Archbishop to our Royal Selves. And when the case has reached this stage we desire it to be determined either by provincial Synod, if it be a weighty matter, or by three or four Bishops to be appointed by us for that purpose. And when the case has been by these means determined and decided it can no more be subject to appeal. . . .'

Another representative of the extreme puritan party is Archbishop Grindal, whose position will be at once understood from the fact that he assisted Foxe in the 'Book of Martyrs.' He addresses the Queen in these terms:—

'I beg you, Madam, that you would refer all these ecclesiastical matters which touch religion, or the doctrine and discipline of the Church, unto the bishops and divines of your realm; according to the example of all godly Christian emperors and princes of all ages. For indeed they are things to be judged (as an ancient father writeth) *in ecclesia, seu synodo, non in palatio*. When your Majesty hath questions of the laws of your realm, you do not decide the same in

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\* 'De Apellationibus,' cap. ii.; Cardwell, p. 302.

your court, but send them to your judges to be determined. Likewise for doubts in matters of doctrine or discipline of the Church, the ordinary way is to refer the decision of the same to the bishops and other head ministers of the Church.'

Canon Liddon, from whose evidence before the Commissioners this extract is taken,\* supports his view—that the objections of High Churchmen to the assumption by laymen of the right to disobey ecclesiastical *dicta* did not commence with the Caroline divines—by a reference to the thirty-seventh Article and the Injunctions of Queen Elizabeth. He quotes also the remark of King James I., who held very high views of the royal prerogative:—

'I never did nor will presume to create any articles of faith, or to be judge thereof; but to submit my exemplary obedience unto them [the Bishops of the Church] in as great humility as the meanest of the land';†

and the maxim of Bishop Andrewes, who was the King's chosen advocate for his supremacy against Bellarmine:—

'Docendi munus vel dubia legis explicandi, Rex non assumit.'‡

Nor would it in our opinion be difficult to prove that in this matter Anglicans and Puritans have by one of the ironies of history exactly changed places.

Dr. Stubbs' amendment would have been acceptable, as we understand it, to Henry VIII. and Edward VI., to Elizabeth and James I., to Cranmer and Peter Martyr, to Grindal and to Andrewes. It ought to be acceptable to-day to staunch Protestants and to High Churchmen alike, for it provides both a true view of the supremacy and a definite Ecclesiastical Court.

Lord Devon's amendment, while not creating an Ecclesiastical Court, provides that every question of doctrine shall be referred to the Episcopate and that their decision shall be accepted by the Court, which comes to much the same result in practice.

Both amendments were unfortunate enough to be rejected by the Commissioners, whose own recommendation seems to us to involve considerable difficulty, in making the reference depend upon the personal element of a demand from one of the Committee. In face of all the misunderstandings which have arisen from the composition of the Committee in the past this seems to be a real flaw in the Report, and it is a great satisfaction to find that in this particular the Bill departs from

\* 'Minutes of Evidence,' Q. 7385-7390.

† 'Apology for the Oath of Allegiance,' p. 269.

‡ 'Tortura Torti,' p. 380.



the Report, and directs that reference be made 'where any specific question touching a particular point of doctrine or ritual is in controversy in any case before the Appeal Committee.'\* Neither the Report nor the Bill requires in so many words that the opinion of the Episcopate shall be binding upon the Committee, but the objection on this point is more one of sentiment than of reality. The comparison with the reference by the House of Lords to the Judges shows what is intended and what would certainly happen in a committee whose leading members would be Judges and Peers.

In one smaller point we venture to differ from both the Report and the Bill. They agree in the requirement that each member of the Appeal Committee shall declare himself to be a member of the Church of England; but, if doctrine is to be referred to an Ecclesiastical Court, we want no such qualification on the part of those who are not to decide it. For purely legal decisions we want simply the best lawyers.

So far we have described with such fulness as is permitted by our space the important Bill which the Archbishops and Bishops have submitted for general consideration, and the Report of the weighty Commission which stands behind it. Two more general questions remain to be answered, and they will afford us opportunity for such further remarks as we propose to make. Is any legislation at this juncture desirable? and, if desirable, is it also practicable?

The answer to the first question is found in the action of Archbishop Tait, from which the Commission took its origin, and in the Report itself. All this presupposes further legislation. Other sections of the Report have been already embodied in Acts of Parliament. More than ten years ago Archbishop Benson and his suffragans thought the time had come, and the bench of Bishops think so now. The answer is found also in the unmistakable evidence of widespread and dangerous unrest in matters of ritual and doctrine. This is seen in Parliament. The session is still in its infancy; but more than one debate on this question has already excited both the Lords and the Commons. Others are promised in the near future, while a day has been fixed for the second reading of a Bill, promoted by the Church Association, the National Club, and the Layman's League, which, as might be expected from its origin, reproduces the worst features, while it omits the safeguards, of the confessedly unworkable Public Worship Regulation Act. In

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\* Bill, § 8.

what we hope is the impossible event of its becoming law, this measure would revive the scandal of company-promoted prosecutions, and strengthen the hold of persecuted men on the affections of the English people. The history of the past might almost induce us to believe that such a Bill must be the product of Jesuits in disguise.

The prevalence of active discontent is evident enough, but it may be over-estimated. The press has probably created as much as it has brought to light. The question is not free from the extravagant colouring of interested parties. It will hardly be uncharitable to infer that the Protestantism of Sir William Harcourt has a political tinge. Lancashire members, who have been so prominent in this crisis, are not generally supposed to be blind to the value of Orange votes at the next election. But let all this be granted. There will remain the solid substratum of fact that the anti-Romish feeling of the 'staunch Protestant' has, during the last twelve months, been excited to a degree which, while no prudent statesman need consider it dangerous, neither statesman nor Churchman can wisely disregard. Reports as to the extent of so-called lawlessness in the Church may have been, certainly have been, grossly exaggerated by men whose profession it is to exaggerate, and by some also whose character and responsibility ought to have saved them from such errors. There may be dioceses—we are assured on the best authority that there are—where no such cases exist; but there are dioceses—and here, again, the authority is unimpeachable—where, under the belief that they were shielded by episcopal protection, clergymen have, for now several years, failed to discriminate between Catholic and Romish, and where services have taken place in churches of the Anglican Communion which are not to be distinguished by plain men from those of Rome. All honour to many of the clergy in question for the work they have done in spreading Christianity, for the self-denying lives they have lived. It is the halo of this glory which has surrounded them, and made their rulers blind to their excesses; but voluntary blindness cannot continue in the light of the revelations which have been made. The English people are long-suffering; but on some points they are fully resolved, and this is one. They will not allow the servants of the English Church to wear any part of the distinctive livery of Rome.

But, if lawlessness is to be effectively prevented, it must be by the acknowledged operations of law; and for this exercise of law there must be courts fully established in accordance with the constitution of the Church and the Realm, and recognised by

by law-abiding people. Now, without entering into the tangled history of our present courts, we may take it as granted that the Bishop's personal and spiritual authority is absent from the Diocesan Court, as is that of the Archbishop from the Provincial Court, as is that of the Sovereign and the Synod from the Final Court of Appeal. The Commissioners, almost without exception, condemned these Courts, after having abundant proof of widespread dissatisfaction. The Lower House of the Canterbury Convocation carried unanimously, at its recent session, a resolution which asserted that 'the Ecclesiastical Courts do not, as at present constituted, command the confidence of the clergy as a body'; and this, too, as an amendment by Dr. Farrar, Dean of Canterbury, accepted by Dr. Gregory, Dean of St. Paul's, in place of the stronger words, 'have unhappily been grievously discredited.' Similar assertions were made and not questioned in the York Convocation and the Houses of Laymen. There is good ground for believing that it was never intended that the Judicial Committee should deal with cases of doctrine or ritual; and it may fairly be maintained that, while the old Court of Delegates was in essence an Ecclesiastical Court, the Judicial Committee is in essence a Civil Court. The Commission of 1831—a time when, be it remembered, Convocation was silenced and the Church had little of its present revived life and influence—reported that—

'The Privy Council, being composed of Lords *Spiritual* and Temporal, the Judges in Equity, the Chiefs of the Common Law Courts, the Judges of the Civil Law Courts, and other persons of legal education and habits who have filled judicial situations, seems to comprise the materials of a most perfect tribunal for deciding appeals from the Ecclesiastical Courts.'

Accordingly, by the Statute of 1832, ecclesiastical appeals were transferred from the Court of Delegates to the Privy Council as a whole. By the Statute of the following year the Judicial Committee was established, and while the jurisdictions which are referred to it are enumerated with minute particularity, there is no reference whatever to Courts Ecclesiastical, nor was a single ecclesiastical person placed upon the Committee. The simple fact is, as Bishop Blomfield said, that it 'came into no one's mind,' or as Lord Brougham, the author of the Act, afterwards explained it:—

'He could not help feeling that the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council had been framed without the expectation of questions like that [*the Gorham case*] . . . being brought before it. It was created for the consideration of a totally different class of cases, and he had no doubt but that if it had been constituted with a view to

such cases as the present, some other arrangement would have been made.\*

The presence of Bishops on the Judicial Committee was not formally recognised until the Discipline Act of 1840, and then for the purposes of discipline only. The composition of the Committee, when sitting on ecclesiastical cases, has been frequently changed, as follows: from 1832-40, no Bishop; 1840-73, Bishops, members of the Committee for cases of discipline only, and, since 1843, for cases of the incapacity of Bishops; 1873-76, Bishops, assessors 'as should be determined by general rules;' 1876, Bishops, assessors in rotation, three at least to be present. The very frequency of these changes proves the unsatisfactory nature of the system.

Nor is it with the constitution only that dissatisfaction has been expressed. In one important case a judgment, vitiated by ignorance of the Prayer Book, had to be corrected after delivery. With regard to not a few points, contradictory decisions have been given.† We can hardly believe that this state of things, now that public attention has been called to it in the most authoritative manner, will be allowed to continue in matters ecclesiastical, as it certainly would not be in matters civil.

The necessity for legislation does not appear to be seriously

\* 'Hansard,' iii. 269.

† The 'Guardian,' February 15th, 1899, quotes the speech of a legal member of the Canterbury House of Laymen, who made the following charges against the authority of the Judicial Committee:—

'Twice they have declared that the ornaments of 1549 may be used and twice that they may not.

'Once that "standing before the table" in the Communion Office applies to what follows, and twice that it does not.

'That fine wheaten bread can be made into fine pieces and that it cannot, and that consequently Queen Elizabeth's Advertisement is inconsistent with her Prayer Book, and that it is not.

'That articles on which the defendant has been acquitted in the Court below may be re-tried in the Court of Appeal and that they may not.

'That a Cross placed over the holy table, but unattached to it, is lawful and that it is not.

'That it is lawful for the priest to stand in front of the holy table while consecrating and that it is not.

'That if it be lawful to burn altar lights, it is yet unlawful to light them.

'That Queen Elizabeth's Advertisements were issued in 1564, and that they were not issued till 1566.

'That the present Ornaments Rubric was inserted in 1559 and that the rubric of 1559 was thrown aside when it was inserted.

'That the general destruction of the vestments preceded the publication of the Advertisements, and that it followed after such publication.

'That a man can prostrate himself while standing and without bending the knee.'

These charges may be exaggerated, but they have not been refuted, and they contain, at all events, a large proportion of truth.

affected by the proposal of the present Archbishops, made, as it is understood to be—though this is not formally stated—with the consent of the Bishops, to constitute themselves arbitrators under Cranmer's original preface to the Prayer Book, which is now, with slight omissions, printed after the preface, and entitled, 'Concerning the Service of the Church.' The proposal was made in the form of the following statement, which was published by direction of the Archbishop of Canterbury:—

‘INTERPRETATION OF THE RUBRICS.

‘And forasmuch as nothing can be so plainly set forth but doubts may arise in the use and practice of the same; to appease all such diversity (if any arise) and for the resolution of all doubts concerning the manner how to understand, do, and execute the things contained in this Book; the parties that so doubt, or diversely take anything, shall always resort to the Bishop of the Diocese, who by his discretion shall take order for the quieting and appeasing of the same; so that the same order be not contrary to anything contained in this Book. And if the Bishop of the Diocese be in doubt, then he may send for the resolution thereof to the Archbishop.’—‘Book of Common Prayer.’

‘The Archbishops have agreed that, in order to give more confidence to the clergy and laity that their views and opinions shall be fully considered, before any final decision is given by either Archbishop on any question submitted to him in accordance with the above quoted directions of the Prayer Book, he will allow those who are concerned in the case to argue the matter openly before him either personally or by counsel. And to guard against contradictory decisions in the two Provinces, neither Archbishop will pronounce his decision without first consulting the other Archbishop.’\*

The Archbishop of York has, in the ‘York Diocesan Magazine’ for March, 1899,† made a further announcement in which attention is called to the fact that no provision is made for the case of an Archbishop who is also Bishop of a diocese, and stated that the laity may appear before the Archbishops in person or by counsel ‘under the present temporary scheme.’

It is of importance to consider, in connexion with this proposal of the Archbishops, the recommendations of the Commissioners of 1881:—

‘Your Majesty's Commissioners next desire to recognise the fact that the Bishop has a paternal authority inherent in his office which can rightly be exerted to avert litigation.’

‘(1) Prior, therefore, to any recommendation as to judicial proceedings the Commissioners feel bound to direct special attention to

\* The ‘Times,’ January 21st, 1899.

† The ‘Times,’ March 8th, 1899.

that passage in the preface to the Prayer Book by which it was evidently intended to provide for the exercise of such paternal authority, to which a clergyman and his parishioners when not agreed on matters of ritual should always have recourse. . . .

'This same preface, as it appeared in the Prayer Books both of 1549 and of 1552, contained further the statement that "the curates shall need none other books for their public service but this book and the Bible"; and hence it appears that the book in respect of which the Bishop is to take orders was and is the whole Book of Common Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments, and that his personal authority is not limited to particular portions of it, such as the Morning and Evening Prayer.

'(2) Again, the Archbishop has a right to take counsel with his provincial bishops, and when the circumstances of the time suggest it or reasonable expectations require it, with respect to any matter brought into dispute, to issue a statement or exposition, having regard to the formularies of the Church, with a view to allaying disquietude and meeting difficulties.'\*

This language of the Commissioners, as that of the Archbishops, is widely different from, and is to be carefully distinguished from, much that has been said and written by irresponsible persons. To compare this paternal authority with the Court of Archbishop Benson and to speak of appeals from it to the Judicial Committee, or of its decisions overriding existing laws and decisions, is wholly to misunderstand it. Within its own limits and regarded as a 'temporary scheme,' its possible beneficent influences should be fully recognised; it is to be hoped that the wisdom of the Archbishops who have determined to exercise their paternal authority will be made effective by the hearty co-operation of all loyal Churchmen.

It is perhaps to be regretted that the Archbishops have not given a more formal statement of the course which they propose to pursue, and some confusion has in consequence arisen. The clause in the Preface to the Prayer Book was doubtless intended to express the private personal jurisdiction which is inherent in the episcopal office, and has been constantly exercised; its discharge, now by interview, now by letter, forming no small portion of the Bishop's regular duty. The clause further provides that in case the Bishop is in doubt, he may consult the Archbishop; but it gives no right to the clergy to appeal from their Bishop to the Archbishop, and still less does it give any right to parishioners to appear. When it was written, the ordinary ecclesiastical Courts were in regular

\* Report, p. liv.



operation, and no one can suppose that it was intended to withdraw from their purview cases which involved points to be argued by advocates and canonists. It is the paternal authority of the *forum domesticum*, which is meant to prevent litigation. In points of difficulty, a Bishop or the Archbishop may obviously desire the assistance of experts; but the less the form and appearance of a Court is given to that which is not a Court, and the less the term 'Court' is used in connexion with it, the less the difficulties which will follow.

But in any case the difficulties are not likely to be few. Those who most loudly applaud this new 'Spiritual Court' do so apparently in the conviction that its judgments will be in their favour, and they have already given ominous hints that their obedience is conditional. Twenty years ago Archdeacon Denison protested against the use which it is proposed to make of the clauses from Cranmer's Preface.\* Quite recently, at a meeting of at least two hundred and twenty clergy, representing not themselves alone, held under the chairmanship of Prebendary Villiers, it was resolved among other things:—

'That the clergy owes it to "the whole Catholic Church of Christ," faithfully to refuse to obey any demands, even though they come in the name of authority, which conflict with the law, usages, customs, and rites of the Church, whether oecumenical or provincial, which have canonical authority.'

This resolution—though it had no special reference to the Archbishops' proposal, which was not then announced—was sent to each Bishop. The English Church Union informally repudiated responsibility for this meeting, and the names of those who were present have not been disclosed; but it would be interesting to know on what principle they were invited, and how many of them were not members of the Union. Mr. Bayfield Roberts, the vicar of Elmstone, a member of the Council of the Union, moved the first resolution; and the view presented by him at the Branch meeting of the Union at Brighton, the organising secretary being present and not objecting, is on the same lines. We quote from extracts, on authority which will not be questioned:—

'Supposing the Archbishop decided that in his opinion incense was unlawful, what were they going to do? If they were true to the Church they would disobey him (loud applause). . . . The Archbishop of Canterbury was not the spiritual authority in this matter at all. He was the Metropolitan, and the proper Court of Appeal was the Synod of the Province, and if they took it up and

\* 'Notes of my Life,' p. 351.

judicially interpreted it there would be an end of it. But he wanted to be perfectly honest and say that if the Provincial Synod forbade incense it would forbid that which was Catholic and oecumenical. And they could not obey that; they would disobey (applause).\*

On the other side of the page from which we have just quoted is a full report of a great representative gathering of the Church Union in London, at which a document, variously called a 'Declaration,' a 'Humble Petition,' and a 'Statement,' was read. This document is couched in language which must be rare in 'humble petitions' to the Crown, and is suggestive rather of an ultimatum or a challenge. It was at once forwarded to the Archbishops and Bishops, and its objects cannot be hidden. It was also forwarded to the newspapers, where ordinary members of the Union saw it for the first time. Even the delegates had no opportunity of examining it, and there could be no expression of opinion on it. Every care was taken that it should not be known until the proper moment, and then it was agreed to unanimously, a fact which shows that the President and Council have their subordinates well in hand, and that the doctrine of Passive Obedience is not unrecognised in the ranks of the English Church Union. Then we have another paper, undated, but sent to the 'Times' on March 4th by the Dean of St. Paul's, who is not a member of the Union, but had received this memorandum, which had been sent to every clerical member of the Union, and is signed by the initial of its President, 'H.' The kind-hearted Dean, with his natural longing for peace, commends this paper; but it is fundamentally opposed to the principle which the Dean has held and taught through a long and honoured life of service to the Church, and which he led the Lower House of the Canterbury Convocation to assert unanimously at its last session, when it desired—

'to express its loyalty to the Bishops and the doctrines of the existing Prayer Book, and its determination to do all that lies in its power to secure obedience to both the written and living voice of the Church of England, thereby assuaging the prevailing anxiety.'

Does the Dean suppose that Lord Halifax means this? Let us note first what is not said. It is a great meeting of the Union. The President has before him the resolutions of the

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\* The 'Church Times,' March 3rd, 1899. Those who remember the tone of a partisan meeting and of the partisan press in August 1890, discounting the Archbishop's judgment in the Lincoln case before it was delivered, will be struck by the parallel.

Holborn meeting, presided over by a prominent member of his own Council, and sent to every Bishop on the bench. Does the Union disapprove of these resolutions? Has the President a single word to say against them? Again, the President had before him the report of the Brighton meeting, in which Mr. Bayfield Roberts used such definite language in the presence of the official Secretary of the Union. Is this the policy of the Union or is it not? Has the President one word to say in condemnation? The inference from this silence can hardly be doubtful.

Let us further note what the President *does* say:—

‘Don’t misunderstand me. I think it will be our wisdom and our duty to avail ourselves of this opportunity [of reference to the Archbishops]. But, obviously, no one can pledge himself beforehand to a decision of which he does not know the contents. If, for example—I put an impossible case, as I hope—even a Bishop should say that, according to the present law of the Church of England, divorce with remarriage is not contrary to the present law of the Church of England, he could hardly expect the clergy to accept a statement so contrary to the fact.’\*

The significance of this example, chosen in connexion with the proposed reference to the Archbishops, will be the more striking if it is remembered that, just three weeks before, the Archbishop had sent a letter to ‘Father’ Black which was widely published in the press, and contained the following passage:—

‘The Book of Common Prayer does not pronounce marriage indissoluble. It declares that whom God hath joined together no man may put asunder. Our Lord’s exception in the case of adultery shows that a divorce in such a case is not man’s but the Lord’s.’

What, again, we may ask, is the attitude which these professors of obedience and disobedience intend to maintain in the face of the decisions of both Archbishops that the ceremonial use of incense is unlawful? The Archbishop of Canterbury has declared in his recent Charge, which was rightly regarded as delivered not only to his own diocese, but *urbi et orbi*:—

‘It is the rule of strict ceremonial that makes it unlawful by the Church’s law to elevate the consecrated Elements in the Communion Office, to use incense ceremonially, . . .’†

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\* Speech at the Grafton Galleries.

† ‘Charge delivered at his First Visitation,’ 1898, p. 27.

Still more definite is the utterance of the Archbishop of York:—

‘I proceed now to a kindred question of some difficulty—the use of incense in the services of the Church. In so far as this is a ceremony not prescribed by the Book of Common Prayer, its introduction into any parish church is an infringement of the principle which the Church has enunciated in dealing with this matter. It is clear that upon the principles laid down by the Church, the ceremonial use of incense, as in the censuring of persons or things, cannot be sanctioned, and on this point the *judgment of the whole English Episcopate* has been unanimous.’\*

Opposition to these declarations would involve not only a conflict with the Archbishops, it would also involve a conflict with the decision of the Archbishop of Canterbury’s ecclesiastical Court, which has never been subject of appeal, and is now law. Twice over, Sir Robert Phillimore, who was a duly and canonically qualified Dean of Arches, whose jurisdiction has never been questioned, and whose learning was as conspicuous as his churchmanship, pronounced the ceremonial use of incense to be illegal.† Several points in these judgments were matters of appeal to the Judicial Committee, but the decision upon incense was not one of them, and it remains, therefore, as a legally binding judgment of the Dean of Arches, that is, of the Archbishop of Canterbury’s Official Principal.

Such are the decisions of constituted authority. But what is the temper of the Union? Read the language employed in the Humble Petition to the Sovereign:—

‘We have asserted, and we assert again, . . . . We have maintained, and we shall continue to maintain . . . . We have denied, and we deny again . . . . It is hateful to us even to seem to be in opposition to the Bishops . . . . These are the principles which the members of the Union have maintained in the past, they are the principles they will continue to maintain in the future.’

The Memorandum begins by saying:—

‘The government and ruling of the Church is entrusted by our Lord to the Episcopate, the successors of the Apostles. The Bishop rules his diocese *jure divino*. He is bound to *hear his clergy*, but he is the supreme authority.’

But it concludes that—

‘As to the decisions of the Metropolitan, no decisions of Bishops or Metropolitan can be assented to *explicitly beforehand*—obedience

\* ‘An Advent Pastoral Letter,’ 1898, p. 15.

† ‘Martin v. Mackonochie’ and ‘Sumner v. Wix.’ Phillimore, ‘Ecclesiastical Judgments,’ pp. 87-91 and 154-157.

to them must depend on what they are; there can be no such thing as absolute and unconditional obedience to any power but God.\*

It is strange how extremes do meet. It was, perhaps, the signature 'H.' which reminded us that we had seen the President's argument in summary before. We turn to Hooker, and there we find it quoted from T. C. (Thomas Cartwright), the Puritan controversialist. If H. would meet H., we refer him to the 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' viii. 8, 6, where he will find the argument demolished by one of the first and greatest of Anglican divines.

If now we combine the statements of the Holborn non-Union meeting of Union members, and those of the Brighton Branch meeting, and those of the London Central meeting, and those of the President himself, confirmed, as we are sorry to observe, by his address on Ecclesiastical Courts at the Church House,† and if we ask what this new theory of obedience really is, does it not come to these expanding circles?—(1) the Bishop, who is absolute in the diocese, but with appeal to—(2) the Provincial Synod, which is absolute in the Province, but with appeal to—(3) the National Synod, which is absolute in the national branch of the Catholic Church, but with appeal to—(4) an Œcumenical Council, which has not met for centuries, and probably will not meet for centuries, but—(5) acting for it until it does meet, and superior to it after it has met, the Council of the English Church Union, and its pope—we shrink from naming him, but the initial is obviously H. This is, we venture to assert, not the 'loyalty' and 'obedience' which the Dean of St. Paul's has at heart, and which he led his brethren in Convocation to express.

The conclusion appears obvious that, to substitute order for disorder, to strengthen the hands of constituted authority, and, by establishing a judicature acceptable to law-abiding Churchmen and citizens, to evade a disastrous conflict, early legislation is imperative.

There remains the further question: Is such legislation practicable? That it cannot be undertaken without the

\* Memorandum signed 'H.' In this connexion it is worth while to note the late Lord Selborne's reference to the Union some twenty-five years ago. 'I have never liked the society system, even in those fields of action in which Churchmen of all ranks, and of all shades of opinion, accepted and made use of it. This new extension of it to doctrine, worship, and discipline, seemed to me to be an intrusion upon the episcopal office, repugnant to the Catholic profession with which it was accompanied.' ('Memorials Personal and Political' (1898), I. 339.)

† The 'Times,' January 10th, 1899; cf. a letter to the 'Times,' March 21st. support,

support, if not the active co-operation of the Government, is obvious. Is the Church justified in asking such help from the Government, and would the Government be justified in giving it? Ministers will not need to be reminded, Churchmen must be conscious, and in the course of this article it has been made clear, that legislation on such subjects is not to be entered upon without counting the cost. But the present Ministers and their supporters know what Churchmen can do when their energies are fairly roused in a great cause; and the question therefore resolves itself into the simpler form, Can anything like thorough and united support for such legislation be expected from Churchmen? Would they, in plain language—for it ultimately comes to this—rally round the cry, 'Justice for the Church,' as they rallied to repel the attack of disestablishment?

There is happily at hand a fair means of testing this feeling. If it be true that a meeting of the National Synod is to be summoned, together with the Houses of Laymen of Canterbury and York, the whole Church of England will be as fully represented as is now possible. Is it too much to hope that this assembly of varied elements will follow the example of the Commissioners upon whose labours the Archbishop's Bill is based, and weigh their many differences in the spirit of unity and peace until they come to a harmonious and definite decision? The strident voices of extreme men on either side we have already heard and are likely to hear again; but they will produce little effect on the massive common sense of the English Church and people, which will cry: 'A plague on both your houses!' and will have neither the Bill of the Church Association with its non-Church allies, nor the Declaration of the English Church Union with its tocsin of disunion. The Elizabethan settlement has from the first been a legitimate compromise which is necessary to the comprehensiveness of a National Church. The Archbishop's Bill offers without sacrifice of any principle a *via media* which is also a *via vera*, not *vera quia media*, but *media quia vera*.

Few persons would think the Report or the Bill ideally perfect. We have shown that we do not; but constitutions grow, and are not made. Men and facts have to be taken as they are. We are not writing on a *tabula rasa*, but adding to the chequered history of many centuries. No one would claim finality for the Bill in its present form: the very object of thought and deliberation is to amend. But it must be remembered that a Court which shall be in principle approved by the English Episcopate and the National Synod, will be, in the



the opinion of many competent authorities, a spiritual Court, though it consist entirely of laymen. Witness, for example, Canon Body, a trusted counsellor of the English Church Union:—

‘Spiritual sanction’ is ‘synodical recognition.’ ‘The Court that comes to me claiming my allegiance in sacred things must come to me clothed with credentials given to it by the sacred synods of the realm.’\*

This view is also stated in the answer of Canon Wilkinson (now Bishop of St. Andrews), who spoke as follows on behalf of himself and others:—

‘What I and my friends feel is this: “We do not care comparatively what the constitution of the Court is, provided it comes to us from the deliberations of the Kingdom of God, as represented by the Church of our country in her spiritual capacity. We care not comparatively what the special plan is, provided it comes to us confirmed by our Church, after she has been permitted gravely to consider the subject.”’†

The same view is expressed in the formal declaration of the Union in 1884, repeated by the President in 1899: ‘Any scheme for the reconstitution and regulation of the Ecclesiastical Courts can acquire spiritual validity only from the legislative authority of the Church herself in her synods.’‡

On the other hand, if doctrine is referred to the Episcopate, it will be referred to men all of whom will have been nominated by the Crown. The spiritual sanction will exist in the lay Court as in the Episcopal advisers; the Royal Supremacy will be secure in the spiritual advisers as in the lay Court. And what surely can be claimed is that, if the National Synod and House of Laymen are guided to a decision which, if not what each man would desire, is yet what each man can in the spirit of the Divine Head of the Church accept,§ every loyal Churchman will receive this decision as binding upon himself, and spare no effort to give it the legislative effect which by common consent is needed for the peace of the Church.

Lord Halifax rightly laid stress, in the presidential address to which we have referred, upon the respect due to the opinion of Canon Carter. As we read the venerable Canon’s letter,

\* ‘Minutes of Evidence,’ Q. 3595 and 3563.

† Ibid., Q. 1787.

‡ ‘The Church Times,’ March 17th, 1899.

§ ‘Notwithstanding, lest we should offend them, . . . give unto them for me and thee.’ (Matthew xvii. 26, 27.)

memory travelled backwards to another letter from him which is still more appropriate to the present distress :—

‘It is a subject of deep regret that, through a combination of circumstances into which it is impossible now to enter, the Court of Appeal has assumed its present shape, and that both the original constitution and the amended state of the existing Court are due to Acts of Parliament, *without any reference to the Church in Convocation*. But it is fair to note that the Church made no protest or remonstrance against these proceedings, neither through her Convocation nor through her Bishops in Parliament. We can hardly deny, therefore, that the arrangement has been virtually accepted through our representatives. And further, if we had now permission to constitute a Court consisting of the spirituality alone, according to the terms of the compact under Henry VIII., we should have the extremest difficulty, in our divided state, in forming one satisfactory to the whole body of the Church—most difficulty of all in forming one satisfactory to High Churchmen. It is hardly a secret—the belief is rife—that the Purchas judgment is due to the influence of the episcopal members of the Court—that had it been left to the lay members it would have been more favourable to the Church party. Churchmen have considered it a boon that by the recent change Bishops are excluded from the Court as judges, and regret that they still remain as assessors. I write this with shame and sorrow; but it is needful to contemplate facts when we are anxiously considering present duty. It ought also to be remembered that High Churchmen, in the St. Paul and St. Barnabas case, welcomed the judgment of this Final Court as against the then adverse action of the Arches, and gladly profited by it. It is hardly fair now to regret the very existence of the Court because the facts happen to be reversed. We cannot play fast and loose, triumphing when the Court is favourable to us, utterly condemning it when unfavourable.’\*

If Lord Halifax will really guide himself and his well-trained party by the principles of Canon Carter, he will do much to solve the question of a Final Court of Appeal, and render an inestimable service to the Church which he loves, if not always wisely, yet always well.

Soon after the Public Worship Regulation Act came into effect, some High Churchmen of the day—a band of learned and devoted men they were—thought it right to establish a quarterly ‘Review’ for the purpose of setting forth from a literary standpoint the position which they claimed, and this ‘Review’ has since had a most honourable career. The first number naturally dealt with the new Act and High Church policy, and these are the concluding words :—

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\* See whole letter in the ‘Guardian,’ March 18th, 1874.

‘But whatever shape the discussions may assume, we trust that they will not take the form of questioning the legitimacy of the tribunal itself—not as a maker of Church law, but as an expositor of the legal meaning of existing documents. Church and State have played too long into each other’s hands in England to make it decent for either partner abruptly to repudiate the connection. . . . If, in dealing with the questions that must come before them, our Judges will take the pains to realise the Church of England in its historical continuity and the fulness of its traditionary doctrine; and if on their part Churchmen will condescend to range themselves behind that Church and not usurp its name for the ventilation of their own individual fancies, all will be well. With mutual suspicion, with popularity-hunting, with intentional extravagance, a tempest may be stirred up, under which even so gallant and well-appointed a barque as the Church of England—we mean, of course, in her capacity of the recognised and established teacher of the realm—may heave over and sink to the bottom.’\*

The eminent layman who wrote these words ‘being dead yet speaketh.’ Of all the great services which he rendered to the Church none will be greater than this lesson if the present generation of Churchmen will seriously take it to heart. The Church of England has now an opportunity which many of her wisest sons have longed and worked for during many years. If she can consolidate her forces, she must, from her unique position at home and abroad, win victories in the years to come, compared with which those of the years that are past are but as the seed to the harvest. But consolidation cannot take place on either wing: it must be on central lines. It is for those whose enthusiasm and devotion have carried them to extremes to hear the voice of the leaders whom they believe to be divinely appointed; and to hear in it the voice of God.

Since the above article was put in type we have received a copy of a letter which has been addressed by Lord Halifax to the Bishop of Winchester and deals with some of the questions which we have discussed.† As addressed to the Bishop, it may safely be left in the hands of one who has a fulness of knowledge in these matters which is happily guided by the wise judgment of a statesman; but, as issued to the public, it might seem wanting in respect for one with whose opinions we have been obliged to differ, if no reference were made to it.

The letter contains nothing which has not been accessible to all students of the subject, and nothing therefore which leads us

\* ‘Church Quarterly Review,’ No. I., pp. 229-30.

† ‘The Rights of the Church of England under the Reformation Settlement. A letter to the Lord Bishop of Winchester. By Viscount Halifax. 1899.

to modify any opinion which we have expressed; but the writer has done good service in reprinting some documents, especially Bishop Blomfield's Bill and Speech of 1850. The letter is from Viscount Halifax, not from the President of the English Church Union, and is therefore to be regarded as an *obiter dictum*, not as an infallible statement *ex cathedra*. We are glad to miss the defiant tone of more formal utterances; and yet even this more temperate statement is vitiated by a scarcely veiled threat of disestablishment of the Church, 'because its rulers had been incapable of perceiving the time of its visitation'; and by the underlying fallacy that, while the Bishops in virtue of their sacred office and responsibilities are the ultimate authorities under God for the doctrine and the discipline of the Church, they are to be taught their duty by a layman who has been called to no special office or responsibility.

Lord Halifax lays great stress, as we have done, on the historical essays which Bishop Stubbs contributed to the Report of the Commission of 1881. The great wisdom and sound judgment and churchmanship of Bishop Stubbs led him to sign the Report, though it did not embody some of the main principles for which he contended, and in doing so he set an example which wise men will follow.

The spirit in which clergy and laity alike should approach this question may be expressed in words which will, we are assured, command the general assent of Churchmen and we believe of Lord Halifax. Canon Wilkinson, from whom we have already quoted, was asked:—

'I understand you to say any Court would do, provided it obeyed the spiritual authority as represented by the synods of the Church?'

He answered:—

'Provided it had been recommended to the conscience of the Church by the synods of the Church. I look upon the Lower House of Convocation as constituted to assist the Upper House and to do such works as are entrusted to us; and I believe with the most perfect confidence, your Grace, without a shadow of doubt, that if the Upper House of Convocation, in solemn synod, having considered all that has passed and all that is now known on those subjects, did deliberately recommend—after taking the advice of the Lower House, and considering carefully the suggestions of the Lower House—if it recommended any Court, it would be so prevented and guided by the Holy Spirit that it would not recommend, for the conscience of the country generally, any Court that we could not obey.\*'

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\* 'Report,' Q. 1790.

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